



This is a digital copy of a book that was preserved for generations on library shelves before it was carefully scanned by Google as part of a project to make the world's books discoverable online.

It has survived long enough for the copyright to expire and the book to enter the public domain. A public domain book is one that was never subject to copyright or whose legal copyright term has expired. Whether a book is in the public domain may vary country to country. Public domain books are our gateways to the past, representing a wealth of history, culture and knowledge that's often difficult to discover.

Marks, notations and other marginalia present in the original volume will appear in this file - a reminder of this book's long journey from the publisher to a library and finally to you.

### Usage guidelines

Google is proud to partner with libraries to digitize public domain materials and make them widely accessible. Public domain books belong to the public and we are merely their custodians. Nevertheless, this work is expensive, so in order to keep providing this resource, we have taken steps to prevent abuse by commercial parties, including placing technical restrictions on automated querying.

We also ask that you:

- + *Make non-commercial use of the files* We designed Google Book Search for use by individuals, and we request that you use these files for personal, non-commercial purposes.
- + *Refrain from automated querying* Do not send automated queries of any sort to Google's system: If you are conducting research on machine translation, optical character recognition or other areas where access to a large amount of text is helpful, please contact us. We encourage the use of public domain materials for these purposes and may be able to help.
- + *Maintain attribution* The Google "watermark" you see on each file is essential for informing people about this project and helping them find additional materials through Google Book Search. Please do not remove it.
- + *Keep it legal* Whatever your use, remember that you are responsible for ensuring that what you are doing is legal. Do not assume that just because we believe a book is in the public domain for users in the United States, that the work is also in the public domain for users in other countries. Whether a book is still in copyright varies from country to country, and we can't offer guidance on whether any specific use of any specific book is allowed. Please do not assume that a book's appearance in Google Book Search means it can be used in any manner anywhere in the world. Copyright infringement liability can be quite severe.

### About Google Book Search

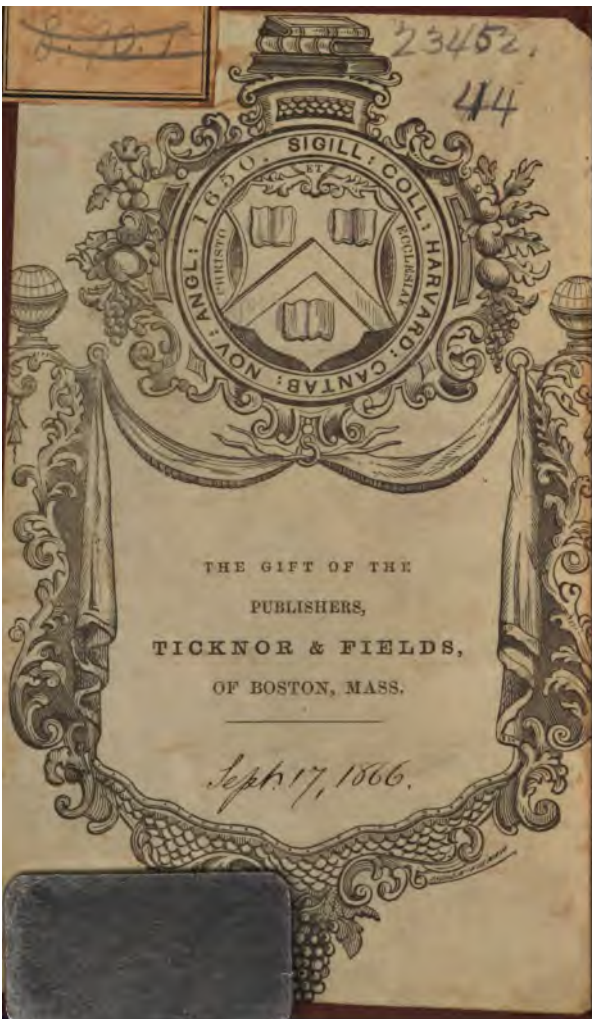
Google's mission is to organize the world's information and to make it universally accessible and useful. Google Book Search helps readers discover the world's books while helping authors and publishers reach new audiences. You can search through the full text of this book on the web at <http://books.google.com/>



8.20.7

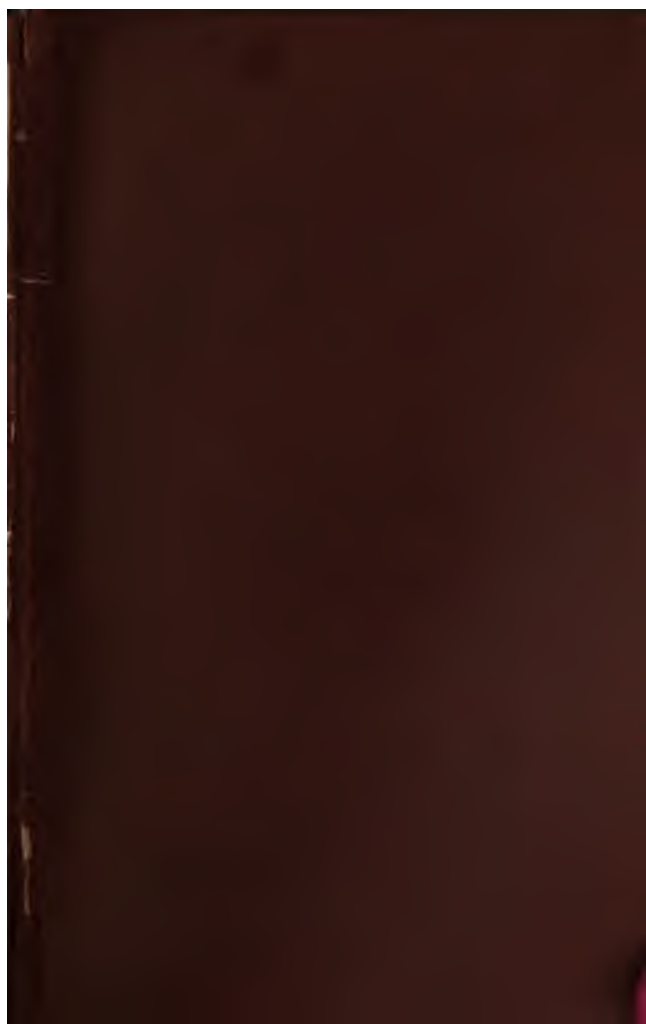
23452.

44



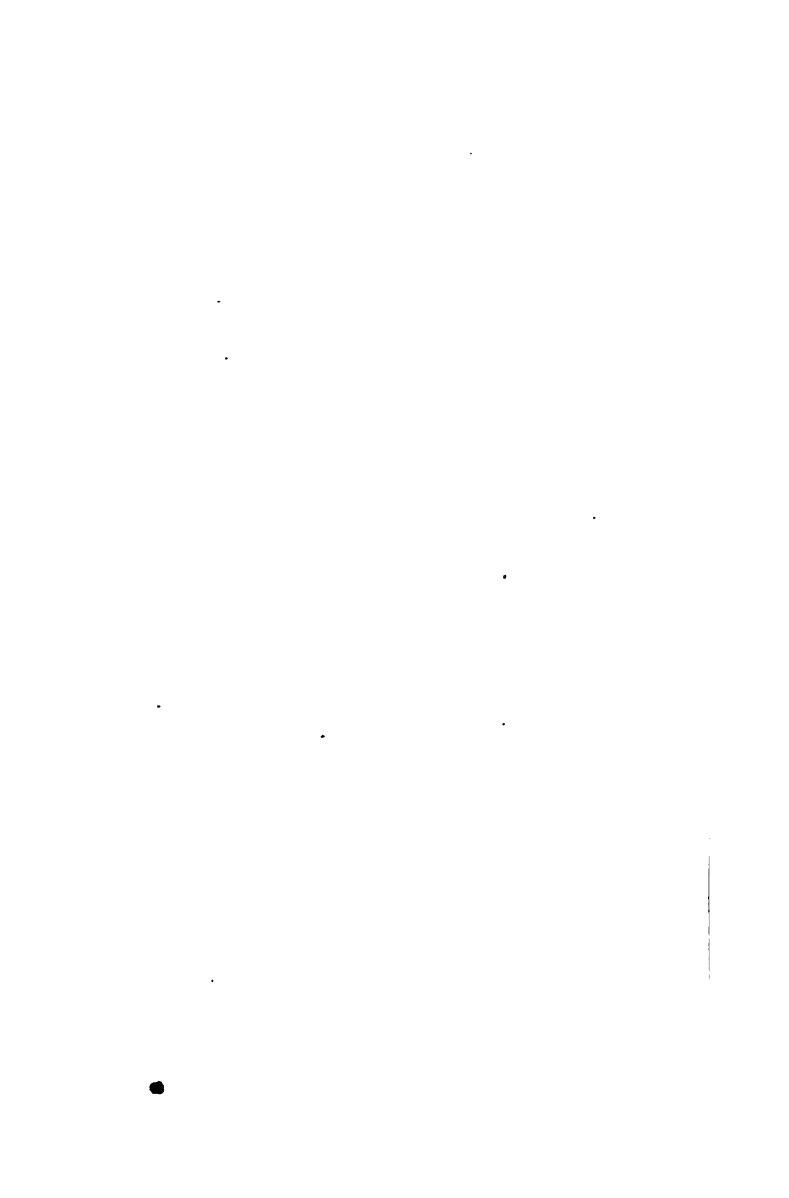
THE GIFT OF THE  
PUBLISHERS,  
TICKNOR & FIELDS,  
OF BOSTON, MASS.

Sept. 17, 1866.









1





---

THE **2011**

ANNUAL REPORT

2011

2011

2011



2011  
TICKNOL AND ASSOCIATES  
2011



THE DOEMS

OF

THOMAS KIBBLE HERVEY.

EDITED BY

Mrs. T. K. HERVEY.

*WITH A MEMOIR.*



BOSTON:  
TICKNOR AND FIELDS.  
1866.



~~23452.40~~

23452.44

1866. 8. 17

Up

to Public.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1866, by  
TICKNOR AND FIELDS,  
in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the District of  
Massachusetts.

UNIVERSITY PRESS: WELCH, BIGELOW, & Co.,  
CAMBRIDGE.



## CONTENTS.

	Page
MEMOIR . . . . .	1

### THE POETICAL SKETCH-BOOK.

Floranthé . . . . .	15
The Convict Ship . . . . .	19
To a Girl, weeping . . . . .	21
The Temple of Jupiter Olympius, at Athens . . . . .	22
Saint Cecilia . . . . .	24
To the Picture of a dead Girl . . . . .	26
Flower of my cold and darkened year . . . . .	28
The Parting . . . . .	30
Written at Rouen . . . . .	32
Across the waves — away and far . . . . .	33
The Dead Trumpeter . . . . .	36
Mount Carmel . . . . .	37
Dry up thy tears, love . . . . .	38
The Visionist . . . . .	40
Spain . . . . .	40
Lines written in a Sketch-Book . . . . .	42
<i>Æneas and Dido</i> . . . . .	44
I am all alone . . . . .	45
Wings . . . . .	46
Carthage . . . . .	48
I think on thee, in the night . . . . .	49

On a Harp, with broken Strings . . . . .	52
To Myra . . . . .	54
The Exile . . . . .	55
You remember the Maid . . . . .	57
Stanzas . . . . .	59
Reflection . . . . .	60
A Farewell . . . . .	61
Lines on a Group of Heath and Harebells . . . . .	63
The Soldier's Dog . . . . .	64
My Sister's Grave . . . . .	65
A Contrast . . . . .	67
Lines written on parting from some Friends . . . . .	68
The Quiet Land . . . . .	76
Stanzas to a Lady . . . . .	78
The Acropolis, at Athens . . . . .	79
To a Friend . . . . .	80
To a Lady . . . . .	83
To Zœe . . . . .	85
The Foreign Grave . . . . .	87
Cleopatra . . . . .	90
To a Braid of Hair . . . . .	92
Ellen . . . . .	95
She sleeps that still and placid sleep . . . . .	98
Adieu ! — the chain is shivered, now . . . . .	98
Notes . . . . .	102

#### AUSTRALIA

Introduction . . . . .	109
Part I. . . . .	119
Part II. . . . .	130
Notes . . . . .	143

## CONTENTS.

v

### POEMS FOR MUSIC

Come, touch the harp . . . . .	159
Anacreontic . . . . .	160
Slumber lie soft on thy beautiful eye . . . . .	161
That song, again . . . . .	162
Serenade . . . . .	163
The gondola glides . . . . .	164
Forget me not . . . . .	166
Serenade . . . . .	167
When in yon fading sky . . . . .	168
How sadly sweet the moonlight hour . . . . .	169
Adieu, adieu ! — our dream of love . . . . .	171
Nay, dry that tear . . . . .	172
Anacreontic . . . . .	173

THE DEVIL'S PROGRESS . . . . .	176
Original Preface . . . . .	188
Notes . . . . .	212
Postscript by the Publisher . . . . .	221

### ILLUSTRATIONS OF MODERN SCULPTURE.

Prometheus ( <i>Manning</i> ) . . . . .	225
The Sleeping Nymph ( <i>Baily, R. A.</i> ) . . . . .	228
Venus ( <i>Canova</i> ) . . . . .	235
Hebe ( <i>Thorwaldsen</i> ) . . . . .	238
Arethusa ( <i>Carew</i> ) . . . . .	240
Mercury and Pandora ( <i>Flaxman, R. A.</i> ) . . . . .	244
Eve at the Fountain ( <i>Baily, R. A.</i> ) . . . . .	248
Michael and Satan ( <i>Flaxman, R. A.</i> ) . . . . .	253
The Happy Mother ( <i>Westmacott, R. A.</i> ) . . . . .	256

The Dancing Girl: Reposing ( <i>Canova</i> ) . . . . .	260
Beneficence: conducting Youth and Age to the Tomb ( <i>Canova</i> ) . . . . .	262
The Mother and Child ( <i>Baily, R. A.</i> ) . . . . .	267
Resignation ( <i>Chantrey, R. A.</i> ) . . . . .	271

## ILLUSTRATIONS TO PICTURES.

The Grotto of Egeria . . . . .	275
Erato: the Muse of Love ( <i>Stothard</i> ) . . . . .	278
Venus weeping for Adonis ( <i>Westall</i> ) . . . . .	279
Diana ( <i>Howard</i> ) . . . . .	281
A Vision of the Stars ( <i>Howard</i> ) . . . . .	283
Cleopatra at Actium ( <i>Jones</i> ) . . . . .	287
Venice, the Bride ( <i>Bentley</i> ) . . . . .	290
Venice, the Widow ( <i>Bentley</i> ) . . . . .	291
Jerusalem ( <i>Martin</i> ) . . . . .	292
The Star in the East ( <i>Stothard</i> ) . . . . .	296
The Shepherd's Chief Mourner ( <i>Landseer</i> ) . . . . .	300
The Shepherd's Grave ( <i>Landseer</i> ) . . . . .	302
Titania . . . . .	305
Francis I. receiving Knighthood from the Hands of the Chevalier Bayard ( <i>Fragonard</i> ) . . . . .	307
Inez . . . . .	309
La Fille Bien Gardée ( <i>Chalon</i> ) . . . . .	313
The Flower-Girl's Song . . . . .	314
The Fantoccini-Boy, in Rome ( <i>Edmonstone</i> ) . . . . .	315
La Penserosa ( <i>Newton</i> ) . . . . .	319
Hawking ( <i>Cooper</i> ) . . . . .	323
The Embroiderer ( <i>Hart</i> ) . . . . .	326
Peasant Children ( <i>Edmonstone</i> ) . . . . .	328

## CONTENTS.

vii

<b>The Coronation of Queen Victoria . . . . .</b>	<b>328</b>
<b>The Bird of the Canaries (<i>Wright</i>) . . . . .</b>	<b>330</b>
<b>The Sisters (<i>Wright</i>) . . . . .</b>	<b>333</b>
<b>The Mendicant Bride (<i>Trueman</i>) . . . . .</b>	<b>334</b>

## MISCELLANEOUS.

<b>The Widow's Song . . . . .</b>	<b>339</b>
<b>To a Child . . . . .</b>	<b>343</b>
<b>To Henry Howard, Esq., B. A. . . . .</b>	<b>345</b>
<b>A Farewell . . . . .</b>	<b>348</b>
<b>Sonnet . . . . .</b>	<b>350</b>
<b>The Lay of the Lowly . . . . .</b>	<b>351</b>
<b>The Land of Dreams . . . . .</b>	<b>352</b>
<b>Hope . . . . .</b>	<b>356</b>
<b>A Wreath of Valentines . . . . .</b>	<b>359</b>
<b>Love . . . . .</b>	<b>363</b>
<b>Spring . . . . .</b>	<b>365</b>
<b>April . . . . .</b>	<b>366</b>
<b>May . . . . .</b>	<b>369</b>
<b>The Wreck of "The Arctic" . . . . .</b>	<b>371</b>
<b>Aurelia. A Valentine . . . . .</b>	<b>374</b>
<b>The Returning Banner . . . . .</b>	<b>375</b>
<b>To Martha . . . . .</b>	<b>378</b>
<b>Epitaph . . . . .</b>	<b>379</b>

## CHARADES.

<b>Ah, my First ! a little space . . . . .</b>	<b>383</b>
<b>They spoke of my First in days of yore . . . . .</b>	<b>386</b>
<b>A matron watched, in the evening fall . . . . .</b>	<b>388</b>
<b>That my First has its shades, I may frankly proclaim . . . . .</b>	<b>391</b>
<b>The merry days ! when through the air . . . . .</b>	<b>394</b>

A diadem for the mountain's brow . . . . .	396
His heart was sad, and his foot was sore . . . . .	398
We galloped along through the gusty night . . . . .	399
All things that be have a being good . . . . .	401
I call on the early dead . . . . .	402
The soldier woke from his long deep sleep . . . . .	403
The trooper arose at dawn of day . . . . .	405
The earth was green, and the sky <i>not</i> blue . . . . .	406
When autumn winds are drear and chill . . . . .	406
A traveller supped at a wayside inn . . . . .	407
In my Second's pleasant shade . . . . .	408
When but a boy, just newly nursed . . . . .	409
I'm found beneath the ocean and the streams . . . . .	409
My Second has saddled the palfrey white . . . . .	409
We read of the days when some dreary old sinner . . . . .	410
It swells and dies! I lean to hear . . . . .	410
The lane was long, and the lady short . . . . .	411
My First you may know by the old brown coat . . . . .	412
'T were well that bards who string their lyres in honor of my-First . . . . .	414
Pale, to-day, my lady lies . . . . .	416
They tell the tale of a sad young soul . . . . .	417
My First was the theme of many a tale, my Second of many a song . . . . .	420
King Death is a mighty monarch . . . . .	422
We all can remember Count Robert, I think . . . . .	427
I suppose you have sat in some shadowy place . . . . .	431
The lazy young sinner! — it is not alone . . . . .	435
My First is a four-footed gentleman . . . . .	436



## MEMOIR.



It is the misfortune of men of genius that, while giving to the world works which speak of their higher aspirations, they are at the same time making their errors famous. Others, less brilliantly endowed than themselves, but with faults of character equally glaring, pass daily from among the busy groups with which they have mingled; yet, when these drop out of the roll of the living, we read the record of their virtues only inscribed upon their tombs, their failings being suffered to lie veiled beneath the darkness of the dust that covers them. The errors of the gifted only do we drag to light. This may be inevitable; but the condition is one which weighs somewhat heavily against the sons of genius.

The ideas which prevail upon the subject of biography are as various as the minds of men are various. There are some truths, however, which are little considered, but as to the force of which most people will agree when once they are suggested to them. No man should venture to write the life of his world-fellow until he has left his



own youth far behind him. Neither should any man lay his hand to such work who is not conscious of that mind-progress in himself which is an essential condition of his power to judge of the intellectual and moral advance in another. The most profound regret is daily called forth in thinking minds by the fact that, taken in the mass, people do not *grow*. Most men, especially as to their opinions and judgments, seem never to advance one step, priding themselves rather on their consistency — which becomes thus an inconsistency, paradoxical as it may sound — than on their aptness to assimilate, and make their own such new convictions as years should bring in their train, if those years are to be considered worth the toil and waste gone through to attain to the sum of them. Growth of mind, therefore, being essential to a right judgment of any man who can be said to grow, — as men of genius almost invariably do, — let no writer, unless he be at once mature enough and progressive enough, venture on biography.

In the face of these and like considerations, a mind at all sensitive or conscious of high responsibilities will shrink nervously from dealing with a life that is past, even as a novice in anatomy will shrink from applying the dissecting knife to the patient who has ceased to breathe, who can no more appeal to his forbearance, and who lies helplessly and forlornly at his mercy.

Autobiography, open as at first sight it appears to be to the suspicion of the probable suppression of some facts and the glossing of others, is still, with all its imperfections, the very best possible life-record. Let the writer of his own life-history

write it how he will, we see him as he really is, in spite of him, through his work, simply in the manner of his doing it, if in nothing else. If he be truthful, his truth goes straight to the heart: if false, it is in vain that he is so. The very shadow he would interpose between our eyes and the object they would seek to trace, is the shadow of the man himself.

Where a genuine autobiography is unattainable, the next best record of a man lies in the works he leaves behind him to the world he has quitted. In these at least he speaks openly. If we have not all the man, we have at any rate the best part of him. We have, moreover, that which is not accidental or transitory; but that which is stable and for all time. We have his highest conceptions of what is good, if not his miserable life-mistakes. It is surely better to know that of him which is imperishable, rather than that which has passed away with all that was earthly of the creature God gave to this world. If one should bring a jewel-casket and leave it at our door, should we not carry it instantly inward to the choicest chamber of the house; content to receive so good a thing, heeding nothing of the dust and soil cast at our threshold by the owner and bearer thereof, who bore it with lifted face like a celestial messenger, knowing its worth, and laid graciously on our door-step? It were surely wise to do so.

Whatever it is desirable to know touching the—so called—education of the author of the poetical Works here first collected will be found best expressed in the following letter addressed by his eld-

est brother, Mr. Robert Hervey, to the widow of the poet, in answer to a request made by her for such particulars of his early career as were required for an obituary notice at the time of his death.

MY DEAR SISTER: —

In reply to your letter asking for information respecting my poor brother's early career, I will give it you as far as in my power.

He was born, I believe, in Paisley, and was brought to Manchester somewhere about 1802 or 1803, by my father, who settled as a merchant there. He was educated in the first instance at a private school, and afterwards at the Manchester Free Grammar School, which was, and is, I believe, still, a school of great celebrity, having turned out many first-rate scholars. After he left school, he was articled to the eminent firm of Sharp, Eccles, & Co., solicitors, Manchester. At the proper time, he went up to London to the agents of that firm there, to learn their branch of practice. From them he went to Mr. (afterwards Sergeant) Scriven to study conveyancing. This gentleman was very kind to him, and was much struck with the great talents he displayed, and wrote to my father, as I understand, urging that with such talents he ought not to practise as an attorney, but should go to the bar. To this my father consented, and he was sent to Cambridge, and entered, I think, at Trinity College. At the end of the second year he published his poem of "Australia," and went up soon after that to London. This poem and other things brought him unfortunately very much into notice, and he be-

gan to lead a life of pleasure, mixed with literary pursuits, but never returned to take his degree at college, nor was he ever called to the bar. What year he went to London I do not know, but I should think it was somewhere about 1820. From the time I name, my brother never applied himself to any regular occupation that I am aware of, excepting during the time he edited the "Athenæum," but led a kind of literary life, sometimes writing, sometimes reviewing. In my opinion, and I am not alone in this, had my brother been a worker, and followed out his profession as a barrister, he could not have failed to have risen to the very highest place the law has to offer; for in addition to his other talents, he was, as a young man, extremely eloquent, and must have made his way, as he had friends who would have given him the opportunity of bringing himself into notice, by supplying him with briefs, for want of which many a clever man is never heard of.

I believe I have here furnished you with all the information in my power respecting my brother. . . .

Your affectionate brother,

ROBERT HERVEY.

Lane HALL, PRESTBURY, near MACCLESFIELD,  
4th March, 1859.

The remarks here added, bearing for the most part on the labors and social qualities of the poet, are drawn from the "Art Journal."

"The poem entitled 'Australia' seems to have been commenced as a prize poem. But Mr. Hervey's muse having lured him considerably beyond

the limits to which collegiate poets are ordinarily restricted, he resolved to work out his idea without reference to his original object; and his poetical honors appear to have fully compensated, in his estimation, for the absence of those to which he ought to have entitled himself at Cambridge. It contains passages which, for vigor, melody, and curious felicity of diction, have seldom been distanced by modern writers of the heroic couplet. 'The Convict Ship' first made its appearance in the 'Literary Souvenir' for 1825, and in after years many charming lyrics from Mr. Hervey's pen were published from time to time in that periodical, the 'Amulet' and 'Friendship's Offering'; of which last-mentioned annual he was for one year the editor. Many of his poems display an intimate acquaintance with the best models, and are graceful, melodious, and, what is not without significance in these days, *intelligible*. In 1829 Mr. Hervey published a third edition of his 'Australia,' and a series of his minor poems (including those which had appeared in the annuals) under the title of 'The Poetical Sketch-Book.' About the same time, he produced a tasteful collection of fugitive poetry under the title of 'The English Helicon'; and a volume of very graceful poetical illustrations of the *chef-d'œuvre* of some of the most eminent modern English sculptors. This work \* affords ample evidence of the cultivated taste, in matters of Art, of its

\* "Illustrations of Modern Sculpture; with Descriptive Prose and Illustrative Poetry. By T. K. Hervey." To the list of the poet's labors should here be added "The Book of Christmas," published in 1837, of which he was the sole author; and his editorship of the "Amaranth" for the year '79. — *Ed. Poet. Works.*

author; and many of his essays in the 'Athenæum' and the 'Art Journal,' several years afterwards, may be taken as conclusive proofs of his competency as an Art critic. For upwards of twenty years prior to 1854, Mr. Hervey had been an extensive contributor of critical essays to the 'Athenæum,' and for the last eight years of that interval he was its sole responsible editor. He was indeed the means of raising that publication to an enviable position in the periodical literature of the country; and were any considerable number of his articles to be reprinted in volumes of the ordinary size, they would present evidence of an amount of industry for which few people have hitherto given him credit. It is but fair to his memory to remark, that very many of these criticisms are characterized by a correctness of taste and an intimate acquaintance with the literature of his time, which has been exhibited to the same extent in few other contemporary periodicals. The knowledge which long experience and a love of literature for its own sake can alone supply, superadded to a sort of intuitive appreciation of what was good, would have rendered him the *beau idéal* of an editor for a literary periodical, had his perseverance and powers of application borne anything like a due relation to his critical taste and judgment. That his career was to a certain extent a *vis manquée* can scarcely be denied; but those who have experienced the remorse which must sooner or later attend the issue of opportunities unimproved, and talents comparatively neglected, may readily understand how severely the consequences may have pressed upon him. Although an idler in one sense of the term, he was

an indefatigable reader of English and French literature; and in poet-land, there was hardly a plot of ground into which it had not been his pleasure to penetrate. To his prose criticisms on books, it has been objected that they were sometimes too incisive; but his conversation was genial, good-humored, and, we may add, instructive, when the topic afforded him any opportunity of pouring forth the stores with which he could invest it from his extensive, if desultory, reading. We have, indeed, rarely encountered a literary man of the present day, the geniality of whose manner, or the charm of whose conversation were more fascinating than his."

At the close of 1853 Mr. Hervey became a very severe sufferer from the increase of an inveterate asthma to which he had at times been a martyr all his life. This, for a period of many months entirely prostrated him, and rendered literary work impossible. It was during this period of forced inaction, extending through a great part of 1854, that he lost the editorship of the 'Athenæum.'

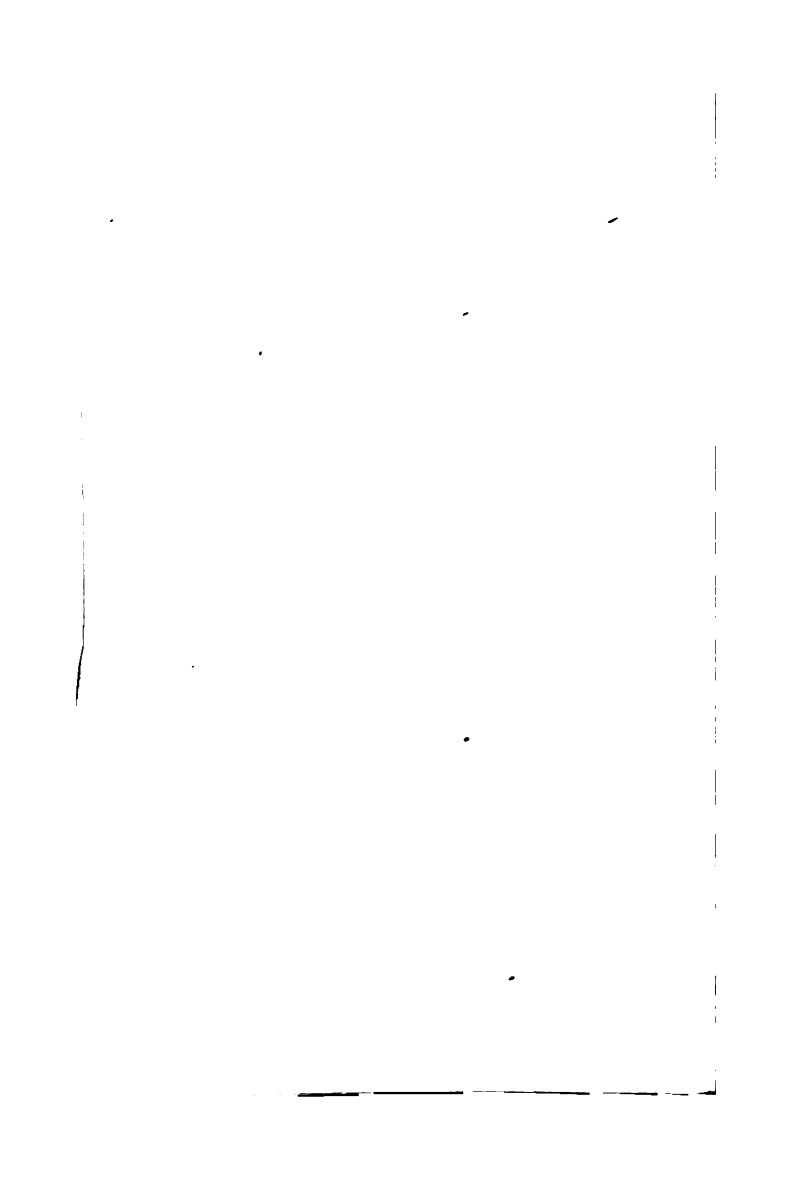
"On the partial recovery of his health," continues the same writer, "Mr. Hervey became a contributor to the 'Art Journal,' and during the last four years its pages have been enriched by many admirable papers on various Art topics from his pen. The death of Mr. Hervey took place on the 17th of February, 1859; on the 4th of which month he had completed his sixtieth year. Its immediate cause was a recurrence of the chronic disease which had so long oppressed him, arising from the effects of a severe cold. He was married on the 17th of October, 1843, to Miss Eleanora

Louisa Montagu, herself a poet of no mean order, who, with their only child, Frederic Robert James, born the 11th of March, 1845, still survives him."

The immediate cause of Mr. Hervey's death was, in reality, bronchitis, brought on by exposure to cold upon the Thames on the 10th of February. From the commencement of the attack, he lingered only one week. His great dread had been lest, when the time came, he should die through suffocation during a fit of asthma. This he was happily spared. About noon on the day of his death, he fell into a state of collapse, and shortly afterwards ceased to breathe, passing away very peacefully in the presence of his wife and son.









THE  
POETICAL SKETCH-BOOK.







To the Right Honorable LORD PORCHESTER, The  
Poetical Sketch-Book is inscribed in testimony of  
the Author's esteem for his character, admiration of  
his talents, and gratitude for his friendship.



She sits, alone, upon the hill-top, still,  
 To look for him who comes not; — unlike thee,  
 O fair Floranthe! — save that both are sad,  
 And widowed, now, — the false one and the true!

And thou, bright dreamer! thou to whom the stars  
 Of night were ministers, and whom their queen  
 Lulled, with immortal kisses, to thy rest!  
 Thou, whose young visions gathered into *one*,  
 One dream of love and loveliness and light!  
 Thou, to whose soul a brighter thought was given  
 Than *his* for whom Egeria sat, alone,  
 By the cool gushing fount! — Endymion!  
 O, not for thee — no, *not* for thee alone  
 Have been such visitings! — Floranthe, hear!  
 (But weep not!) thou dost know how many years,  
 How long and well my soul has worshipped thee,  
 Till my mind made itself a solitude  
 For only thee to dwell in, — and thou wert  
 The spirit of all fountains in my breast!

We will not speak of that! — but O, that eve,  
 Amid the pines — our fondest and our last!  
 How it has haunted me, with all the sounds  
 That made it silent, — and the starry eyes  
 And fitting shapes that made it solitude!  
 Did I *not* love thee! — O, for but one throb,  
 One pulse of all the pulses beating then!  
 One feeling, though the feeling were a pang!  
 One passion, though the passion spoke in tears!  
 Perhaps, we loved *too* well; — the burning thoughts  
 That should have fed the heart for many years,  
 Methinks, were wasted in a single night!  
 (Young spirits are so prodigal of joy!)

I deemed thy love was boundless : — O, the queen,  
The eastern queen, who melted down her pearl,  
And drank the treasure in a single draught,  
Was wiser far than hearts that love too well,  
If love be finite ! — In that last adieu,  
Our young and passionate spirits burned away,  
And flung their ashes on the winds of heaven !  
Our love has perished, like the sound that dies,  
And leaves no echo, — like the eastern day,  
That has no twilight, — like the lonely flower,  
Flung forth to wither on the wind, that wastes  
Even its perfume ; — dead, Floranthe ! dead,  
With all the precious thoughts on which it fed,  
And all the hopes which made it beautiful, —  
Sound, light, and perfume gone, — and gone for-  
ever !

And art thou come again ! — it may not be !  
O, beautiful thou art ! — but on thy brow  
Sits the dim, shadowy *thing* which only haunts  
Where hearts are wasted ; and thine eye is sad  
As moonlight, when it looks upon a grave !  
And thy soft bosom — where my head has lain,  
And dreamt youth's dream — heaves with unquiet  
motion !

And thou art weeping ! (there are those who weep  
In joy, — but then, they never look as thou dost !)  
Why *hast* thou come so late ! — I waited long,  
How very long ! — and thou wert by my side,  
Sometimes in *dreams* ! — (how sad it is to dream,  
And play with shadows, — flung, perhaps, from  
graves !

Why come by night, who may not come by day !  
Why mock for moments, who were true for years !)

— How long and heavily, from day to day,  
 I hung upon the hope that grows from fear!  
 But thou hast come, at last! — it is too late!  
 I cannot love again! — thou still art young,  
 And fair — but as a vestal! — and the *vow*,  
 My pale Floranthe! is upon thy heart!  
*Thou canst not love again! — 't is all too late!*

Sit here, Floranthe! — come to me, mine own!  
 My *friend!* (why dost thou start?) and I will sing  
 The air I used to sing thee, long ago,  
 And touch our old guitar; — *the strings are new!*  
 I would not that the chords which told of love  
 Should tell its death! — *they* have been broken long,  
 And other hands than thine have strung my lyre,  
 Since thou didst leave me. — Listen to my lay!

We meet! — but not as once we met!  
 Our *better* days are o'er,  
 And, dearly as I prize thee, yet,  
 I cannot love thee more: —  
 My young and precious hopes were wept,  
 With many tears, away,  
 And, since thy faith so long has slept,  
 It wakes too late to-day!

O, sighs and smiles are idle, all,  
 To raise the thoughts of youth,  
 They come and go without a call,  
 They linger *but* with truth; —  
 Like roses, — if to-night they die,  
 To-morrow's sun is vain;  
 And O! like birds, — if once let fly,  
 They never come again!

### THE CONVICT SHIP.

19

My heart has found no treasure, yet,  
Like what it lost with thee,  
And years of long and lone regret  
Have made me what you see!—  
Then, dearly welcome back again,  
But ask no *lover's* vow;  
The world, that had not won it *then*,  
May not restore it *now*!

### THE CONVICT SHIP.



MORN on the waters! and, purple and  
bright,  
Bursts on the billows the flushing of  
light!

O'er the glad waves, like a child of the sun,  
See the tall vessel goes gallantly on;  
Full to the breeze she unbosoms her sail,  
And her pennant streams onward, like hope, in the  
gale!

The winds come around her, in murmur and song,  
And the surges rejoice, as they bear her along!  
Upward she points to the golden-edged clouds,  
And the sailor sings gayly, aloft in the shrouds!  
Onwards she glides, amid ripple and spray,  
Over the waters, — away, and away!  
Bright as the visions of youth, ere they part,  
Passing away, like a dream of the heart! —  
Who — as the beautiful pageant sweeps by,  
Music around her, and sunshine on high —



Pauses to think, amid glitter and glow,  
O, there be hearts that are breaking, below !

Night on the waves ! — and the moon is on high,  
Hung, like a gem, on the brow of the sky ;  
Treading its depths, in the power of her might,  
And turning the clouds, as they pass her, to light !  
Look to the waters ! — asleep on their breast,  
Seems not the ship like an island of rest ?  
Bright and alone on the shadowy main,  
Like a heart-cherished home on some desolate plain !  
Who — as she smiles in the silvery light,  
Spreading her wings on the bosom of night,  
Alone on the deep, — as the moon in the sky, —  
A phantom of beauty ! — could deem, with a sigh,  
That so lovely a thing is the mansion of sin,  
And souls that are smitten lie bursting within !  
Who — as he watches her silently gliding —  
Remembers that wave after wave is dividing  
Bosoms that sorrow and guilt could not sever,  
Hearts that are parted and broken forever !  
Or deems that he watches, afloat on the wave,  
The death-bed of hope, or the young spirit's grave !

'T is thus with our life, while it passes along,  
Like a vessel at sea, amid sunshine and song !  
Gayly we glide, in the gaze of the world,  
With streamers afloat, and with canvas unfurled ;  
All gladness and glory to wandering eyes,  
Yet chartered by sorrow, and freighted with  
sighs ! —  
Fading and false is the aspect it wears,  
As the smiles we put on — just to cover our  
tears ;

And the withering thoughts which the world cannot know,  
 Like heart-broken exiles, lie burning below ;  
 While the vessel drives on to that desolate shore  
 Where the dreams of our childhood are vanished  
 and o'er !

## TO A GIRL, WEEPING.



INE eyes — that may not see thee smile —  
 Are glad to see thee weep ;  
 Thy spirit's calm, this weary while,  
 Has been too dark and deep !

Alas, for him who has but tears,  
 To mark his path of pain !  
 But O, *his* long and lonely years,  
 Who may not weep again !

Thou know'st, young mourner ! thou hast been,  
 Through good and ill, to me,  
 Amid a bleak and blighted scene,  
 A single leafy tree :  
 A star within a stormy sky ;  
 An island on the main ;  
 And I have prayed in agony,  
 To see thee weep again !

Thou *ever* wert a thing of tears,  
 When but a playful child,  
 A very sport of hopes and fears,  
 And *both* too warm and wild !  
 Thy lightest thoughts and wishes wore  
 Too passionate a strain ; —

Pauses to think, amid glitter and glow,  
O, there be hearts that are breaking, below !

Night on the waves ! — and the moon is on high,  
Hung, like a gem, on the brow of the sky ;  
Treading its depths, in the power of her might,  
And turning the clouds, as they pass her, to light !  
Look to the waters ! — asleep on their breast,  
Seems not the ship like an island of rest ?  
Bright and alone on the shadowy main,  
Like a heart-cherished home on some desolate plain !  
Who — as she smiles in the silvery light,  
Spreading her wings on the bosom of night,  
Alone on the deep, — as the moon in the sky, —  
A phantom of beauty ! — could deem, with a sigh,  
That so lovely a thing is the mansion of sin,  
And souls that are smitten lie bursting within !  
Who — as he watches her silently gliding —  
Remembers that wave after wave is dividing  
Bosoms that sorrow and guilt could not sever,  
Hearts that are parted and broken forever !  
Or deems that he watches, afloat on the wave,  
The death-bed of hope, or the young spirit's grave !

'T is thus with our life, while it passes along,  
Like a vessel at sea, amid sunshine and song !  
Gayly we glide, in the gaze of the world,  
With streamers afloat, and with canvas unfurled ;  
All gladness and glory to wandering eyes,  
Yet chartered by sorrow, and freighted with  
sighs ! —

Fading and false is the aspect it wears,  
As the smiles we put on — just to cover our  
tears ;

TO A GIRL, WEEPING.

21

And the withering thoughts which the world cannot know,  
Like heart-broken exiles, lie burning below ;  
While the vessel drives on to that desolate shore  
Where the dreams of our childhood are vanished  
and o'er !

TO A GIRL, WEEPING.



INE eyes — that may not see thee smile —  
Are glad to see thee weep ;  
Thy spirit's calm, this weary while,  
Has been too dark and deep !

Alas, for him who has but tears,  
To mark his path of pain !  
But O, *his* long and lonely years,  
Who may not weep again !

Thou know'st, young mourner ! thou hast been,  
Through good and ill, to me,  
Amid a bleak and blighted scene,  
A single leafy tree :  
A star within a stormy sky ;  
An island on the main ;  
And I have prayed in agony,  
To see thee weep again !


Thou *ever* wert a thing of tears,  
When but a playful child,  
A very sport of hopes and fears,  
And *both* too warm and wild !  
Thy lightest thoughts and wishes wore  
Too passionate a strain ; —

24    *THE POETICAL SKETCH-BOOK.*

From him who waked Aurora every morn,  
And sad as those he sung her till she slept !  
A thousand and a thousand years have swept  
O'er thee, who wert a moral from thy spring,  
A wreck in youth ! — nor vainly hast thou kept ?  
Thy lyre, — Olympia's soul is on the wing,  
And a new Iphitus has waked beneath its string !

SAINT CECILIA.

AFTER A PICTURE BY MIGNARD, IN THE  
GALLERY OF THE LOUVRE.<sup>8</sup>

ER hair streams backward, — like a cloud  
Before the sunlight of her eyes,  
That seem to pierce the fleecy shroud  
Of the far, blue Italian skies !

Her hands amid the golden strings  
Play, — like a spirit's wanderings,  
Still making music as they stray,  
And scattering incense on their way !  
And softest harpings float around,  
That make the chamber hallowed ground ;  
Till every breeze that wanders by  
Seems holy with the maiden's sigh,  
And seraph-forms come stealing down,  
To hear a music like their own !

Her robe is of the same pure white  
Whose silver skirts yon azure sky,  
Her form is like a form of light, —  
But all the woman dims her eye

With tears that dare to look to heaven,  
And griefs that mount — and are forgiven !  
Deep in her warm and holy heart  
Are thoughts that play a mortal part,  
And her young worship wafts above  
The breathings of an *earthly* love !

Of *earth*, — yet not a love that flings  
One clog upon her spirit's wings,  
Or, like a shadow, dimly lies  
Upon her pure heart's sacrifice !  
The lark may — like that spirit — play  
In the blue heavens, the livelong day,  
And He who gave that sunny thing  
A mounting — yet a wearying — wing,  
Will not refuse its morning flight,  
Because it stooped to earth by night ; —  
Nor shall the maiden's offering rise  
Less stainless to her native skies,  
Because the youthful *saint* reveals  
The throbblings which the *woman* feels,  
And pours to heaven her worship, fraught  
With passion which itself hath taught !

The notes fall fainter on the ear,  
Yet, still, the seraph leans to hear ; —  
Though sorrow sighs along the lyre,  
And woman's fears have dimmed her fire,  
And breathings, meant for God alone,  
Echo some pulses of her own ! —  
The angel stays, — and stays to bless  
Love — which itself is holiness !

TO THE PICTURE OF A DEAD GIRL.

ON FIRST SEEING IT.

How pleasing art thou to me, even in death !  
I love thee, yet, — above all women living.

SECOND MAIDEN'S TRAGEDY.



THE same — and O, how beautiful ! —  
the same

As memory meets thee through the mist  
of years ! —

Love's roses on thy cheek, and feeling's flame  
Lighting an eye unchanged in all — but tears !  
Upon thy severed lips the very smile  
Remembered well, the sunlight of my youth ;  
But gone the shadow that would steal, the while,  
To mar its brightness, and to mock its truth ! —  
Once more I see thee, as I saw thee last,  
The lost restored, — the vision of the past !

How like to what thou wert — and art not now !  
Yet O, how more resembling what thou art !  
There dwells no cloud upon that pictured brow,  
As sorrow sits no longer in thy heart ;  
Gone where its very wishes are at rest,  
And all its throbblings hushed, and aching healed ; —  
I gaze, till half I deem thee to my breast,  
In thine immortal loveliness, revealed,  
And see thee, as in some permitted dream,  
There where thou *art* what here thou dost but *seem* !

I loved thee passing well ! — thou wert a beam  
Of pleasant beauty on this stormy sea !

TO THE PICTURE OF A DEAD GIRL. 27

With just so much of mirth as might redeem  
Man from the musings of his misery;  
Yet ever pensive, — like a thing from home!  
Lovely and lonely as a single star!  
But kind and true to me, as thou hadst come  
From thine own element, — so very far,  
Only to be a cynosure to eyes  
Now sickening at the sunshine of the skies!

It were a crime to weep! — 't is none to kneel,  
As now I kneel, before this type of thee,  
And worship her, who taught my soul to feel  
Such worship is no vain idolatry!  
Thou wert my spirit's spirit, — and thou *art*,  
Though this be all of thee time hath not reft,  
Save the old thoughts that hang about the heart,  
Like withered leaves that many storms have left!  
I turn from living looks, — the cold, the dull,  
To any trace of thee, — the lost, the beautiful!

Broken, and bowed, and wasted with regret,  
I gaze, and weep; why *do* I weep alone?  
I would not — would not, if I could — forget,  
But I am *all* remembrance, — it hath grown  
My very being! — Will she never speak?  
The lips are parted, and the braided hair  
Seems as it waved upon her brightening cheek,  
And smile, and everything — but breath — are there.  
O, for the voice that I have stayed to hear,  
— Only in dreams, — so many a lonely year!

It will not be; — away, bright cheat, away!  
Cold, far too cold to love! — thy look grows  
strange;



I want the thousand thoughts that used to play,  
 Like lights and shadowings, in checkered change !  
 That smile ! — *I know* thou art not like her now, —  
 Within her land — where'er it be — of light,  
*She* smiles not while a cloud is on my brow ! —  
 When will it pass away — this heavy night !  
 O, will the cool, clear morning never come,  
 And light me to her, in her spirit's home !

### FLOWER OF MY COLD AND DARK- ENED YEAR.



FLOWER of my cold and darkened year !  
 Sweet fount amid my spirit's dearth !  
 Be near me, with the smiles that cheer  
 The happy home and quiet hearth ;  
 That still, 'mid winter and 'mid night,  
 Like fairies play their sunny part,  
 To turn the darkness into light,  
 And make it summer in the heart !

What though my early hopes have flown,  
 Like Noah's bird, that came not back,  
 And many a faded leaf has strown,  
 All — all too soon, my summer track ;  
 My heart has treasures of its own,  
 Shrines on which ruin cannot fall,  
 And cherished there, *thy* look and tone  
 Are birds, and flowers, and hopes, and all !

O, blessed time of smiles and tears, —  
 Ere smiles or tears are mournful things, —

*FLOWER OF MY DARKENED YEAR.* 29

Of hopes, ere hopes are born with fears, —  
And wishes — that have all got wings !  
O, could I tread again *youth's* track,  
With thee, — beloved as thou art !  
But who shall bring the shadow back,  
Upon the dial of my heart !

Forward, like rivers to the main,  
Time passes on — forever on ! —  
The moon shall never pause again  
Upon the vale of Ajalon ! —  
The sun comes o'er the eastern hill,  
On Gideon, — as in days gone by,  
But that high voice has long been still  
That bade him linger in the sky !

Yet, thou hast been to me a beam,  
Pure as that bright and angel form <sup>4</sup>  
That stood beside the troubled stream,  
And gathered healing *from its storm* !  
Thy love — when all was strife around —  
Like music, sung my soul to rest,  
And thou hast fondly sought — and found  
A thousand fountains in my breast !

O, — for the bloom that thou hast shed  
Along my wasted breast and brow, —  
May flowers spring up beneath *thy* tread,  
And make thy life-path bright as now !  
Still may thy fancy daily fleet,  
As here, 'mid glad and happy themes,  
And visions — sweet, as thou art sweet —  
Come gliding to thy nightly dreams !

Pauses to think, amid glitter and glow,  
O, there be hearts that are breaking, below!

Night on the waves! — and the moon is on high,  
Hung, like a gem, on the brow of the sky;  
Treading its depths, in the power of her might,  
And turning the clouds, as they pass her, to light!  
Look to the waters! — asleep on their breast,  
Seems not the ship like an island of rest?  
Bright and alone on the shadowy main,  
Like a heart-cherished home on some desolate plain!  
Who — as she smiles in the silvery light,  
Spreading her wings on the bosom of night,  
Alone on the deep, — as the moon in the sky, —  
A phantom of beauty! — could deem, with a sigh,  
That so lovely a thing is the mansion of sin,  
And souls that are smitten lie bursting within!  
Who — as he watches her silently gliding —  
Remembers that wave after wave is dividing  
Bosoms that sorrow and guilt could not sever,  
Hearts that are parted and broken forever!  
Or deems that he watches, afloat on the wave,  
The death-bed of hope, or the young spirit's grave!

'T is thus with our life, while it passes along,  
Like a vessel at sea, amid sunshine and song!  
Gayly we glide, in the gaze of the world,  
With streamers afloat, and with canvas unfurled;  
All gladness and glory to wandering eyes,  
Yet chartered by sorrow, and freighted with  
sighs! —  
Fading and false is the aspect it wears,  
As the smiles we put on — just to cover our  
tears;

And the withering thoughts which the world cannot know,  
Like heart-broken exiles, lie burning below ;  
While the vessel drives on to that desolate shore  
Where the dreams of our childhood are vanished  
and o'er !

## TO A GIRL, WEEPING.



INE eyes — that may not see thee smile —  
Are glad to see thee weep ;  
Thy spirit's calm, this weary while,  
Has been too dark and deep !

Alas, for him who has but tears,  
To mark his path of pain !  
But O, *his* long and lonely years,  
Who may not weep again !

Thou know'st, young mourner ! thou hast been,  
Through good and ill, to me,  
Amid a bleak and blighted scene,  
A single leafy tree :  
A star within a stormy sky ;  
An island on the main ;  
And I have prayed in agony,  
To see thee weep again !

Thou *ever* wert a thing of tears,  
When but a playful child,  
A very sport of hopes and fears,  
And *both* too warm and wild !  
Thy lightest thoughts and wishes wore  
Too passionate a strain ; —

One glance—the glance that makes us old,  
 Of utter agony;  
 One throb—the bitterest and the last,  
 Awakening but to deaden pain,  
 In hearts that, when that pang is past,  
 Shall never ache again;—  
 And the loosed chord and broken bowl  
 Lie at hope's fountain, in the soul!

#### WRITTEN AT ROUEN.<sup>5</sup>



HE Seine is like a belt of gold, —  
 Beneath an autumn sky,  
 That floats, in many a crimson fold,  
 Like a banner hung on high!

The town hangs darkly o'er the stream,  
 Where lights and shadows play,  
 While wave on wave, like dream on dream,  
 Smile as they glide away!

And here I stand — as here I stood,  
 How many years ago!  
 When life danced onward, like the flood,  
 With music in its flow:  
 But now, my breast, like yonder dome,  
 Where sleeps the Lion-heart,<sup>6</sup>  
 Is half a temple, half a tomb,  
 But has no earthly part!

My spirit keeps the trace, like thee,  
 Of many a lost parade, —

Dreams of the soul's young chivalry,  
 Of many a wild crusade !  
 Like thee, dark town ! — like thee, in all  
 But thy many gushing fountains,  
 Yet brightened still by lights that fall  
 From heaven, — like thy blue mountains !

## ACROSS THE WAVES — AWAY AND FAR.

Tu pudica, tu proba,  
 Perambulabis astra, sidus aureum.  
 HORAT.



CROSS the waves — away and far,  
 My spirit turns to thee ;  
 I love thee as men love a star,  
 The brightest where a thousand are,  
 Sadly and silently, —  
 With love unstained by hopes or fears,  
 Too deep for words, too pure for tears !

My heart is tutored not to weep ;  
 Calm, like the calm of even,  
 Where grief lies hushed, but not asleep,  
 Hallows the hours I love to keep  
 For only thee and heaven ; —  
 Too far and fair to aid the birth  
 Of thoughts that have a taint of earth !

And yet, the days forever gone, —  
 When thou wert as a bird,  
 Living 'mid sun and flowers alone,

34     *THE POETICAL SKETCH-BOOK.*

And singing in so soft a tone  
As I never since have heard, —  
*Will* make me grieve that birds, and things  
So beautiful, have ever wings !

And there are hours in the lonely night  
When I seem to hear thy calls,  
Faint as the echoes of far delight,  
And dreamy and sad as the sighing flight  
Of distant waterfalls ; —  
And then my vow is hard to keep,  
For it were a joy, indeed, to weep !

For I feel as men feel when moonlight falls  
Amid old cathedral aisles ;  
Or the wind plays, sadly, along the walls  
Of lonely and forsaken halls,  
That we knew in their day of smiles ;  
Or as one who hears, amid foreign flowers,  
A tune he had learnt in his mother's bowers.

But I may not and I dare not weep,  
Lest the vision pass away,  
And the vigils that I love to keep  
Be broken up, by the fevered sleep  
That leaves me — with the day —  
Like one who has travelled far, to the spot  
Where his home should be, — and finds it not !

Yet then, like the incense of many flowers,  
Rise pleasant thoughts to me ;  
For I know, from thy dwelling in eastern bowers,  
That thy spirit has come, in those silent hours,  
To meet me over the sea ;

And I feel, in my soul, the fadeless truth  
Of her whom I loved in early youth.

Like hidden streams, — whose quiet tone  
Is unheard in the garish day,  
That utter a music all their own,  
When the night-dew falls, and the lady moon  
Looks out to hear them play, —  
I knew not half thy gentle worth,  
Till grief drew all its music forth.

We shall not meet on earth again !  
And I would have it so ;  
For, they tell me that the cloud of pain  
Has flung its shadow o'er thy brain,  
And touched thy looks with woe ;  
And I have heard that storm and shower  
Have dimmed thy loveliness, my flower !

I would not look upon thy tears, —  
For I have thee in my heart,  
Just as thou wert, in those blessed years  
When we were, both, too young for fears  
That we should ever part ;  
And I would not aught should mar the spell,  
The picture nursed so long and well !

I love to think on thee, as one  
With whom the strife is o'er ;  
And feel that I am journeying on,  
Wasted, and weary, and alone,  
To join thee on that shore  
Where thou — I know — wilt look for me,  
And I, forever, be with thee !



## THE DEAD TRUMPETER.

AFTER A VIGNETTE PICTURE, BY HORACE VERNET.



WAKE, soldier, wake!—thy war-horse  
 waits,  
 To bear thee to the battle back;—  
 Thou slumberest at a foeman's gates;—  
 Thy dog would break thy bivouac;—  
 Thy plume is trailing in the dust,  
 And thy red falchion gathering rust!

Sleep, soldier, sleep!—thy warfare o'er,—  
 Not thine own bugle's loudest strain  
 Shall ever break thy slumbers more,  
 With summons to the battle-plain;  
 A trumpet-note more loud and deep  
 Must rouse thee from that leaden sleep!

Thou need'st nor helm nor cuirass, now,  
 —Beyond the *Grecian* hero's boast,—  
 Thou wilt not quail thy naked brow,  
 Nor shrink before a myriad host,—  
 For head and *heel* alike are sound,  
 A thousand arrows cannot wound!

Thy mother is not in thy dreams,  
 With that wild, widowed look she wore  
 The day—how long to her it seems!—  
 She kissed thee, at the cottage door,  
 And sickened at the sounds of joy  
 That bore away her only boy!

Sleep, soldier ! — let thy mother wait  
 To hear thy bugle on the blast ;  
 Thy dog, perhaps, may find the gate,  
 And bid her home to thee, at last : —  
 He cannot tell a sadder tale  
 Than did thy clarion, on the gale,  
 When last — and far away — she heard its linger-  
     ing echoes fail !

## MOUNT CARMEL.



HE harp is hushed, in Kedron's vale,  
 The river dwindled to a rill,  
 That haunts it — like an ancient tale —  
     In dying whispers, still !  
 The wind, among the sedges, keeps  
     Some echoes of its broken lyre,  
 And wakes, at times, with sudden sweeps,  
     Thoughts of its former fire, —  
 Where Carmel's flowery summits rise,  
     To point the moral to the skies !

My breast has learnt — in *other* lands —  
     That moral, through its own deep glooms,  
 Lone — as yon lonely city stands  
     Among her thousand tombs !  
 Amid its mouldering wrecks and weeds,  
     While memory — like that river — sings,  
 Or — like the night-breeze in the reeds —  
     Plays with its broken strings,  
 My spirit sits, with folded wing,  
     A sad — but not unhappy — thing !

What if my loves — like yonder waves,  
 That seek a dead and tideless sea —<sup>8</sup>  
 Have perished in the place of graves,  
 That darkly waits for me !  
 What if no outlet of the *earth*  
 Those dull and dreary waters own,  
 And *time* can give no second birth  
 To dreams and wishes gone !  
 What though my fount of early joy,  
 Like Kedron's springs, be almost dry !

High o'er them, with its thousand flowers,  
 Its precious crown of scent and bloom,<sup>9</sup>  
 Hope, like another Carmel, towers  
 In sunshine and in gloom !  
 Flinging upon the wasted breast  
 Sweets born in climes more pure and high,  
 And pointing, with its lofty crest,  
 Beyond the starry sky, —  
 Where a new Jordan's waves shall gem  
 A statelier Jerusalem !

### DRY UP THY TEARS, LOVE !



RY up thy tears, love ! — I fain would  
 be gay !  
 Sing me the song of my early day !  
 Give me the music, so witchingly wild,  
 That solaced my sorrows when I was a child ! —  
 Years have gone by me, both lonely and long,  
 Since my spirit was soothed by thy voice, in that  
 song !

Years have gone by ! — and life's lowlands are past,  
And I stand on the hill which I sighed for, at last ;  
But I turn from the summit that once was my star,  
To the vale of my childhood, seen dimly and far ; —  
Each blight on its beauty seems softened and gone,  
Like a land that we love, in the light of the moon !

There are the flowers that have withered away,  
And the hopes that have faded, — like fairies at play,  
And the eyes that are dimmed, and the smiles that  
are gone,  
And thou too art there ! — but *thou* still art mine own ;  
Fair as in childhood, and fond as in youth,  
Thou — only thou — wert a spirit of truth !

Time hath been o'er thee, and darkened thine eye,  
And thoughts are within thee more holy and high ;  
Sadder thy smile than in days that are o'er,  
And lovelier all that was lovely before ;  
That which thou wert is not that which thou art,  
Thou too art altered in all — but in heart !

Lie on my bosom, and lead me along  
Over lost scenes, by the magic of song !  
What if I weep at the vision of years ?  
Sighs are not sorrow, — and joy has her tears !  
Sad is my brow, as thy music is sad,  
But O, it is long since my heart was so glad !

All that is left of life's promise is here, —  
Thou, my young idol, in sorrow more dear !  
But thy murmurs remind me of many away,  
And though I am glad, love ! I cannot be gay ! —  
All has departed that offered like truth,  
Save thou — only thou — and the song of my  
youth !

# THE VISIONIST.

AFTER A PICTURE OF A GIRL, NEWLY AWAKENED,  
AND IN A MUSING ATTITUDE.



HE has been dreaming! — and her  
thoughts are, still,  
On their far journey in the land of  
dreams!

The forms we call — but may not chase — at will,  
And soft, low voices, — sweet as distant streams,  
Heard in the night-hush, — linger round her heart!  
O, dark-eyed dreamer! must thy spirit sail  
Into the years when dreams of joy depart,  
With each bright morning, — like the nightingale!  
When hope is only for the slumbering hours,  
A thing on which the waker thinks — and weeps;  
And pleasant fancies — like night-blowing flow-  
ers —

Give out their perfume *but* while memory sleeps! —  
Thine is the precious privilege of youth,  
That paints all visions in the hues of truth!

# SPAIN.

TO \*\*\*\*\* ESQ.



THAT the Spirit of thy votive song  
Would pour her Sibyl oracles along,  
Go forth where despots sway, and das-  
tards yield,  
And rouse a tented Israel to the field!

— O for the mystic harp of Kedron's vale,  
To fling its music on the tameless gale!  
As erst, in Israel, when, at God's command,  
Saul was sent forth to blight the chartered land,  
When Siloa's brook was gathered to a flood,  
And Sion wept — till every tear was blood !

O for a spell — like hers who called the dead,  
And brought the prophet from his dreamless bed, —  
To wake the spirit of the martyred brave,  
And break the slumber of Riego's grave !  
— O for the warrior-youth of Judah's line,  
Divinely missioned to a work divine, —  
A David to "go up" — with staff and sling,  
And pebbles for the forehead of a king, —  
And, in the spirit of a holy wrath,  
Smite the Goliath of a sceptred Gath !

Alas, the lovely land ! — where fetters bind  
All but the sighs their captives give the wind !  
Where life is stagnant but when stirred by fears,  
And patriots have no weapons but their tears !  
Where the free breezes and the dancing waves  
Utter vain language to a world of slaves ;  
And hope — a "fitful fever" — wakes and dies,  
Like clouds that form — to melt — in Spanish skies !

It comes, — it comes ! — like a far trumpet-blast,  
I hear the tumult and the stir, at last !  
Through the dull distance of a few short years,  
The gathering-cry is borne to prophet ears,  
When nations shall go forth, like water poured,  
To see an Agag hewn before the Lord,  
And Freedom lift, again, her starry crest,  
High o'er the new-born Hebron of the West !

## LINES

WRITTEN IN A SKETCH-BOOK.



HOW vain to blot this snowy leaf  
 With human hope or human fear !  
 How vain to leave, of joy or grief,  
 A single record here !

And yet, the very lightest dream  
 That e'er was fancy's cherished theme,  
 The frailest hope that ever played,  
 The fleetest thought that ever strayed,  
 — Arrested in its flight, —  
 May live upon this page — alone,  
 The brightest trace — the only one —  
 Of him who felt its light, —  
 When all his world of hopes and fears  
 Is mingled with the flood of years !

Full many a heart, by friendship tried,  
 Has left an offering on this shrine ;  
 And names that love has sanctified  
 Along its pages shine !  
 Yet fancy pauses, with a tear,  
 Above the little register,  
 To think that all those hearts have known  
 A host of feelings of their own  
 Which are not written here ;  
 The transient smile, the frequent sigh,  
 The blighted hope, the mingled joy,  
 These have no chronicler ;  
 The wish that warms, the dreams that fade,  
 Rest, unrecorded, in the shade !

How brief the tale this book can give —  
Its painting of expression caught !  
It can but make *one* feeling live,  
Or fix *one* passing thought,  
Of all which wander, or which rest  
In the deep silence of the breast.  
— As stars that deck the dark-blue sky  
Beam, lonely, on the naked eye ;  
Yet each is but the sign  
Of systems far from human sight,  
Which — with their floods of living light —  
In countless numbers shine, —  
Of orbs and peopled worlds, which lie  
Scattered throughout immensity !

A few short years ! — and, through the dark,  
Each tribute may remain alone,  
Like lonely signal-lights, to mark  
A world of feelings gone ! —  
'T is sad to think this leaf may be  
The sole memorial left of me !  
But O, should friendship interfere,  
And, 'mid the wrecks of many a year,  
Preserve some relics green ;  
May every record love shall save  
From passing time's o'erwhelming wave,  
To tell that I have been,  
And give me to a future age, —  
Be written on as pure a page !



## ÆNEAS AND DIDO.

**H**E comes, — he comes through storm and  
 night !  
 No sail impels, — no pilot guides ;  
 The sky has not a single light  
 To lamp him o'er the tides !  
 Through breeze and billow, swell and spray,  
 He stands upon his fated way, —  
 One of those fair and visioned forms  
 That — like the rainbow come in storms ! —  
 And bears, through more than mortal strife,  
 The treasure of a charmed life !  
 Upon his brow the grace revealed  
 Which kings have stamped and gods have sealed,  
 He rises on her, through the night,  
 Like some bright spirit of the sea,  
 And stands before her, in the light  
 Of his own high nobility !

But he is as those meteor things  
 That tread, like monarchs, through the sky,  
 Yet have their red and burning wings  
 Controlled and plumed by destiny ! —  
 He came like light, — like light is gone,  
 Where far Hesperia beckons on ;  
 And a young blighted passion-flower  
 Lies withering in Elissa's bower !

Born eastward, where the palmy Tyre  
 Holds spirits, like its daylight — fire ;  
 And passion takes a deeper tone

From Syria's warm and glowing zone ;  
 And love, and *every* sunny thing,  
 Spring upward on a brighter wing ; —  
 Her heart is *like* her native scenes,  
 (And all a woman's — though a queen's !)  
 A heart whose fountains, dried away,  
 Have left it to the scorching ray,  
 That makes her young and wasted breast  
 Like wilds and waters in the East, —  
 A lifeless and a tideless sea,  
 A desert, — to eternity !

## I AM ALL ALONE.



AM all alone ! — and the visions that play  
 Round life's young days have passed  
                   away ;  
 And the songs are hushed that gladness  
                   sings ;  
 And the hopes that I cherished have made them  
                   wings ;  
 And the light of my heart is dimmed and gone,  
 And I sit in my sorrow, — and all alone !

And the forms which I fondly loved are flown,  
 And friends have departed, one by one ;  
 And Memory sits, whole lonely hours,  
 And weaves her wreath of hope's faded flowers,  
 And weeps o'er the chaplet, when no one is near  
 To gaze on her grief, or to chide her tear !

46     *THE POETICAL SKETCH-BOOK.*

And the home of my childhood is distant far,  
And I walk in a land where strangers are ;  
And the looks that I meet and the sounds that I  
    hear

Are not light to *my* spirit, nor song to *my* ear ;  
And sunshine is round me, — which *I* cannot see,  
And eyes that beam kindness, — *but not for me !*

And the song goes round, and the glowing smile,  
But I am desolate all the while !

And faces are bright and bosoms glad,  
And nothing, I think, but my heart, is sad !  
And I seem like a blight in a region of bloom,  
While I dwell in my own little circle of gloom !

I wander about, like a shadow of pain,  
With a worm in my breast, and a spell on my brain ;  
And I list, with a start, to the gushing of glad-  
    ness, —

O, how it grates on a bosom all sadness ! —  
So, I turn from a world where I never was known,  
To sit in my sorrow, — and all alone !

WINGS.



FOR the wings we used to wear,  
When the heart was like a bird,  
And floated, still, through summer air,  
And painted all it looked on fair,  
And sung to all it heard !

When fancy put the seal of truth  
On all the promises of youth !  
O for the wings with which the dove  
Flies to the valley of her rest,<sup>10</sup>  
To take us to some pleasant grove,  
Where hearts are not afraid to love,  
And truth is, sometimes, blest ;  
To make the spirit mount again  
That time has bowed, and grief, and pain !

It may not — O, it may not be !  
I cannot soar on fancy's wing,  
And hope has been — like thee, like thee —  
These many weary years to me,  
A lost and perished thing !  
Are there *no* pinions left, to bear  
Me where the good and gentle are !

Yes ! — rise upon the morning's wing,<sup>11</sup>  
And, far beyond the farthest sea,  
Where autumn is the mate of spring,  
And winter comes not withering,  
There is a home for thee ! —  
Away — away ! — and lay thy head  
In the low valley of the dead !

## CARTHAGE.

AFTER A PICTURE BY LINTON.<sup>13</sup>

S it some vision of the elder day,  
 Won from the dead-sea waters, by a  
 spell  
 Like hers who waked the prophet? —  
 or a dream

Of burning Egypt, — ere the Lybian sand  
 Had flung its pall above a perished world, —  
 Dreamt on its dreary grave, that has no flowers?  
 It is the eastern orphan's ocean-home! —  
 The southern queen! — the city of the sea,  
 Ere Venice was a name! — the lofty heart  
 That battled for the empire of the world,  
 And all but won, — yet perished in the strife!  
 Now, in her young, proud beauty; — the blue waves,  
 Like vassals, bending low, to kiss her feet,  
 Or dancing to their own sweet minstrelsy! —  
 The olives hanging round her crested front,  
 Like laurel-crowns upon a victor's brow! —  
 Beneath her palms, and 'mid her climbing bowers,  
 Darts, like a sunny flash, the antelope!  
 And bound the wild deer, where the severing boughs  
 Wave forth a goddess! — in her hunter-guise,  
 She wakes the perfumes of the Tyrian's groves,  
 To welcome from the waves her pilgrim boy,  
 And point his tangled pathway, to the towers  
 That to his homeless spirit speak of home!

Alas! the stately city! — is it *here*,  
 Here, 'mid this palace pomp and leafy store,

*I THINK ON THEE, IN THE NIGHT.* 49

(Bright as some landscape which the poet sees  
Painted, by sunset, on a summer sky,  
In hues the dolphin borrows, when he dies !)  
'Mid all this clustering loveliness and life,  
Where treads the Trojan, — that, in after years,  
A lonelier exile and a loftier chief  
Sat amid ruins !

*I THINK ON THEE, IN THE NIGHT.*

There is lyf withoute any deth,  
And there is youthe withoute any elde,  
And there is alle manner welthe to welde,  
And there is reste withoute any travaille,  
And there is bright somer ever to se,  
And there is never wynter in that countree.  
RICHARD ROLLE.



THINK on thee, in the night,  
When all beside is still,  
And the moon comes out, with her  
pale, sad light,  
To sit on the lonely hill !  
When the stars are all like dreams,  
And the breezes all like sighs,  
And there comes a voice from the far-off streams,  
Like thy spirit's low replies !

I think on thee, by day,  
'Mid the cold and busy crowd,  
When the laughter of the young and gay  
Is far too glad and loud !  
I hear thy soft, sad tone,  
And thy young, sweet smile I see, —

50     *THE POETICAL SKETCH-BOOK.*

My heart — my heart were all alone,  
But for its dreams of thee !

Of thee who wert so dear, —  
And yet, I do not weep,  
For thine eyes were stained by many a tear,  
Before they went to sleep;  
And, if I haunt the past,  
Yet may I not repine  
That thou hast won thy rest, at last,  
And all the grief is mine !

I think upon thy gain,  
Whate'er to me it cost,  
And fancy dwells, with less of pain,  
On all that I have lost ! —  
Hope, like the cuckoo's oft-told tale,  
Alas ! it wears her wing !  
And love, that — like the nightingale —  
Sings only in the spring !

Thou art my spirit's all,  
Just as thou wert in youth,  
Still, from thy grave, no shadows fall  
Upon my lonely truth ; —  
A taper, yet, above thy tomb,  
Since lost its sweeter rays,  
And what is memory, through the gloom,  
Was hope, in brighter days !

I am pining for the home  
Where sorrow sinks to sleep,  
Where the weary and the weepers come,  
And they cease to toil and weep !

*I THINK ON THEE, IN THE NIGHT.* 51

Why walk about with smiles  
That, each, should be a tear,  
Vain as the summer's glowing spoils,  
Flung o'er an early bier !

O ! like those fairy things,  
Those insects of the East,  
That have their beauty in their *wings*,  
And shroud it, while at rest ;  
That fold their colors of the sky,  
When earthward they alight,  
And flash their splendors on the eye,  
Only to take their flight ; —

I never knew how dear thou wert,  
Till thou wert borne away !  
I have it, yet, about my heart,  
The beauty of that day ! —  
As if the robe thou wert to wear,  
Beyond the stars, were given,  
That I might learn to know it, there,  
And seek thee out, in heaven !



# ON A HARP,

## WITH BROKEN STRINGS.

Time, which antiquates antiquities, and hath an art to make dust of all things, hath yet spared these minor monuments.

SIR THOMAS BROWNE.

The soft affections, when they are busy that way, will build their structures, were it but on the paring of a nail.

MAN OF FEELING.



UTE emblem of the broken heart !  
To thee my spirit fondly clings ;  
And memory — ruin as thou art ! —  
Haunts, like a ghost, thy shivered  
strings !

Alike, o'er thee, may pass the breeze  
That steals along in summer gladness,  
Or utters through the leafless trees,  
At eve, the soul of sadness ! —  
To summer's breath, or winter's sigh,  
Thy murmurs nevermore reply !

There was a time — 't is long ago ! —  
When round thee music loved to linger,  
Or sweep thy chords, in softened flow,  
Before the little fairy finger  
Of that remembered one, whose name  
On earth is but an echo now !  
Though I have sunned me in the flame  
That brightened on her brow, —  
The pure, glad light, when hope beat high,  
That sparkled in her holy eye !

When sadness hung upon its blue, —  
Like clouds that steal o'er summer skies, —  
The murmurs that from thee she drew,  
O, they were music's very sighs !  
But in her gayer hours thy strains  
Breathed like the notes to spirits given,  
To soothe them, after all their pains,  
From the soft harps of heaven, —  
With power to bid all sorrow cease,  
And win the bosom back to peace !

'T was meet that, when the minstrel died,  
The lyre she cherished should decay ; —  
And never have thy tones replied  
To touch, since that bereaving day !  
The voice that spoke along each string  
Of her pure spirit was a part,  
And every sound it used to fling  
An echo of her heart !  
That heart is gone, that spirit fled,  
And thou — art tuneless as the dead !

Her song — and O how sweet she sung ! —  
Is silent now in mortal ears !  
But memory, broken lyre ! has hung  
Round thee the thoughts of other years ;  
And made thee still a thing divine, —  
With many a tear thy chords bedewing, —  
Round which our feelings fondly twine,  
Like ivy round a ruin ! —  
There, in thy loneliness, thou art  
Fit emblem of a broken heart !

## TO MYRA.

Tecum vivere amem, tecum obeam libens.

HORAT.



LEAVE thee now, my spirit's love !  
 All bright in youth's unclouded light ; —  
 With sunshine round, and hope above,  
 Thou scarce hast learnt to dream of  
 night.

Yet night *will* come ! — thy bounding heart  
 Must watch its idols melt away ;  
 And, O, thy soul must learn to part  
 With much that made thy childhood gay !

But should we meet in darker years,  
 When clouds have gathered round thy brow, —  
 How far more precious in thy tears,  
 Than in thy glow of gladness, now ! —

Then come to me, — thy wounded heart  
 Shall find it has a haven still,  
 One bosom, — faithless as thou art, —  
 All — all thine own, 'mid good and ill !

Thou leavest me for the world ! — then go !  
 Thou art too young to feel it yet,  
 But time may teach thy heart to know  
 The worth of those who ne'er forget.

And, should that world look dark and cold,  
 Then turn to him whose silent truth  
 Will still love on, when worn and old,  
 The form it loved so well in youth !

## THE EXILE.

55

Like that young bird that left its nest,  
Lured, by the warm and sunny sky,  
From flower to flower, — but found no rest,  
And sought its native vale to die ; —

Go ! leave my soul to pine alone ;  
But, should the hopes that woo thee wither,  
Return, my own beloved one !  
And let — O, let us die together !

## THE EXILE.

### A FRAGMENT.



HE ship goes forth, in all her pageantry,  
To walk the wide sea-waves ! — her silver wings,  
Spread in the dying daylight, like a bird  
That seeks for summer in a brighter clime ! —  
One stands upon the deck ; and, through the war  
Of waters, watches where the blood-red sun  
Sinks o'er his own far valley of the west,  
And lights the distant home that nevermore  
Shall come, with all its music — but in dreams !  
Never shall vision rise upon his sight  
Like that, this moment, o'er the billows fading,  
Dim in the distance ! — Onward goes the ship,  
To meet the rising sun ! — but on his soul  
Has sunk — morn shall not lighten it ! — the night  
Descending o'er his own Hesperia !

46 THE POETICAL SKETCH-BOOK.

And the home of my childhood is distant far,  
And I walk in a land where strangers are ;  
And the looks that I meet and the sounds that I  
hear

Are not light to *my* spirit, nor song to *my* ear ;  
And sunshine is round me, — which *I* cannot see,  
And eyes that beam kindness, — *but not for me !*

And the song goes round, and the glowing smile,  
But I am desolate all the while !  
And faces are bright and bosoms glad,  
And nothing, I think, but my heart, is sad !  
And I seem like a blight in a region of bloom,  
While I dwell in my own little circle of gloom !

I wander about, like a shadow of pain,  
With a worm in my breast, and a spell on my brain ;  
And I list, with a start, to the gushing of glad-  
ness, —

O, how it grates on a bosom all sadness ! —  
So, I turn from a world where I never was known,  
To sit in my sorrow, — and all alone !

WINGS.



FOR the wings we used to wear,  
When the heart was like a bird,  
And floated, still, through summer air,  
And painted all it looked on fair,  
And sung to all it heard !

When fancy put the seal of truth  
On all the promises of youth !  
O for the wings with which the dove  
Flies to the valley of her rest,<sup>10</sup>  
To take us to some pleasant grove,  
Where hearts are not afraid to love,  
And truth is, sometimes, blest ;  
To make the spirit mount again  
That time has bowed, and grief, and pain !

It may not — O, it may not be !  
I cannot soar on fancy's wing,  
And hope has been — like thee, like thee —  
These many weary years to me,  
A lost and perished thing !  
Are there *no* pinions left, to bear  
Me where the good and gentle are !

Yes ! — rise upon the morning's wing,<sup>11</sup>  
And, far beyond the farthest sea,  
Where autumn is the mate of spring,  
And winter comes not withering,  
There is a home for thee ! —  
Away — away ! — and lay thy head  
In the low valley of the dead !

## CARTHAGE.

AFTER A PICTURE BY LINTON.<sup>12</sup>

S it some vision of the elder day,  
 Won from the dead-sea waters, by a  
 spell

Like hers who waked the prophet? —  
 or a dream

Of burning Egypt, — ere the Lybian sand  
 Had flung its pall above a perished world, —  
 Dreamt on its dreary grave, that has no flowers?  
 It is the eastern orphan's ocean-home! —  
 The southern queen! — the city of the sea,  
 Ere Venice was a name! — the lofty heart  
 That battled for the empire of the world,  
 And all but won, — yet perished in the strife!  
 Now, in her young, proud beauty; — the blue waves,  
 Like vassals, bending low, to kiss her feet,  
 Or dancing to their own sweet minstrelsy! —  
 The olives hanging round her crested front,  
 Like laurel-crowns upon a victor's brow! —  
 Beneath her palms, and 'mid her climbing bowers,  
 Darts, like a sunny flash, the antelope!  
 And bound the wild deer, where the severing boughs  
 Wave forth a goddess! — in her hunter-guise,  
 She wakes the perfumes of the Tyrian's groves,  
 To welcome from the waves her pilgrim boy,  
 And point his tangled pathway, to the towers  
 That to his homeless spirit speak of home!

Alas! the stately city! — is it *here*,  
 Here, 'mid this palace pomp and leafy store,

*I THINK ON THEE, IN THE NIGHT.* 49

(Bright as some landscape which the poet sees  
Painted, by sunset, on a summer sky,  
In hues the dolphin borrows, when he dies!)  
'Mid all this clustering loveliness and life,  
Where treads the Trojan, — that, in after years,  
A lonelier exile and a loftier chief  
Sat amid ruins!

*I THINK ON THEE, IN THE NIGHT.*

There is lyf withoute ony deth,  
And there is youthe withoute ony elde,  
And there is alle manner welthe to welde,  
And there is reste withoute ony travaille,  
And there is bright somer ever to se,  
And there is never wynter in that countree.  
RICHARD ROLLE.



THINK on thee, in the night,  
When all beside is still,  
And the moon comes out, with her  
pale, sad light,  
To sit on the lonely hill!  
When the stars are all like dreams,  
And the breezes all like sighs,  
And there comes a voice from the far-off streams,  
Like thy spirit's low replies!

I think on thee, by day,  
'Mid the cold and busy crowd,  
When the laughter of the young and gay  
Is far too glad and loud!  
I hear thy soft, sad tone,  
And thy young, sweet smile I see, —



My heart — my heart were all alone,  
But for its dreams of thee !

Of thee who wert so dear, —  
And yet, I do not weep,  
For thine eyes were stained by many a tear  
Before they went to sleep;  
And, if I haunt the past,  
Yet may I not repine  
That thou hast won thy rest, at last,  
And all the grief is mine !

I think upon thy gain,  
Whate'er to me it cost,  
And fancy dwells, with less of pain,  
On all that I have lost ! —  
Hope, like the cuckoo's oft-told tale,  
Alas ! it wears her wing !  
And love, that — like the nightingale —  
Sings only in the spring !

Thou art my spirit's all,  
Just as thou wert in youth,  
Still, from thy grave, no shadows fall  
Upon my lonely truth ; —  
A taper, yet, above thy tomb,  
Since lost its sweeter rays,  
And what is memory, through the gloom,  
Was hope, in brighter days !

I am pining for the home  
Where sorrow sinks to sleep,  
Where the weary and the weepers come,  
And they cease to toil and weep !

*I THINK ON THEE, IN THE NIGHT.* 51

Why walk about with smiles  
That, each, should be a tear,  
Vain as the summer's glowing spoils,  
Flung o'er an early bier !

O ! like those fairy things,  
Those insects of the East,  
That have their beauty in their *wings*,  
And shroud it, while at rest ;  
That fold their colors of the sky,  
When earthward they alight,  
And flash their splendors on the eye,  
Only to take their flight ; —

I never knew how dear thou wert,  
Till thou wert borne away !  
I have it, yet, about my heart,  
The beauty of that day ! —  
As if the robe thou wert to wear,  
Beyond the stars, were given,  
That I might learn to know it, there,  
And seek thee out, in heaven !

And happy hearts and smiling eyes,  
 As all *must* wear who are around thee! —  
 Remember that an eye as bright  
 Is dimmed, a heart as true is broken,  
 And turn thee from thy land of light,  
 To waste on these some little token!

But do not weep! — I could not bear  
 To stain thy cheek with sorrow's trace,  
 I would not draw one single tear,  
 For worlds, down that beloved face!  
 As soon would I, if power were given,  
 Pluck out the bow from yonder sky,  
 And free the prisoned floods of heaven,  
 As call one tear-drop to thine eye!

Yet O, my love! — I know not why,  
 It is a woman's thought! — but while  
 Thou offerest to my memory,  
 The tribute should not be — a smile!  
 For, though I would not see thee weep,  
 The heart, methinks, should not be gay,  
 That would the fast of feeling keep  
 To her who loves it — far away!

No! give me but one single sigh,  
 Pure as we breathed in happier hours,  
 When very sighs were winged with joy,  
 Like gales that have swept over flowers!  
 That uttering of a fond regret,  
 That strain *my* spirit long must pour! —  
 A thousand dreams may wait us yet,  
 Our holiest and our first is o'er!

## LINES

ON A GROUP OF HEATH AND HAREBELLS.



MY native clime ! along thy shore  
 The clansman's song is heard no more ;  
 No more the pibroch glads the gale,  
 Nor wandering harper cheers the vale ;  
 No more do warriors' visioned forms  
 Ride forth upon the " hills of storms " ;  
 No chieftain raises to the sky  
 The gladness of his battle-cry ;  
 Nor minstrel's lofty numbers swell  
 Above the brave, who fought — and fell !  
 Unmarked the gray stone rears its head  
 Above each hero's mountain-bed ;  
 Unheard by all the thistle's sigh,  
 As the lone spirit wanders by ;  
 Hushed is the music of thy dells,  
 And silent, now, the feast of shells ;  
 And, like a thought, has passed away  
 The magic of thine early day ! —  
 Yet there, like hearts that love thee still,  
 The heather hangs upon each hill,  
 And blooms along thy hardy braes,  
 As brightly as in better days ;  
 Like valor, rears its purple crest  
 Above thy lorn and widowed breast ; —  
 And there, like beauty's glances seen,  
 The blue-eyed harebell springs between ! —  
 Still faithful, 'mid the wrecks of time,  
 Twin children of my native clime !

## TO MYRA.

Tecum vivere amem, tecum obeam libens.

HORAT.



LEAVE thee now, my spirit's love !  
 All bright in youth's unclouded light ; —  
 With sunshine round, and hope above,  
 Thou scarce hast learnt to dream of  
 night.

Yet night *will* come ! — thy bounding heart  
 Must watch its idols melt away ;  
 And, O, thy soul must learn to part  
 With much that made thy childhood gay !

But should we meet in darker years,  
 When clouds have gathered round thy brow, —  
 How far more precious in thy tears,  
 Than in thy glow of gladness, now ! —

Then come to me, — thy wounded heart  
 Shall find it has a haven still,  
 One bosom, — faithless as thou art, —  
 All — all thine own, 'mid good and ill !

Thou leavest me for the world ! — then go !  
 Thou art too young to feel it yet,  
 But time may teach thy heart to know  
 The worth of those who ne'er forget.

And, should that world look dark and cold,  
 Then turn to him whose silent truth  
 Will still love on, when worn and old,  
 The form it loved so well in youth !

Like that young bird that left its nest,  
Lured, by the warm and sunny sky,  
From flower to flower, — but found no rest,  
And sought its native vale to die ; —

Go ! leave my soul to pine alone ;  
But, should the hopes that woo thee wither,  
Return, my own beloved one !  
And let — O, let us die together !

## THE EXILE.

## A FRAGMENT.



HE ship goes forth, in all her pageantry,  
To walk the wide sea-waves ! — her silver wings,  
Spread in the dying daylight, like a bird  
That seeks for summer in a brighter clime ! —  
One stands upon the deck ; and, through the war  
Of waters, watches where the blood-red sun  
Sinks o'er his own far valley of the west,  
And lights the distant home that nevermore  
Shall come, with all its music — but in dreams !  
Never shall vision rise upon his sight  
Like that, this moment, o'er the billows fading,  
Dim in the distance ! — Onward goes the ship,  
To meet the rising sun ! — but on his soul  
Has sunk — morn shall not lighten it ! — the night  
Descending o'er his own Hesperia !

A heart that loves, but may not grieve,  
 It seems as though the spirits round  
 Sent back reproachfully the sound ;  
 And then I start, and think I have  
 A chiding from my sister's grave !

The feeling is a nameless one  
 With which I sit upon thy stone,  
 And read the tale I dare not breathe  
 Of blighted hope that sleeps beneath !  
 A simple tablet bears above  
 Brief record of a father's love,  
 And hints, in language yet more brief,  
 The story of a father's grief : —  
 Around, the night-breeze sadly plays  
 With scutcheons of the elder days ;  
 And faded banners dimly wave,  
 On high, — right o'er my sister's grave !

Lost spirit ! — thine was not a breast  
 To struggle vainly after rest !  
 Thou wert not made to bear the strife,  
 Nor labor through the storms of life !  
 Thy heart was in too warm a mould  
 To mingle with the dull and cold,  
 And every thought that wronged thy truth  
 Fell like a blight upon thy youth ! —  
 Thou shouldst have been, for thy distress,  
 Less pure, — and O, more passionless !  
 For sorrow's wasting mildew gave  
 Its tenant to my sister's grave !

But all thy griefs, my girl, are o'er !  
 Thy fair-blue eyes shall weep no more !  
 'T is sweet to know thy fragile form

Lies safe from every future storm ! —  
 Oft as I haunt the dreary gloom  
 That gathers round thy peaceful tomb,  
 I love to see the lightning stream  
 Along thy stone, with fitful gleam ;  
 To fancy in each flash are given  
 Thy spirit's visitings from heaven ; —  
 And smile — to hear the tempest rave  
 Above my sister's quiet grave !

## A CONTRAST.



SIT, in my lonely mood ! —  
 No smiling eyes are near,  
 And there is not a sound in my solitude,  
 Save the voice in my dreaming ear !

The friends whom I loved, in light,  
 Are seen through a twilight dim,  
 Like fairies, beheld in a moonlight night,  
 Or heard in a far-off hymn !  
 The hopes of my youth are away,  
 My home and its early dreams,  
 I am far from the land where I used to play,  
 A child, by its thousand streams ! —  
 Yet now, in my lonely hour,  
 What visions of bliss are mine !  
 For my spirit is ruled by a spell of power,  
 And the spell and the power are thine !

I have mixed with the courtly throng,  
 And smiled with the smiling crowd,  
 When the laugh was light, and the revel long,  
 And the mirth was high and loud !



58 THE POETICAL SKETCH-BOOK.

And she followed it over the wave ;  
 And she sought, where the moon has a milder  
     gleam,  
 For a home, — and they gave her *a grave* !

There was one whom she loved, though she  
     breathed it to none, —  
 For love of her soul was a part ! —  
 And he said he loved her, but he left her alone,  
 With the worm of despair on her heart !  
 And oh ! with what anguish we counted, each day,  
 The roses that died on her cheek,  
 And hung o'er her form, as it faded away,  
 And wept for the beautiful wreck !

Yet her eye was as mild and as blue, to the last,  
 Though shadows stole over its beam ;  
 And her smiles are remembered — since long they  
     are past ! —  
 Like the smiles we have seen in a dream !  
 And — it may be that fancy had woven a spell,  
 But — I think, though her tones were as clear,  
 They were somewhat more soft, and their mur-  
     murs fell,  
 Like a dirge, on the listening ear !

And while sorrow threw round her a holier grace,  
 — Though she *always* was gentle and kind ! —  
 Yet I thought that the softness which stole o'er  
     her face,  
 Had a softening power on her mind ! —  
 But, it might be her looks and her tones were  
     more dear,  
 And we valued them more in decay,  
 As we treasure the last fading flower of the year, —  
 For we felt she was passing away !

She never complained, — but she loved to the last !  
 And the tear in her beautiful eye  
 Often told that her thoughts were gone back to  
     the past,  
 And the youth who had left her to die ! —  
 But mercy came down, and the maid is at rest,  
 Where the palm-tree sighs o'er her at even ;  
 And the dew that weeps over the turf on her breast,  
 Is the tear of a far-foreign heaven !

## STANZAS.

AWAY, — AWAY ! AND BEAR THY BREAST.



WAY, — away ! and bear thy breast  
 To some more pleasant strand !  
 Why *did* it pitch its tent of rest  
     Within a desert land ! —

Though clouds may dim thy distant skies,  
 And love look dark before thee,  
 Yet colder hearts and falser eyes  
     Have flung their shadows o'er thee !

It is at least a joy to know  
 That thou hast felt the worst,  
 And if for thee no waters flow,  
 Thou never more shalt thirst !  
 Go forward, like a free-born child,  
 Thy chains and weakness past,  
 Thou hast thy manna in the wild,  
     Thy Pisgah, at the last !

And yet, those far and forfeit bowers  
 Will rise, in after years,  
 The flowers, — and *one* who nursed the flowers,  
 With smiles that turned to tears;  
 And I shall see her holy eye,  
 In visions of the night,  
 As her youthful form goes stealing by, —  
 The beautiful and bright!

But I *must* wake, to bear along  
 A bruised and buried heart,  
 And smile amid the smiling throng  
 With whom I have no part;  
 To watch for hopes that may not bud  
 Amid my spirit's gloom,  
 Till He, who flowered the prophet's rod,  
 Shall bid them burst to bloom!

## REFLECTION.

AFTER A PICTURE OF A GIRL, LOST IN THOUGHT.



HOUGHT sits upon her happy brow —  
 like light! —

The young, pure thoughts that have no  
 taint of sin!

Making the mortal beauty yet more bright,  
 By the immortal beauty from within!  
 O blessed youth! — like perfume to the flower  
 Is thought to *her* — a loveliness the more!  
 Must she — O *must* she meet its darker hour,

That shows the ghosts of what it showed before ?  
 When death — crowned death — o'er all the heart  
     holds worth  
 Rides on the pale steed memory, — trampling all ;  
 And thoughts are like the fingers that came forth,  
 And wrote their burning curse upon the wall, —  
 Searing, alike the spirit and the brow ! —  
 O for the heaven that should receive her *now* !

## A FAREWELL.



**M**Y early love, and must we part ?  
 Yes ! — other wishes win thee now,  
 New hopes are springing in thy heart,  
 New feelings brightening o'er thy brow !  
 And childhood's light and childhood's home  
 Are all forgot at glory's call ; —  
 Yet, cast one thought, in years to come,  
 On her who loved thee — o'er them all !

When pleasure's bowl is filled for thee,  
 And thou hast raised the cup to sip,  
 I would not that one dream of me  
 Should chase the chalice from thy lip ;  
 But should there mingle in the draught  
 One dream of days that long are o'er,  
 Then — only then — the pledge be quaff  
 To her who ne'er shall taste it more !

When love and friendship's holy joys  
 Within their magic circle bound thee,

And beauty blossomed in the wild,  
 And, at his country's feet, he placed  
 The fruits he gathered from the waste ! —  
 Whose manly spirit, born to soar  
 Wherever genius trod before,  
 Loved still to stoop, in calmer hours,  
 And taste those humbler, sweeter flowers  
 That in the noonday blaze would fade,  
 But yield their fragrance in the shade ! —  
 Whose grasping mind could still unbend,  
 The husband, father, brother, friend ! —  
 Who, skilled in *precedents and rules*,  
 Could leave the jargon of the schools ;  
 And owned no rule which would control  
 The overflowings of the soul,  
 No precedent whose stern behest  
 Would lock the floodgates of the breast ! —  
 Who loved, beyond the terms of art,  
 The simple language of the heart ;  
 Still true to all life's softer ties,  
 And nature's home-bred sympathies ! —  
 O, memory will indeed be dim,  
 When she retains no trace of him !

Farewell, — farewell ! — but think on one  
 Whose steps through many a maze have run ;  
 Whose follies wore the stamp of youth,  
 Whose soul was still a soul of truth ! —  
 Who often erred, — for O, his head  
 Forever by his heart was led,  
 And reason's voice was vain, addrest  
 Against the pleadings of his breast ! —  
 And vain its warnings must be still,  
 His heart must lead him at its will ;

And — though it take him far astray,  
Too oft, through many a flowery way —  
Yet, rather will he trust its song,  
Which never can beguile him long,  
Than shut it up within his breast,  
(A jewel in a worthless chest ! )  
To follow prudence as his guide, —  
Whose footstep will not turn aside,  
Though all the flowers of life lay dead  
Beneath the pressure of its tread, —  
Which may not pause, to give a sigh  
To all the sweets it wanders by ! —  
No ! never shall his head control  
The honest beatings of his soul ;  
And ne'er, by him, shall be repress  
The gushing feelings of his breast !

As rivers, — which meandering glide  
Through many a fair and winding way, —  
Where'er their course may turn aside,  
Howe'er their roving waters stray,  
Still murmur till their home they gain,  
And flow, unerring, to the main ! —  
My heart — though oft its restless tide  
Awhile may wander far and wide —  
'Mid all its ramblings, ne'er forgets  
The point to which its current sets,  
But fondly tends, where'er it roves,  
In silent truth, to those it loves !

Be such the current of my *fate* ! —  
Though now it bears me far away  
From hopes, whose beauty, long and late,  
Shall haunt me on my devious way ! —

O may it lead through golden bowers,  
Through life-tracks gay with summer flowers  
And — all my wanderings brightly past —  
May I flow calmly back, at last !

### THE QUIET LAND.

Death is the privilege of human nature,  
And life, without it, were not worth our taking.

**N**OW sweet to sleep where all is peace,  
Where sorrow cannot reach the breast  
Where all life's idle throbbings cease,  
And pain is lulled to rest ; —  
Escaped o'er fortune's troubled wave,  
To anchor in the silent grave !

That quiet land where, peril past,  
The weary win a long repose,  
The bruised spirit finds, at last,  
A balm for all its woes, —  
And lowly grief and lordly pride  
Lie down, like brothers, side by side !

The breath of slander cannot come  
To break the calm that lingers there ;  
There is no dreaming in the tomb,  
Nor waking to despair ;  
Unkindness cannot wound us more,  
And all earth's bitterness is o'er !

There the maiden waits till her lover come, —  
They nevermore shall part ! —

And the stricken deer has gained her home,  
With the arrow in her heart !  
And passion's pulse lies hushed and still,  
Beyond the reach of the tempter's skill !

The mother, — she is gone to sleep,  
With her babe upon her breast, —  
She has no weary watch to keep  
Over her infant's rest ;  
His slumbers on her bosom fair  
Shall never more be broken — *there !*

For me — for me, whom all have left, —  
The lovely, and the dearly loved ! —  
From whom the touch of time hath reft  
The hearts that time had proved,  
Whose guerdon was — and is — despair,  
For all I bore — and all I bear ; —

Why should I linger idly on,  
Amid the selfish and the cold,  
A dreamer — when such dreams are gone  
As those I nursed of old !  
Why should the dead tree mock the spring,  
A blighted and a withering thing !

How blest — how blest that home to gain,  
And slumber in that soothing sleep,  
From which we never rise to pain,  
Nor ever wake to weep ! —  
To win my way from the tempest's roar,  
And lay me down on the golden shore !



O may it lead through golden bowers,  
Through life-tracks gay with summer flowers ;  
And — all my wanderings brightly past —  
May I flow calmly back, at last !

### THE QUIET LAND.

Death is the privilege of human nature,  
And life, without it, were not worth our taking.



OW sweet to sleep where all is peace,  
Where sorrow cannot reach the breast,  
Where all life's idle throbbings cease,  
And pain is lulled to rest ; —

Escaped o'er fortune's troubled wave,  
To anchor in the silent grave !

That quiet land where, peril past,  
The weary win a long repose,  
The bruised spirit finds, at last,  
A balm for all its woes, —  
And lowly grief and lordly pride  
Lie down, like brothers, side by side !

The breath of slander cannot come  
To break the calm that lingers there ;  
There is no dreaming in the tomb,  
Nor waking to despair ;  
Unkindness cannot wound us more,  
And all earth's bitterness is o'er !

There the maiden waits till her lover come, —  
They nevermore shall part ! —

And the stricken deer has gained her home,  
With the arrow in her heart !  
And passion's pulse lies hushed and still,  
Beyond the reach of the tempter's skill !

The mother, — she is gone to sleep,  
With her babe upon her breast, —  
She has no weary watch to keep  
Over her infant's rest ;  
His slumbers on her bosom fair  
Shall never more be broken — *there !*

For me — for me, whom all have left, —  
The lovely, and the dearly loved ! —  
From whom the touch of time hath reft  
The hearts that time had proved,  
Whose guerdon was — and is — despair,  
For all I bore — and all I bear ; —

Why should I linger idly on,  
Amid the selfish and the cold,  
A dreamer — when such dreams are gone  
As those I nursed of old !  
Why should the dead tree mock the spring,  
A blighted and a withering thing !

How blest — how blest that home to gain,  
And slumber in that soothing sleep,  
From which we never rise to pain,  
Nor ever wake to weep ! —  
To win my way from the tempest's roar,  
And lay me down on the golden shore !

STANZAS TO A LADY.

Affliction had touched her looks with something that was scarce earthly.

STERNE.

Elle avait un air plus ancien que vieux.

MARIVAUX.



THE rose that decked thy cheek is dead,  
The ruby from thy lip has fled,  
Thy brow has lost its gladness;  
And the pure smiles that used to play  
So brightly there have passed away  
Before the touch of sadness! —  
Yet sorrow's shadows o'er thy face  
Have wandered with a mellowing grace,

And grief has given to thine eye  
A beauty, — such as yonder sky  
Receives, when daylight's splendor  
Fades in the holy twilight hour,  
Whose magic hangs on every flower  
A bloom more pure and tender;  
When angels walk the quiet even,  
On messages of love from heaven!

Thy low sweet voice, in every word,  
Breathes — like soft music far-off heard —  
The soul of melancholy!  
And O, to listen to thy sigh! —  
The evening gale that wanders by  
The rose is not so holy!  
But none may know the thoughts that rest  
In the deep silence of thy breast!

For O, thou art, to mortal eyes,  
Like some pure spirit of the skies,  
Awhile to bless us given ;  
And sadly pining for the day,  
To spread thy wings and flee away,  
Back to thy native heaven ! —  
Thou wert *beloved* by all before,  
But now,— a thing that we *adore* ! <sup>14</sup>

THE ACROPOLIS, AT ATHENS.

AFTER A PICTURE BY WILLIAMS, IN HIS "VIEWS  
IN GREECE."



BLUE-EYED Athena ! what a dream  
wert thou !  
O, what a glory hovered o'er thy  
shrine, —

Thy hill, where darker error nestles, now ! —  
Yet art thou hallowed, though no more divine !  
The worship of all noblest hearts is thine, —  
Though the dull Moslem haunts the sacred earth  
Where sprung the olive o'er its bower of vine,  
And watched above thine own Cecropia's birth ! —  
Truth that should chase such dreams were surely  
little worth !

For O, thou art the very purest thought  
That fable e'er conceived ! — and, on thy hill —  
Thine own blue hill — where time and Turk have  
wrought,

82    *THE POETICAL SKETCH-BOOK.*

Methinks that, haply, in some distant day,  
When fate's wild storms have scattered friends

away,

And time and distance roll their tides between,  
Like parted shores where torrents intervene, —  
Thine eye upon this humble page may fall,  
And fancy may the fleeted past recall !  
And then, the voice that has so long been mute,  
May seem to murmur, like a broken lute, —  
Sad as the wailing night-wind's fitful lay,  
Soft as the sound of music far away ! —  
Then, through thy heart, my vanished form may

pass,

Like the frail shadow in a magic glass ;  
Just smiling on thy dreams, — to fade away,  
Like hopes that cheat us in life's little day ! —  
O, if thy lips but name me with a sigh,  
And thou shalt weep for all the hours gone by,  
If from thine eyelid steal a single tear, —  
Pure as the dew-drop bathes the moonlight sphere, —  
That sigh, by spirits wafted through the gloom,  
Be all the dirge that murmurs o'er my tomb !  
That holy tear, to consecrate my name,  
Is all my heart would ever ask of fame !

O that, like thee, I had the magic art  
To write my name forever on the heart !  
More blest than I, thou seek'st no fading leaf,  
To trace memorials — sad as they are brief : —  
Thy gentle image, on the soul imprest,  
Suns all the flowers that blossom in the breast,  
Alike 'mid every chance and change of fate,  
Hope's sweetest pledge, — joy's charmed amulet !  
In all my memories of the buried past,  
Thou art the loveliest, — and shalt be the last !

PEACE SIT ON THY YOUNG SPIRIT.

TO A LADY.



PEACE sit on thy young spirit! — never  
rest

On thee the phantom sorrow! — may  
thy brow

Pass, like an ark, along life's stormy waste,  
As stainless and as beautiful as now ; —  
Still buoyant on the waves, with all its store  
Of thoughts and feelings treasured from the past :  
And, if thy breast shall ever sigh for more,  
And hope go forth, thy envoy, on the blast,  
O may the dove as oft return, and bring  
The olive-branch beneath her snowy wing !

"T is long since we have met ! — long years, though  
few ; —

For we are in that blessed time of youth  
When fancy sinks along the heart, like dew,  
And the world has not withered up its truth ;  
When years are but as moments, — yet we crowd  
In one short moment, passions, hopes, and fears,  
Which haunt the spirit, ere its powers are bowed,  
And make brief minutes worth long after-years,  
And years worth immortalities, — when life  
Sleeps, cold and passionless, from feeling's strife !

When o'er the surface of our days is thrown  
A blank repose, — a weariness of rest, —  
Fulness of void ; — and memory walks, alone,  
Amid the ruins of the wasted breast,

84 THE POETICAL SKETCH-BOOK.

O'er many a blighted track where shapes have been;  
Those fleeting shapes that, in the years of youth,  
Like fairy elves that haunt the freshest green,  
Rise brightly up, and take the form of truth,  
Dance, in their magic rings, around the heart,  
And leave its blossoms withered, when they part! 17

Or, worse than all! — when fancy's early dreams  
Have mingled into one; which, not the less,  
Haunts the lorn soul, though shorn of all its  
beams; —

One Titan thought, — one passionate distress, —  
One overwhelming Upas of the mind, —  
Immortal pest! beneath whose mortal shade  
Lie withered hopes and feelings intertwined, —  
Sole monarch of the desert it has made, —  
Infecting with its breath life's wholesome air,  
And darkening all things to a black despair!

'T is years since we have met! — those precious  
years

Which make days, ages, — and old friends in  
youth! —

And now we meet again! — and smiles and tears,  
Since last we met, have done their work on both;  
But time, that hath been busy on *my* way,  
Hath passed *thee* lightly: — still, methinks! thine  
eye

Is darker than it was, and yields a ray  
Too bright for sorrow, yet too sad for joy;  
A chastened light, — a look which seems to own  
That thou hast battled with the world, — and won!

Friend of forgotten days! — of days that give  
No record, save in gentle hearts like thine!

Thy form is of the cherished things that live,  
 Canonized in the soul, as in a shrine ;  
 And while, before thine altar, fancy pours  
 The votive firstlings of her early years,  
 If sadness be the priestess, in the hours  
 Of loneliness, — the worship is not tears ; —  
 The dark-eyed vestal thou wilt not despise,  
 Fit votaress for so pure a sacrifice !

How beautiful it is — the bright blue sky,  
 When eve puts on her coronal of light,  
 And looks, in gladness, from her throne on high,  
 O'er southern seas — the mirrors of the night, —  
 Where zephyrs have no power to curl the deep,  
 But soothe it into slumber ! — lovelier far  
 To gaze upon the lustres, where they sleep  
 Below, — each like the *memory* of a star, —  
 Glancing, like phantoms, through their watery veil,  
 A *visioned* heaven, — dreamy, dim, and pale !

## TO ZÖE.

Look upon this picture.

SHAKESPEARE.



ROSE in Zöe's arbor grew,  
 Like Zöe, young and bright, —  
 It fed upon the fragrant dew,  
 And bathed in beams of light ;  
 The gentlest zephyrs still would creep,  
 Warm o'er it, from the west,  
 And the night-spirit loved to weep  
 Upon its virgin breast ;



86 THE POETICAL SKETCH-BOOK.

And all the host of insect beaux  
Would pause, to trifle with the rose !

Alas, the flower ! — one summer night,  
Some spirit rode the gale,  
Who, from his pinions, scattered blight  
Along the scented vale ; —  
I saw it in the sunny morn,  
'T was dying on its stem,  
Yet wore, though drooping and forlorn,  
Its dewy diadem ;  
But every roving butterfly  
Looked on the rose — and wandered by !

The beams of morning had no power  
Upon its faded cheek,  
The bee went singing past the flower,  
The bird flew by the wreck ;  
Still, as each fluttering idler fled,  
That used to linger here,  
The rose would bow its gentle head,  
And shake away a tear, —  
But never raised its timid eye,  
To gaze again upon the sky !

It withered through the sunny hours,  
And, when the shadows fell,  
In vain the spirit of the flowers  
Flung down its dewy spell !  
The moon gleamed sad, — the night-breeze sighed  
Above the lonely flower,  
But none who loved its day of pride  
Watched o'er its waning hour ; —  
The flatterers, — *they* had long been gone ;  
It died, — neglected and alone !

## THE FOREIGN GRAVE.

Ὁ φιλότατῃ χεῖρ, φίλτατον δέ μοι στόμα,  
καὶ σχῆμα, καὶ πρόσωπον εὐγενές. . . . .  
EURIP. *Medea*.

Thou art gone ! thy genius fled up to the stars, from whence  
it came ! and that warm heart of thine, with all its generous  
and open vessels, compressed into a *clod of the valley*.

STERNE.



AR, far away, — the zephyrs wave,  
In silence o'er thy lonely grave !  
No kindred sigh disturbs the gloom  
That midnight hangs around thy tomb ;

But spirits of a foreign air  
At evening love to linger there ;  
And roses of another shore —  
Blooming where thou shalt bloom no more —  
Shed sweetness o'er the quiet spot  
Where thou liest low but unforget ;  
While moonbeams of a distant sky  
Watch o'er it, like a mother's eye !

The spot is holy, — and it seems  
Like to some shadowy land of dreams !  
For, never does a single sound  
Break on the calm that hovers round :  
Save when the lone bird, grieving nigh,  
Complains unto the silent sky ;  
Or the sad cypress waves its head,  
In murmurs, o'er thy narrow bed ;  
Or — while the gales are all at rest,  
Far off upon the billows' breast —

88 THE POETICAL SKETCH-BOOK.

The flow of yonder distant stream  
Comes on the silence as a dream,  
Whose music — like a thought of thee —  
Tunes all the heart to melody,  
And steals upon the calm around,  
As 't were the *shadow* of a sound !

It seems as peace had built her nest  
Above thy hallowed place of rest ;  
As though no footstep might intrude  
Upon that sacred solitude ;  
Nor human feeling dare to come,  
To mock the stillness of thy tomb !

And thou art nothing — but a thought !  
A form by fancy's magic wrought !  
A rainbow, softly lingering, yet,  
Reflected from a sun that 's set,  
Painted in memory's softest dye !  
A shadow of a joy gone by !  
A spell, — a very fantasy !  
A vision, clinging to the heart !  
A dream that haunts — and will not part !

Anna ! methinks I see thee, yet,  
The roses on thy cheek all wet ;  
I see thy form, as last it stood  
Upon the verge of ocean's flood ;  
Thine eye that glistened through a tear ; —  
Thy voice still lingers on mine ear,  
Like the low wailing of a knell,  
Striving in vain to say farewell !  
(O, woe ! that such a withering word,  
From lips so dear should e'er be heard !)

I feel the pressure of thy hand —  
Thy heart was in it — on the sand,  
That weary day when we two parted,  
And I was left half broken-hearted ! —  
How truly, when that hour was past,  
My heart foretold it was our last, —  
And when our hands were forced to sever,  
I knew, I *felt*, it was forever !

It *was* forever ! — years of pain  
Have passed, — we have not met again ; —  
Nor ever shall ! — but oft in hours  
When melancholy weaves her powers,  
My thoughts go o'er the severing sea,  
And wander far in search of thee !  
Oft, when the whispering winds repine,  
My spirit, Anna, is with thine !  
Oft, in the dim and moonless night,  
We meet by memory's solemn light ;  
And oft when wintry tempests rave,  
My heart is with thee — in thy grave !

And O, ere many years be past, —  
And they are fleeting sad and fast ! —  
My foot may seek the far-off scene,  
Where, long and oft, my soul has been !  
Yet will I come — where *thou* art *not* —  
To bend above the lonely spot  
Which fancy, with a prophet's art,  
So long has painted to my heart ! —  
To hear the night-bird carol there  
Thy dirge unto the silent air ;  
To kiss the wild-flowers which have shed  
Their fragrance o'er thy lowly bed ;  
And, sitting in the cypress gloom,  
To weave a garland for thy tomb !

CLEOPATRA.<sup>18</sup>

AFTER DANBY'S PICTURE OF THE EGYPTIAN  
QUEEN EMBARKING ON THE CYDNUS.

The barge she sat in, like a burnished throne,  
Burned on the water: the poop was beaten gold:  
Purple the sails; and so perfumed that  
The winds were love-sick with them: the oars were silver;  
Which to the tune of flutes kept stroke, and made  
The water which they beat to follow faster,  
As amorous of their strokes.

SHAKESPEARE.



LUTES in the sunny air!  
And harps in the porphyry halls!  
And a low, deep hum,—like a people's  
prayer,—  
With its heart-breathed swells and falls!  
And an echo,—like the desert's call,—  
Flung back to the shouting shores!  
And the river's ripple, heard through all,  
As it plays with the silver oars!—  
The sky is a gleam of gold!  
And the amber breezes float,  
Like thoughts to be dreamed of but never told,  
Around the dancing boat!

She has stepped on the burning sand!  
And the thousand tongues are mute!  
And the Syrian strikes, with a trembling hand,  
The strings of his gilded lute!  
And the Æthiop's heart throbs loud and high,  
Beneath his white symar,  
And the Lybian kneels, as he meets her eye,  
Like the flash of an Eastern star!

The gales may not be heard,  
Yet the silken streamers quiver,  
And the vessel shoots—like a bright-plumed  
bird —  
Away, down the golden river !

Away by the lofty mount !  
And away by the lonely shore !  
And away by the gushing of many a fount,  
Where fountains gush no more !—  
O for some warning vision, there,  
Some voice that should have spoken  
Of climes to be laid waste and bare,  
And glad, young spirits broken !  
Of waters dried away,  
And hope and beauty blasted !—  
That scenes so fair and hearts so gay  
Should be so early wasted !

A dream of other days !—  
That land is a desert, now !  
And grief grew up, to dim the blaze  
Upon that royal brow !  
The whirlwind's burning wind hath cast  
Blight on the marble plain,  
And sorrow—like the Simoom—past  
O'er Cleopatra's brain !  
Too like her fervid clime, that bred  
Its self-consuming fires,  
Her breast—like Indian widows—fed  
Its own funereal pyres !  
Not such the song *her* minstrels sing, —  
“Live, beauteous, and forever !”<sup>19</sup>  
As the vessel darts, with its purple wing,  
Away, down the golden river !

## TO A BRAID OF HAIR,

TAKEN FROM A DEAD FOREHEAD.



B ELOVED pledge of happier years,—  
 When life was in its bursting spring,  
 Ere love had learnt to speak in tears,  
 Or hope to stoop her eagle wing!—

Though dark and drear thy story, now,  
 In sorrow shred, in sadness braided,  
 And dim the eye and cold the brow  
 That once thy silken ringlet shaded,  
 I turn from brighter things, to bless  
 Thee in thine utter loneliness!

The world may have a healing power  
 O'er gentle hearts, when hearts are breaking,  
 And time may rear some future flower  
 To soothe away the spirit's aching;—  
 And kindly tones and smiling eyes  
 May deck the coming hours with gladness,  
 And other hopes and friends arise,  
 Like sunlight o'er the bosom's sadness;—  
 Yes, age may chase each burning tear,  
 But not one thought that made thee dear!

And oft shall memory turn to weep,  
 As visions of the buried past,  
 Like dreams that haunt the mourner's sleep,  
 Along my soul their beauty cast;—  
 Oft shall the form we loved—in vain—  
 Twined with thy fair and silken tress,

Come dimly stealing back again,  
In youth's unclouded loveliness,  
With all the thoughts of other days  
That mingle in thy mystic maze !

As that lone harp that only tells  
Its story to the wandering wind, —  
Though sad its music sinks and swells, —  
Yet leaves a nameless joy behind ;  
So thou shalt touch on many a string  
That, in the heart, has long been broken,  
Yet peace shall o'er the spirit spring  
Before thy tale, thou lonely token !  
And thou shalt shed a holy rest,  
A fast of feeling through the breast !

When life and love grow dark and dim,  
And friends are cold, and youth is past,  
My soul shall turn to thee, — and him  
Whose love was changeless to the last !  
Years had not shed their withering blight  
Upon the freshness of his truth,  
Nor sorrow put one ray to flight  
That scattered gladness o'er his youth ;  
Hope in his web her garlands wove,  
And all his blessed lot was love !

He died a pure and stainless thing !  
The taint of sin, the touch of grief,  
Had flung no fetter on a wing  
Whose flight was sunny all — as brief !  
Ere slander uttered by his tongue  
The words that worse than arrows wound,  
Or coldness round his spirit hung



The thoughts that speak — without a sound ! —  
O, happy in his early bloom,  
But happier in his early tomb !

Time was, each breeze that wandered by  
Could wave thee on thy native brow ;  
The rudest storm that sweeps the sky  
O'er thee and him is powerless now !  
He ne'er shall know the bitter smart  
Of nursing dreams, — to weep, in waking,  
Nor feel that loneliness of heart  
For which there is no cure — but breaking ! —  
There had not been one cloud, to stain  
That sun which ne'er may shine, again !

Lie near my heart, thou lonely thing ! —  
Thou all that love had power to save ! —  
And thou shalt feed the hopes that spring,  
The flowers that blossom, from the grave.  
Round thee shall dwell no thought of gloom,  
But fancy learn in thee to read  
A message from the spirit's home,  
A token from the silent dead ! —  
The cold may frown, the kind depart, —  
Lie *thou*, forever, near my heart !

## ELLEN.



STOOD with Ellen, where the stream  
Flowed through a dark and lonely wild,  
Ungilded by one sunny gleam,  
And murmuring like a fretted child ;

And, as I watched its rapid chase,  
I whispered that — unlike that river —  
Our love should have a smoother race  
But — like its waters — flow forever !

A smile contended with a sigh,  
As o'er my arm she drooped her head ;  
I read the trouble in her eye, —  
There's not a look but love can read ! —  
A dew had dimmed her glance, which fell  
Where, broken from its fragile stem,  
One flower — it was an azure bell —  
Came floating down the turbid stream !

She stooped to seize the blighted flower,  
And wreathed it in her raven hair ;  
And never till that blessed hour,  
Methought, had Ellen looked so fair !  
A light was in her flashing eye,  
And on her cheek a deeper bloom ; —  
Who would not wither, but to lie,  
One hour within as sweet a tomb ?

The floweret drooped above her brow,  
Which the dark ringlets almost shaded ;  
And, bathing in her beauty's glow,

The eye forgot its tint was faded !  
 O, how I watched, along her face,  
 The silent blushes softly stealing,  
 That marked, in sweetly mingling grace,  
 The varying shades of some deep feeling !

Gently she laid her hand on mine,  
 And, with a faint and timid smile,  
 Took the lone chaplet from its shrine ; —  
 A tear was on her cheek the while ! —  
 “Perchance,” she said, “this bell has come,  
 A weary way, from brighter bowers,  
 Where some glad valley was its home,  
 And its young lot as blest as ours !

“And, even in its young decay,  
 Say, is it not most sadly fair ?  
 And wouldst thou choose a wreath more gay,  
 For love to twine in Ellen’s hair ?  
 Methinks that round its withering zone  
 A wild and witching charm is hung, —  
 As echo breathes a holier tone  
 Than the sweet sounds from which it sprung !

“Thou knowest, our stream of life has strayed  
 A summer course through springing flowers, —  
 But we may quit the smiling glade,  
 For darker scenes, in gloomier hours :  
 Through desert wastes our fate may flow,  
 Dark as these rapid waters rave,  
 And blighted hopes and feelings strow,  
 Like withered flowers, its troubled wave !

“Yet O, methinks, — when, one by one,  
 The blossoms of our youth have perished,

And all the blessed buds are gone  
Which the young spirit vainly cherished, —  
The heart will weep each ruined gem,  
As I this faded floweret now ;  
And memory save each broken stem,  
To twine a chaplet for her brow !”

She paused, while something unexpressed  
Looked through the cloud upon her cheek ;  
Full well I knew, her gentle breast  
Heaved with a fear she would not speak !  
I took her to my beating heart,  
And kissed the sorrow from her mien ; —  
O, naught but sadness could impart  
The love with which I loved her then ! —

“ My dark-eyed beauty ! time may fling  
His waste and withering power o’er thee,  
But not one feather of his wing  
Shall brush love’s fond fidelity !  
Thy form, amid its wreck of youth,  
Shall — like that wanderer of the river —  
Be treasured by eternal truth,  
My blossom now, my flower forever ! ”

SHE SLEEPS THAT STILL AND PLACID  
SLEEP.

HE sleeps that still and placid sleep  
For which the weary pant, in vain,  
And, where the dews of evening weep,  
I may not weep again ; —

O, nevermore upon her grave  
Shall I behold the wild-flower wave !

They laid her where the sun and moon  
Look on her tomb with loving eye,  
And I have heard the breeze of June  
Sweep o'er it — like a sigh !  
And the wild river's wailing song  
Grow dirge-like, as it stole along !

And I have dreamt, in many dreams,  
Of her who was a dream to me,  
And talked to her, by summer streams,  
In crowds, and on the sea, —  
Till, in my soul she grew enshrined,  
A young Egeria of the mind !

'T is years ago ! — and other eyes  
Have flung their beauty o'er my youth,  
And I have hung on other sighs,  
And sounds that seemed like truth,  
And loved the music which they gave,  
Like that which perished in the grave.

And I have left the *cold and dead*,  
To mingle with the *living cold*, —

There is a weight around my head,  
My heart is growing old!—  
O for a refuge and a home,  
With thee, dead Ellen, in thy tomb!

Age sits upon my breast and brain,  
My spirit fades before its time,  
But they are all thine own again,  
Lost partner of their prime!  
And thou art dearer, in thy shroud,  
Than all the false and living crowd!

Rise, gentle vision of the hours,  
Which go—like birds, that come not back!  
And fling thy pale and funeral flowers  
On memory's wasted track!—  
O for the wings that made thee blest,  
To "flee away and be at rest!"

ADIEU!—THE CHAIN IS SHIVERED,  
NOW.



DIEU!—the chain is shivered, now,  
That linked my heart and hopes with  
thine,

I leave thee to thy broken vow,  
Thy dreams will often be of *mine*!  
And tears—be those the only tears  
Thine eyes may ever learn to weep!—  
Shall tell the thoughts to other years  
Thy spirit cannot choose but keep!  
Adieu!

Adieu! — enjoy thy pleasant hours,  
Find other hearts to fling away;  
Thy life is in its time of flowers,  
Gather May-garlands while 't is May!  
O, till thy dreary day draws in,  
And winter darkens o'er thy heart,  
And memory's phantom forms begin  
To take a wounded spirit's part,  
Adieu!

Adieu! — thy beauty is the bow  
That keeps the tempest from thy sky,  
And all too bright, upon thy brow,  
A sign that must, so surely, die!  
These drops — the last for thee! — are shed,  
To know that there will be not one  
To love thee when its light is fled,  
To shield thee when the storm comes on!  
Adieu!

Adieu! — O wild and worthless all  
The heart that wakes this last farewell!  
Why — for a thing like thee — should fall  
My harpings, like a passing-bell!  
Why should my soul and song be sad!  
Away! — I fling thee from my heart,  
Back to the selfish and the bad,  
With whom thou hast thy fitter part!  
Adieu!

Adieu! — and may thy dreams of me  
Be poison in thy brain and breast,  
And hope be lost in memory,  
And memory mar thy prayer for rest!

---

*ADIEU! — THE CHAIN, ETC.* 101

Why seeks my soul a gentler strain !  
For thee my harp be henceforth mute, —  
Never to wake thy name again,  
Thou stranger to my love and lute !  
Adieu !







## NOTES.

---

### Note 1. Page 23.

*"Thou art not silent! — when the southern fair —  
Ionian's moon — looks down upon thy breast."*

Ionian was the name anciently given to the whole of Greece.

### Note 2. Page 24.

*"O'er thee, who wert a moral from thy spring,  
A wreck in youth!"*

The Temple of Jupiter Olympius, at Athens, commenced upon a scale of great magnificence, was never completed.

### Note 3. Page 24.

St. Cecilia was a beautiful and accomplished young Roman lady, in the third century; whose music is said to have drawn down a heavenly visitant. Her lover was a heretic, whose conversion — after long and unsuccessful efforts on her part — was effected by the assistance of the angel in one of his visits.

### Note 4. Page 29.

*"Pure as that bright and angel form  
That stood beside the troubled stream,  
And gathered healing from its storm!"*

The angel, at the pool of Bethesda.

### Note 5. Page 32.

The city of Rouen (formerly the capital of Normandy, the land of chivalry) is one of the most extraordinary-looking old towns in Europe. The extreme narrowness of its streets,

and great elevation of its houses, with their overhanging upper-stories, give an appearance of heaviness and gloom to the town, which contrasts finely with the beauty of its situation. It is surrounded on all sides by heights girdling it like Boulevards ; receiving first, and retaining last, the rays of the rising and setting sun ; and affording magnificent panoramic views of the windings of the Seine. Its squares and streets are ornamented with fountains.

Note 6. Page 32.

*"Like yonder dome,  
Where sleeps the Lion-heart."*

The heart of Richard the First, of England, is deposited in the Cathedral at Rouen.

Note 7. Page 37.

*"Lone — as yon lonely city stands  
Among her thousand tombs !"*

Jerusalem.

Note 8. Page 38.

*"Like yonder waves,  
That seek a dead and tideless sea."*

The Lake Asphaltites, or Dead Sea, into which the Jordan discharges itself, is an inland water which has no issue.

That veracious, erudite, and amusing traveller, Sir John Mandeville, (the true antitype of Munchausen,) combining his Scriptural, historical, and topographical knowledge, thus delivers himself in describing this melancholy sea and its shores. "And also the Cytees there weren lost because of synne. And there besyden growen trees that beren fulle faire apples, and faire of colour to beholde ; but whoso breketh hem, or cutteth hem in two, he schalle finde within hem Coles and Cyndres ; in tokene that, be Wrathe of God, the Cytees and the Lond weren brente and sonken in to Helle. Sum men clepen that See, the Lake Dalfetidee ; summe the Flom of Develes ; and sume that Flom that is ever stynkyng. And in to that See, sonken the 5 Cytees, be Wrathe of God ; that is to seyne, Sodom, Gomorre, Aldama, Seboym, and Segor."

*Edit. 1725, p. 122.*

Note 9. Page 38.

*"High o'er them, with its thousand flowers,  
Its precious crown of scent and bloom."*

Mount Carmel is covered with flowers; the perfume of which, when the wind blows from land, is borne far out to sea.

Note 10. Page 47.

*"O for the wings with which the dove  
Flies to the valley of her rest!"*

"O that I had wings like a dove! for then would I fly away, and be at rest!" *Psalm.*

Note 11. Page 47.

*"Yes! — rise upon the morning's wing,  
And, far beyond the farthest sea."*

"If I take the wings of the morning, and dwell in the uttermost parts of the sea." *Psalm.*

Note 12. Page 48.

The subject of this splendid composition is the following: — Æneas and Achates, landing on the coast of Africa, (whither they were driven by adverse winds, in their flight from the destruction of Troy,) are directed by Venus, who appears to them in the character of a Spartan huntress.

Note 13. Page 73.

*"And hang a new and living light  
Along a page where all was night."*

This gentleman — a Barrister of the Inner Temple, and King's Sergeant — is the intelligent author of a much-esteemed work on the long neglected subject of Copyholds.

Note 14. Page 79.

*"Thou wert beloved by all before,  
But now, — a thing that we adore!"*

Some critics, in noticing the poems which accompanied the first edition of "Australia," (and to the critics, generally, I owe an acknowledgment of great kindness,) objected to my use of such words as *holy* and *adore*, in application to earthly

objects. The spirit in which they are here used is well explained in the following beautiful passage from Chateaubriand, expressive of the consecration which sorrow gives : — “ *Le malheur est, aussi, un religion ; il doit être consulté ; il rend des oracles : la voix de l'infortune est celle de la vérité.* ”

Note 15. Page 80.

*“ Where gods — and men like gods, in act and will —  
Are made immortal, by the wizard rod  
Of him whose every thought aspired to be a god ! ”*

Phidias, — the noblest of whose works adorned the Capitol.

Note 16. Page 80.

*“ No, by the gift Trazene's monarch gave ! ”*

King of Trazene was a title given to Neptune. His gift to the Athenians was a horse, — as an emblem of war.

Note 17. Page 84.

*“ Like fairy elves that haunt the freshest green,  
\* \* \* \* \*  
Dance, in their magic rings, around the heart,  
And leave its blossoms withered, when they part ! ”*

In the days of England's lost and beautiful mythology, it was a common belief that those withered rings which are frequently observed on the grass had been the scenes of the moonlight revels of fairies.

Note 18. Page 90.

This delicious picture — which for warmth of coloring and luxury of imagination has few rivals in the whole range of modern art — has been exquisitely engraved, for the volume for 1829, of Mr. Watts's “ *Literary Souvenir* ” ; in which it is accompanied by the present lines.

Note 19. Page 91.

*“ Live forever ! ”* The Oriental form of salutation to princes.





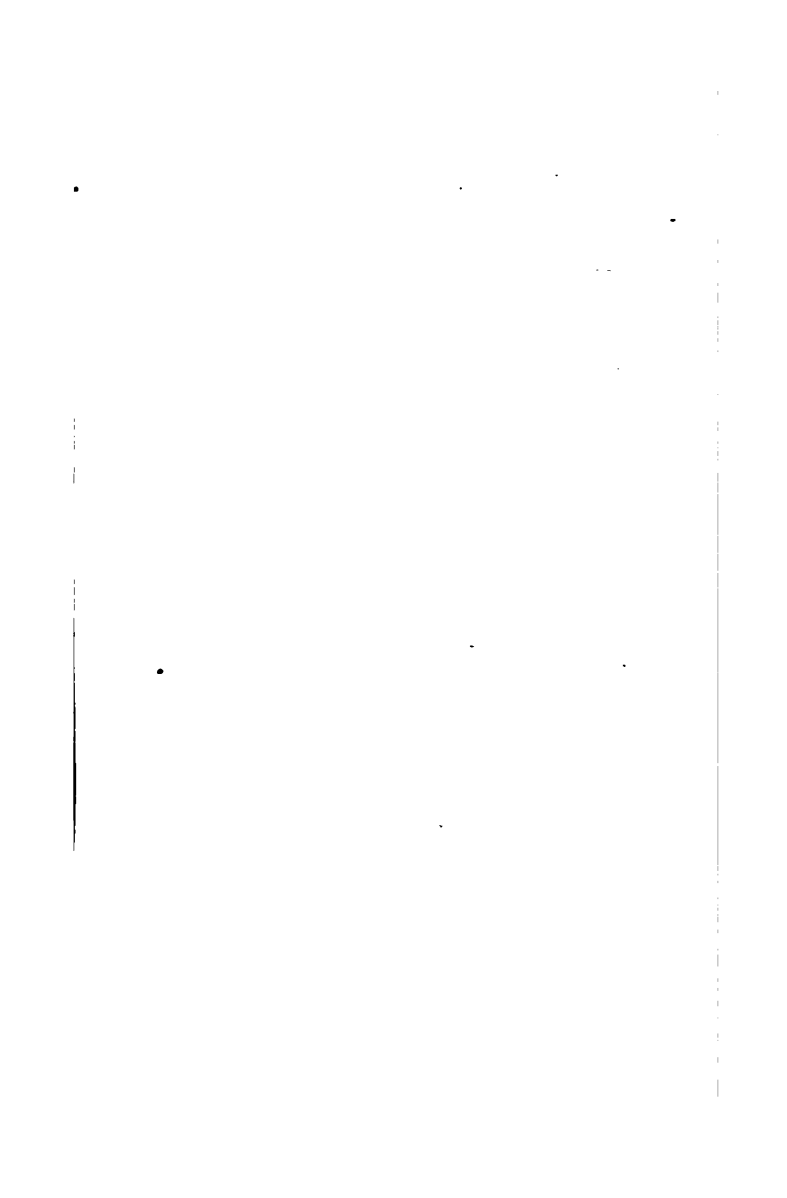
## AUSTRALIA.

The climate 's delicate ; the air most sweet ;  
Fertile the isle.

WINTER'S TALK.

What, replied Franklin, is the use of a new-born child ? — It  
may become a man !







## INTRODUCTION.

**T**HE following poem has for its subject those vast tracts of country lately discovered in the Pacific, Indian, and Southern Oceans; so far as they are included between the boundaries marked out by the President De Broses, and adopted by Pinkerton, for that division of the whole called Australasia. These boundaries are contained by an imaginary line, drawn in the latitude of  $3^{\circ}$  or  $4^{\circ}$  to the north of the equator; then passing south, in the meridian of  $170^{\circ}$  east from Greenwich, so as to include the New Hebrides; thence, in the parallel of  $30^{\circ}$  south, gradually stretching to  $175^{\circ}$  west from Greenwich, including New Zealand and Chatham Island; and which may be extended, on the south, as far as  $60^{\circ}$ , where the fields of ice begin to appear, — or even farther. As yet, however, no islands of any consequence have been discovered in a latitude lower than  $50^{\circ}$  south; and, consequently, on that side, the strict demarcation must be left open to the labors of future navigators. As at present laid down, they comprise the central and chief land of Notasia, or New



Holland, — Papua, or New Guinea, — New Britain and New Ireland, with the Solomon Isles, — New Caledonia and the New Hebrides, — New Zealand, — Van Diemen's Land, — Kerguelen's Islands, or Islands of Desolation, — and the Islands of St. Paul and Amsterdam, — together with numerous reefs and islets of coral, scattered over the Australian seas.

It is considered probable that the extreme northern parts of Papua, or New Guinea, were not wholly unknown to the Chinese: but it is pretty certain that their discoveries extended no lower, — as none of the countries lying to the south of that position appear to be, in any way, indicated by the celebrated Marco Polo. However this may be, the Western world owes its acquaintance with them to that species of philosophy which guided Columbus to the discovery of America. A belief had long prevailed, in speculative geography, that the balance of land and water pointed out the existence of a great southern continent, or *Terra Australis*, — supposed to lie in the Southern or Antarctic Ocean, towards the pole. This theory, for two centuries, excited the rapacity of the different European states; and expedition after expedition was fitted out for the purpose of discovering and appropriating the imagined treasures of this *terra incognita*.

The earliest European navigators in this part of the globe were the Spaniards and Portuguese, who (from an ancient map, lodged in the British Museum, and which Pinkerton examined) appear to have been acquainted with the eastern coast of New Holland, now known by the name of New

## INTRODUCTION TO AUSTRALIA. III

South Wales :—and, in 1606, the Spanish Pedro Fernandez de Quiros performed that celebrated voyage in which he discovered the New Hebrides, and indulged himself with the belief that he had, at length, found the long-sought southern continent. These adventurers were supplanted by the Dutch, who are the chief discoverers in this quarter between the years 1616, when the western extremity of New Holland was explored by Hartog, and 1644,—about which time the famous Tasman performed almost a circuit of Australia, and fell in with the southern land of Van Diemen, together with New Zealand and some isles of less consequence.

These discoveries were followed up by many others, previous to the voyages of our own immortal Cook, in 1768, 1772, and 1776 :—“ but the superior amplitude and accuracy of the details obtained by him,” observes Pinkerton, “ may be almost said to amount to a new discovery.” He explored the whole of these seas,—examined the discoveries and corrected the charts of former navigators,—ascertained, with precision, the relative positions of the different islands, and the figures of their coasts,—and expelled the ideal continent of the south from geography.

The vast island of New Holland—almost as large as all Europe—has been considered, by some geographers, as entitled to the appellation of a continent, and as being, in itself, a sufficient compensation for the *terra incognita* of theorists. As, however, it has only lately been discovered that Van Diemen's Land (which was formerly supposed to be a part of New Holland) is

separated from it by a channel called Bass's Strait, — and, as other islands in these seas, formerly supposed to be one, have been ascertained to be similarly divided, — it seems probable that this extensive land (of the interior of which but little can be said to be yet known, notwithstanding the recent expeditions undertaken for the purpose of exploring it) will be found, when more fully examined, to consist of two or more islands, intersected by narrow seas. It does not appear that the late journeys of Mr. Oxley and others have done much towards setting this question at rest : and the title of "Australia" has been adopted for this poem, as not only better adapted to poetic purposes than Australasia, but also as being somewhat more expressive of a division of the globe, composed of numerous distinct parts, none of which is known to claim a more dignified title than that of island.

There is not a more sublime theory in geography than the one alluded to, in the conclusion of this poem. There is scarcely a league in the Pacific or Indian Ocean, which is not spotted by a coral formation, in one or other of its various stages of progression, — from a mere rock, just showing its head above water, to a fertile and inhabited island. For an account of these corals, and their wonderful labors, the reader is referred to Captain Flinders's narrative of his voyage in the Pacific ; and also to the Supplement to the *Encyclopædia Britannica*. Their slow and imperceptible toil is continually raising new structures throughout these seas, — which harden with time, and become solid and ever-increasing masses,

from the base to the summit: till, visited by the birds of ocean, they receive from them the seeds of trees and plants from adjacent islands, and exhibit by degrees all the beauties of vegetation, — inviting some wandering tribe to come and fix its habitation among their primeval fruits and flowers. Whether the whole of the islands throughout these seas are the result of a process like this it is impossible to determine with such data as we at present possess; but it is to this theory, in its extent, that an allusion is likewise made, towards the close of the first part of this poem. To the eye of geologists, the isles of Sunda, the Moluccas, and others in the Indian Ocean, are gradually enlarging: and the time *must come* — however remote — when Australasia and Polynesia, with the Asiatic Islands, will unite to form one vast continent with Asia, — excepting where the currents, created by these very causes, shall operate to prevent their universal extension. However overwhelming may be the idea of the disproportion between the agent and the effect, — a world built by atoms! — this result is *physically certain*; and the waters of the ocean, in their search for a new bed, must destroy one of the old continents. The theory is somewhat more arbitrary which assigns that fate to *Africa*; but it proceeds upon the supposition that the most useless and exhausted will perish. In this case, the Atlantic, Indian, and Southern oceans will be united; and — owing to the rapid progress which is now making in the moral and religious cultivation of America — the time will probably come when (upon the foregoing supposition) Asia will be the only unchristianized

portion of the globe. As, however, it would then be embraced on all sides by Christian nations, the author has ventured to render the preceding theory available for the purposes of poetry ; and to couple it with that Scriptural prophecy which proclaims the universal extension of Christianity over the whole earth, — a prophecy, in the fulfilment of which Britain (from her labors in the east and in the west) is, in every point of view, entitled to the principal share of merit, as an agent.

It is remarkable that, in this great division of the globe there is no animal of a ferocious character but Man. The natives of many of the islands — and particularly those inhabiting that part of New Holland with which we are most intimately acquainted — are in the earliest stage of society which has yet been discovered in any part of the world. There remain amongst them, as far as we yet know, no positive means of determining their origin. It is certain that a large portion of the Australian population is stamped with the African or negro character ; and this circumstance has induced some to assign to their aboriginal tribes a descent from the inhabitants of Madagascar, or the eastern coasts of Africa ; while others, with great appearance of probability, observe, that as in many of even the most remote islands of Polynesia the language and manners indicate a connection with southern Asia, and as the passage from the Asiatic coast, over the Oriental Archipelago, and the whole of the Australasian and Polynesian chains is continuous, and, as it were, step by step, they are, in all likelihood,

## INTRODUCTION TO AUSTRALIA. 115

sprung from the wide diffusion of the Malays. There seems no good reason why these two theories should stand opposed to each other, as they are perfectly capable of being united. The wide expanse of waters towards America, which presents a chasm, apparently destitute of islands, renders their emigration from those shores less probable.

Upon the close of the American War, in 1786, Botany Bay was chosen as a proper place of transportation for criminals. Of those who took part in the debates upon that question, the more illiberal and narrow-minded, unaccustomed to extended and philosophical views of human nature, ridiculed the strong colors in which its advocates painted the future condition of a nation which was to be the offspring of crime; and were alike sceptical as to the possibility of reclaiming the natives from darkness, and the colony from guilt, and uniting them in social ties and by social interests. The subject was one which afforded ample materials for ridicule to those who love better to rail than reason. But nearly half a century has since elapsed; the colony (which was shortly afterwards removed to Sydney Cove, on the south side of Port Jackson) is in a condition to justify the expectations which were formed of it; the moral and natural soils have been found alike fitted to repay the labors of European cultivation; new and flourishing settlements have been formed, and are forming, in this portion of our empire; and the author exposes himself to slight danger of contempt, in drawing a picture so warm and enthusiastic as

that in which he has ventured to prefigure the possible greatness of Australia.

From these particulars, it is presumed that the plan pursued in the conduct of this poem will be easily understood. It opens with an apostrophic description of the parent tree from which this mighty scion is to spring; and the length of that introduction can only be justified and reconciled to proportion by considering how much it is the author's scope and design to represent this eastern structure as growing, immediately, out of that spirit of enterprise which leads Great Britain to extend her researches and her arts through all parts of the earth; and to look upon Australasia, in the east, — like America, in the west, — as upon a young and promising nation, giving in the vigor of its youth the pledge of a glorious maturity, destined to act a mighty part upon the theatre of this world, and to perpetuate the memory of its ancestral isle, when it shall lie a ruin upon the waters. A slight sketch is then attempted to be given of the progress of Australian discovery, and a cursory view taken of the extent and beauty of modern Australasia. The second part opens with a description of that moral degradation which disfigures this fair and wide portion of creation, affording an opportunity for allusions to the manners and customs of its inhabitants; and the ground is then cleared for the introduction of an episode, in which it is endeavored, by a figure, to connect the first appearance of the British flag, on the western coast of New Holland, with the matured and distant glories of Australia. Of the plan here explained, however, the text

itself furnishes little more than a sketch; and, while it is due to the author to state that this poem is the result of a very short period, taken from other studies, the public have a right to be told that, had it been originally written with a view to their perusal, it would have challenged more of his time and attention. The public favor which has carried it to a third edition has, undoubtedly, afforded him the opportunity of improving its execution, and more accurately filling up its design; but, for reasons, with all of which excepting one — the increased attention which has been drawn to these eastern settlements, and the more extended and general knowledge of their infant history and progress which now prevail — it is unnecessary to trouble the reader, he has been unwilling to disturb the original plan of the poem. In republishing it, therefore, in the last form in which it will probably ever come from his hand, he has confined his revision to the few slight corrections which will be found in the following pages.









## AUSTRALIA.

### PART I.



SLE of the ocean ! — Zion of the seas ! —  
Child of the waves ! — and nursing of  
the breeze ! —

How beauteous, Albion ! on thy lonely  
steep,

Thou risest, like a vision, in the deep !  
The temple of the brave, the good, the free,  
Built by some spirit in the circling sea ! —  
Still hast thou floated, like a thing of light,  
Through all the darkness of the moral night ;  
Alone upon the waves, — the hallowed ark  
Where Freedom sheltered, when the world was  
dark ;

When Science left her eastern home for thee,  
And nestled, like the halcyon, in the sea !  
Above thee, gentlest airs in gladness meet, —  
The billows break in music at thy feet, —  
And heaven's purest dews, and holiest dyes,  
Weep on thy breast and brighten in thy skies !

Rome of the waters ! — on thy sea-girt rock,<sup>1</sup>  
Far from the battle and the tempest's shock,

Thou sittest proudly on thine ocean throne,  
 A sceptred queen, — majestic and alone !  
 In fairy state, on emerald couch reclined,  
 Rocked by the waves and cradled in the wind ! —  
 Far o'er the deep, thy crimson flag, unfurled,  
 Streams like a meteor to the gazing world ! —  
 With stately necks and bounding motion, ride  
 Thy gallant barks, like swans, upon the tide ;  
 Lift up their swelling bosoms to the sky,  
 And spread their wings to woo the gales from high !

From clime to clime thy hardy children roam, —  
 The wave their world, — the ship their island-  
                   home ! —

Where'er the waters in their wildness roar,  
 Or lead their surges to the sounding shore ;  
 Wherever winds lift up their song on high,  
 Or mercy paints an Iris in the sky ;  
 Where o'er the burning line the billows roll,  
 Or lash themselves to madness at the Pole ! —  
 Through seas o'er which the Spirit of the North  
 Marshals his clouds, and sends his icebergs forth ;  
 Where the dark waves, without a tempest, roar,  
 As avalanches thunder from the shore ;  
 'Mid everlasting cones that rise sublime, —  
 The trophies and the monuments of time, —  
 Sparkle like sapphire temples in the sun,  
 And make a daylight when the day is done ;  
 Where, in the heaven while meteor phantoms fly,  
 A thousand points reflect them ere they die,  
 And crystal pyramids and icy spires  
 Receive — and then fling back — the parting fires ;  
 Where mountain snows, by ages piled on high,  
 And glacier turrets, towering to the sky,

Return, in dazzling hues, the rushing light,  
And shine, like moons, along the brow of night;  
Where in the zenith smiles the polar star,<sup>2</sup>  
While the cold sun looks dimly from afar,  
Obliquely scans the drear horizon round,  
And flings *Periscian* shadows on the ground! —  
Or, where he flashes summer through the sky,  
While all its blooms burst forth beneath his eye;  
Where faints the magnet 'mid the burning zone,<sup>3</sup>  
Ruled by a power mysterious as its own;  
Where glow the midnight waves in liquid flame,<sup>4</sup>  
And heaven is gemmed with stars without a  
name! —

Through hurricanes by night, and calms by day,  
Thy gallant children win their steady way;  
Borne by the billows, wafted by the breeze,  
Thy forests float through undiscovered seas,  
Explore the mines where science hides her stores,  
And waft her treasures to thy island shores!

Gem of the ocean! — empress of the sea!  
My heart could weep, in fondness, over thee!  
My soul looks forward, through a mist of tears,  
To pierce the darkness of the coming years,  
And dimly reads, amid the future gloom,  
Warnings she dares not utter of thy doom!  
And canst thou perish, — island of the free!  
Shall ruin dare to fling her shroud o'er thee! —  
Thou who dost light the nations, like a star,  
In solitary grandeur, from afar!  
Thou who hast been, indeed, the pillared light<sup>5</sup>  
For Israel's sons, in superstition's night!  
Can desolation reach thy hallowed strand,  
While Shakespeare's spirit breathes along the land,

122 *THE POETICAL SKETCH-BOOK.*

While time o'er Milton's grave fleets powerless by,  
And Newton's memory links thee with the sky !

Alas for power, and pride, and empire gone !  
The East has mourned o'er lofty Babylon ! —  
Where is the earthly throne of Jesse's stem ? —  
The crescent waves o'er high Jerusalem ! —  
The sun but lights a desert, when he falls  
Where Thebes had once her hundred-portalled  
walls,

And vainly seeks, where rank the wall-flower grows,  
The lyre whose song should lull him to repose ! — <sup>6</sup>  
Some lone memorials mark the silent spot  
Where Memphis was, — and tell that she is not ! — <sup>7</sup>  
Balbec is shrouded in mysterious fame ! — <sup>8</sup>  
Troy is a tale ! — Palmyra is a name ! —  
Fair Carthage has her crown in Mantuan lays ! —  
And Athens is a dream of other days ! —  
To fancy's ear the very breeze complains,  
Where more than ruin haunts the Latian plains ;  
And worse than desolation walks the land  
Where freedom sprung beneath her hero's hand ! —  
O for a Brutus, in these later years,  
To burst the heavier bonds his country wears !  
O for a Tully, with the silver tongue !  
And O, Venusia ! that thy harp were strung  
One hour, to tell her sons the spell that lies  
In the deep azure of Italian skies !

And where art thou, with all thy songs and smiles,  
Thou dream-like city of the hundred isles ! — <sup>9</sup>  
Thy marble columns and thy princely halls, —  
Thy merry masques and moonlight carnivals ; —  
Thy weeping myrtles and thy orange bowers, —  
Thy lulling fountains 'mid ambrosial flowers ; —

The cloudless beauty of thy deep-blue skies, —  
 Thy starlight serenades to ladies' eyes, —  
 Thy lion, looking, o'er the Adrian sea,<sup>10</sup>  
 Defiance to the world, and power to thee ! —  
 That pageant of the sunny waves is gone,  
 Her glory lives on memory's page alone ;  
 It flashes still in Shakespeare's living lay,  
 And Otway's song has snatched it from decay : —  
 But ah ! her Chian steeds of brass no more  
 May lord it proudly over sea and shore ;  
 Nor ducal sovereigns launch upon the tide,  
 To win the Adriatic for their bride ! —  
 Hushed is the music of her gondoliers,  
 And fled her glory of a thousand years ;  
 And Tasso's spirit round her seems to sigh,  
 In every Adrian gale that wanders by !

And O, my native isle ! the day may come  
 When thou must fall, before as dark a doom, —  
 When, idly furled, thy time-worn flag shall sleep,  
 And thou shalt lie a wreck upon the deep !

But thou hast writ thy records, where, sublime,  
 They scorn the strength of tempest and of time. —  
 What though the temple from its base decline !  
 Its hallowed things may deck another shrine !  
 What though thou perish, on thy northern wave !  
 Thy phoenix-spirit shall escape that grave ;  
 Thy fame shall mock the wasting flood of years, —  
 Worlds are thy children, — continents thy heirs !  
 I see them in the east and in the west,  
 Where'er the ocean heaves her troubled breast ! —  
 Wide o'er the regions of the setting sun,  
 Where mighty streams through vast savannas  
 run ;

'Mid woods coeval with the land they shade,  
 And bright-winged birds in every sunny glade;  
 'Mid lakes, whose deeps the plummet's search defy,  
 And hills that hide their summits in the sky;  
 Where, to the wondering eye, a world appears  
 Veiled in the mystery of four thousand years, —  
 I see thy children's children spread afar,  
 And garner up thy arts of peace and war! —  
 I turn to where Aurora leads the light; —  
 What beauteous vision rises on my sight!

Loud sing the winds, and wild the waters roar,  
 Luconia! on thy far and fatal shore,  
 Where brave Magellan led his hardy band,  
 And perished, darkly, by a savage hand, —  
 The first who sailed round each discovered shore;  
 And sealed a truth but darkly guessed before!<sup>11</sup>  
 Then, too, Columbus, of the giant mind,  
 Had left his sorrows and his fame behind,<sup>12</sup>  
 Sunk to the tomb, with care and sickness spent,  
 And made a second world his monument!

While science wept above each hallowed grave,  
 And mourned her gallant wanderers of the wave, —  
 Hope smiled to think they had not lived in vain,  
 And fancy built new regions in the main: —  
 Far o'er the billowy waste she proudly trod,  
 To track the wonders and the ways of God;  
 And, where the vast antarctic waters roll,  
 She reared a continent against the Pole!

Philosophy, in thought, would oft repair  
 To theorize, and gather systems there;  
 And poets, in Utopian mood, would stray  
 Within its shades to dream an hour away!

Imagination wandered through the land,  
Roamed o'er its smiling vales and golden sand,  
Gazed on its meadows, bright with summer gleams,  
And saw blue skies, that hung o'er bluer streams,—  
Hills, with their summits dipt in rosy hues,  
And blushing flowers impearled with balmy dews,—  
Hesperian groves that wore an endless spring,—  
And birds of nameless beauty on the wing,  
Which flashed such untold splendor on the eyes,  
As they had bathed in sunset for their dyes,  
Or poured a flood of melody along,  
And wakened unknown echoes with their song;—  
While more than fragrance floated on the breeze,  
And far-off islets gemmed the sunny seas!—<sup>13</sup>  
Till learning, stamping fancy's glowing cheat,  
And fixing form and limits to its seat,  
Gave to the "airy nothing" of a dream  
"A local habitation and a name!"<sup>14</sup>

Then sallied forth, across the southern main,  
To seek this "Golden Fleece," the sons of Spain!—  
Then o'er the line was Holland's flag displayed,—  
And Lusitania launched on that crusade,—  
And o'er the waters floated, far and free,  
The pennon of the "rulers of the sea"!—  
Then Saaavedra's crew explored the deep,  
Where tempests rock the cape-born spirit's sleep!<sup>15</sup>  
Then Hartog led his hardy rovers forth,—  
And Tasman ventured boldly from the north,—  
While o'er the boundless billows gayly steer  
The party of the gallant buccaneer!"<sup>16</sup>

That southern land defied their wishes still!—  
Yet not in vain their searching toil and skill;



126 *THE POETICAL SKETCH-BOOK.*

Year after year, upon the surges thrown,  
The wandering sailors found some corner-stone  
Of that stupendous whole, around whose shore  
The waters of three mighty oceans roar!<sup>17</sup>

He comes at length! — the gallant master-mind.  
To rear the wondrous pile by fate designed,  
Achieve the glorious task which they began,  
And bind those scattered fragments in a plan! —  
He comes! on whom consenting planets smile,  
The dauntless hero of my native isle, —  
His manly spirit on his brow imprest,  
And all his country beating in his breast!<sup>18</sup>  
Before his daring soul and piercing eye,  
Behold that polar vision darkly fly!  
See, from its throne upon the waters, hurled  
The shapeless phantom of a southern world!  
Then track the generous seaman on his way,  
Emerging upward to the realms of day,  
To win a substance from the billowy waste,  
And plant a new Columbia in the east!<sup>19</sup>

AUSTRALIA now demands the muse's strain! —  
But O, she may not hint thy name in vain,  
Lamented Cook! — she turns to weep for thee,  
Where moan the dreary waves round Owhyhee! —  
The sailor, as he nears that fatal isle,  
Leans o'er the deck, and checks his joyous smile,  
And almost thinks the gales go muffled by,  
And billows shape their music to a sigh! —  
Or mounts, if waves be high, and winds pipe loud,  
And strains his eyes to see it from the shroud;  
And, as the tempest rocks the creaking mast,  
Half deems he hears thy whistle on the blast;

And wonders why his heart should own a fear, —  
And brushes from his honest cheek a tear, —  
And leaves a blessing on the passing wave,  
Which chance may float above thy dismal grave !

Turn we to view the wide arena, now,  
On which he won the laurel for his brow ; —  
Walk o'er the mighty field on which, so well ;  
He reaped the fruitful harvest, ere he fell ;  
Pursued his labors, bright as they were brief,  
And left the gleanings to a later chief.<sup>20</sup>

Lo ! vast Notasia rises from the main,  
In all her mingling charms of mount and plain ; —  
The flowery banks that crown her roving rills,  
And boundless wastes beyond her azure hills ; —<sup>21</sup>  
The Protean thickets in her silent vales,  
And cedars waving to her mountain gales ; —  
Her rivers wandering in a trackless maze,  
And sunlight mimicked in her hundred bays ; —  
The ocean, like a girdle, round her rolled,  
With all its billows burnished into gold : —  
While, at her feet, adventure's younger child  
Sits, like a bud of beauty, in the wild !<sup>22</sup>

Here lifts New Zealand, 'mid a sea of storms,  
Her hills that threaten heaven like Titan forms ! —<sup>23</sup>  
Where the long lizard on the herbage lies,  
And clouds of emerald beauty paint the skies ; —  
Where the dark savage courts the burning noon,  
And counts his epochs by the hundredth moon ! —  
And yonder, redolent with fruits and flowers,  
With spicy gales and aromatic showers,  
And shady palms that into mid-air run,  
To meet the winged creatures of the sun,<sup>24</sup>

128 THE POETICAL SKETCH-BOOK.

Fair Papua calls upon the mourning muse  
 To pause, and weep above the lost Peyrouse! —  
 But vain her wailing, — as the toil was vain  
 That sought this second Hylas o'er the main! —<sup>25</sup>  
 Eastward she turns, where many an island smiles,  
 Each like a chief amid its vassal isles; —<sup>26</sup>  
 Where lie the lands so often lost and found; —<sup>27</sup>  
 And where, so long in circling silence bound,<sup>28</sup>  
 New Caledonia sits upon the seas  
 That roll their waves amid the Cyclades! —<sup>29</sup>  
 Far to the south, she sees the billows toss  
 Upon their foam the sleeping Albatross,  
 Till, rudely startled by their restless roar,  
 He wanders, screaming, to his desert shore!<sup>30</sup>

Australia, in her varied forms, expands,  
 And opens to the sky her hundred lands,  
 From where the day-beam paints the waters blue,  
 Around the blessed islands of Arroo, —  
 And life, in all its myriad mouldings, plays,  
 Amid the beauty of the tropic blaze, —  
 Where summer watches with undying eye,  
 And equal day and night divide the sky, —  
 Where the throned Phoebus wakens all the flowers,  
 To do him homage in his own bright bowers, —  
 And Cynthia, on her empyrean height,  
 Holds crowded levee through the livelong night, —  
 Where starlight is a gala of the skies,  
 And sunset is a cloud-sketched paradise; —  
 Away, — away, to where the billows rave,  
 Around the quenched volcano's echoing cave, —<sup>31</sup>  
 Where *she*, the lonely beauty, sits and smiles,<sup>32</sup>  
 In sweetness, like an orphan of the isles,  
 Fair as fair Aphrodité on the deep,

But lone as Ariadne on her steep ! —  
 Away, — away, to where the dolphins play,  
 And the sea-lion tracks his pathless way ; —  
 Away, — away, where southern icebergs roll,  
 Upon the troubled billows round the pole ; —  
 Where the bold mariner, whose course has run  
 Beyond the journey of the circling sun,  
 Condemned, for lingering months, to sleep and  
 wake

By nights that cloud not, — days that never break,  
 To watch by stars that fade not from the eye,  
 And moons that have no rival in the sky,  
 Lies down to slumber, — and awakes to weep  
 For brighter scenes that rose upon his sleep,  
 And many a glance from faces far away,  
 That turned the darkness into more than day, —  
 Till his fond bosom glows with fancy's fires,  
 And hope embodies all the heart desires,  
 And every vision of his distant home  
 Warms, — like a prophecy of days to come !

ℒ Isles of the Orient ! — gardens of the East !  
 Thou giant secret of the liquid waste, —  
 Long ages in untrodden paths concealed,  
 Or, but in glimpses faint and few revealed, —  
 Like some chimera of the ocean-caves,  
 Some dark and sphinx-like riddle of the waves, —  
 Till he — the northern Œdipus — unfurled  
 His venturous sail, and solved it to the world ! —  
 Surpassing beauty sits upon thy brow,  
 But darkness veils thy all of time, save *now* ;  
 Enshrouded in the shadows of the past,  
 And secret in thy birth as is the blast !<sup>38</sup>  
 If, when the waters and the land were weighed,

130 *THE POETICAL SKETCH-BOOK.*

Thy vast foundations in the deep were laid ; —  
Or — 'mid the tempests of a thousand years,  
Where, through the depths, her shell the mermaid  
steers, —

Mysterious workmen wrought unseen at thee,  
And reared thee, like a Babel, in the sea ; —<sup>34</sup>  
If Afric's dusky children sought the soil  
Which yields her fruits without the tiller's toil ; —  
Or, southward wandering on his dubious way,  
Came to thy blooming shores the swarth Malay ; —  
'T is darkness all ! — long years have o'er thee  
rolled,

Their flight unnoted, and their tale untold !  
But beautiful thou art, as fancy deems  
The visioned regions of her sweetest dreams ; —  
Fair as the Moslem, in his fervor, paints  
The promised valleys of his prophet's saints ; —  
Bright with the brightness which the poet's eye  
Flings o'er the long-lost bowers of Araby !<sup>35</sup>  
The soul of beauty haunts thy sunny glades, —  
The soul of music whispers through thy shades, —  
And Nature, gazing on her loveliest plan,  
Sees all supremely excellent but Man !

PART II.



OW Heaven has scattered sweetness  
through the wild !  
Here man alone is not a favored child.  
Here, like a new-born world, where all  
seems rife  
With boundless beauty bursting into life,

Here, 'mid this clustering of all lovely things,  
Man, like a blot upon the pageant, springs, —  
Dim, *Meropé*! as thy unhappy star,  
Amid the vernal *Pleiads*, looks afar!  
Here, in these regions of the rising day,  
A savage race, in mental darkness, stray;  
Not upward gazing, with the conscious glow  
Of heaven's high patent stamped upon their brow;  
But, coming like abortions to their birth,  
And darkening with their crimes the glorious  
earth,  
They shrink to pygmies in the fervid ray,  
Obscurely live, and darkly pass away.

Here Nature, when she reared her mighty plan,  
Sported with many things, — but most with man!<sup>20</sup>  
Gave him a mind to tower above the rest,  
But left it slumbering in a darkened breast;  
Lavished her holiest treasures on his sight,  
But wrapped them in an intellectual night;  
Flung beauty, like a pearl, before his eyes,  
But made him reckless of the precious prize;  
And, while along creation music ran,  
She placed no echo in the heart of man.

Yet, on his forehead sits the seal sublime  
That marks him monarch of his lovely clime;  
And in his torpid spirit lurk the seeds  
Of manly virtues and of lofty deeds!  
Within that breast, where savage shadows roll,  
Philosophy discerns a noble soul,  
That — like the lamp within an eastern tomb —  
But looks more sickly 'mid surrounding gloom!

132 *THE POETICAL SKETCH-BOOK.*

Full many a feeling trembles through his frame,  
For which he never knew — or sought — a name ;  
And many a holy thought, but half suppress,  
Still lurks 'mid all the tempest of his breast !  
Pants not his heart with human hopes and fears,  
And is he not the child of smiles and tears ?  
'T is love that links him to his native woods,  
And pride that fires him while he breasts the  
                  floods ;  
And glory guides him — felt but undefined —  
To battle with the breakers and the wind,  
To tempt the torrent, or in arms to claim  
The savage splendor of a warrior's name.

True, through their souls all fiercer passions run, —  
These fiery ones, — these children of the sun !  
But gentler thoughts redeem the frenzied mood,  
Repress, but quenchless, hid, but unsubdued !  
Their's is the spell of home, where'er they rove ; —  
The maiden loves with all a maiden's love ; —  
And the dark mother, as she rocks her boy,  
Feels in her bosom all a mother's joy.

Neglected children ! 'mid your curse of crime,  
Is Nature shrineless in that beaming clime ?  
Has she no fane, beneath those burning skies,  
For feeling's throb, — the spirit's sacrifice, —  
The wish that murmurs, and the hope that  
                  cheers, —  
The grief that has no uttering — but its tears ?  
Eternal essence, yes ! — thy glory rests,  
Thy temples rise within a thousand breasts,  
And there thy universal influence darts .  
Its "still small" oracles through myriad hearts.

Despite the mart of death, — the waste of life,  
Which mingles brothers in the mortal strife;  
Despite the maddening shout and savage yell  
Of foes exulting o'er the foe who fell, —  
The raging "spirit of the first-born Cain," —  
The lurking treason skulking from the plain, —  
The horrid feast, where human flesh is food, —  
The burning thirst, whose dreadful draught is  
blood; —

O, could we walk amid their gentler hours,  
And read their fancies in their silent bowers, —  
O, could we wander through their hearts, and hear  
The quiet music sweetly murmuring there,  
The unseen harp, whose tuneful chords are prest  
By every thought that steals along the breast,  
Discursive as the airy lyre, which sings  
To every breeze that wantons with its strings, —  
O, could we see them in each solitude,  
Their barks at sea, — their dwellings in the wood, —  
The daughter weeping for her perished sire, —  
The mother waiting, by her forest fire,  
For him, the lonely hunter, far away,  
Or watching o'er her orphan, by its ray, —  
The mourning girl, reposing in the gloom  
Her love has fostered round her lover's tomb,  
Bent o'er the sculptures of her untaught clime,  
Or wildly wailing in its ruder rhyme, —  
Then might the bigot blush the doubts away  
That darkly hang round mercy's struggling day,  
And the proud child of Europe stretch his hand  
To clasp a brother on that distant land.

Yes! the rude Negro is the partner, still,  
In all the white man's strength for good or ill!



A form of darkness, and a soul of flame,  
 But all his passions and his powers the same !  
 The sport of feelings ardent as his zone,  
 Where all creation takes an ardent tone ; —  
 Of fancies which as swiftly set and rise  
 As day grows night along his own warm skies ! — <sup>87</sup>  
 For *him*, hope's pencil paints, with magic hue,  
 The vistas which his spirit loves to view ; —  
 To *him*, the future dawns in blessed dreams,  
 And *seems* all brightness — if it *only seems* ; —  
*His*, too, the softer light which memory's eye  
 Steals — like the moon — from gayer beams gone  
 'by ;

The images which joy has left behind,  
 Lie, as a cherished treasure, in his mind,  
 Like legacies — the holiest and the last —  
 Which dying hope bequeathed him ere it past !  
 And oft he fondly views them o'er and o'er,  
 Like parting gifts of friends who meet no more ; —  
*His* is that vacant buoyancy of bliss  
 Young spirits never feel but once ; — and *his*  
 That dull and lingering leprosy of heart,  
 Which has no Jordan, — which will not depart !

Hail, hail, Australia ! — rising in the west,  
 A beauteous star looks down upon thy breast !  
 Dim is its light upon the hesper sea ; —  
 But lo ! it brightens, as it steers to thee,  
 And all the lowering clouds that quenched its ray,  
 Are sweetly purified and wept away ; —  
 Till, now, in unobstructed pomp it smiles,  
 Spread, like a glory, o'er the eastern isles ! —  
 See where it beams, a promise-token given,  
 Blest as the bow that spanned the arch of heaven,

When first its splendor rose upon the eye,  
And Noah watched it brightening through the sky !

O, let me turn, to trace that rising ray  
Which o'er Australia dawns a better day ! —  
Look we once more upon Notasia's strand,  
And see its beauty break upon the land !

It is a summer eve ! — the gorgeous west  
Lights into flame the ocean's heaving breast ;  
The sun has rested from his march on high,  
But left his glowing banner in the sky, —  
And, far and wide, it flings its crimson fold  
O'er clouds that float in purple and in gold,  
Or — piled around his rich pavilion — lie,  
In thousand shapes, to fancy's curious eye !  
The very air is radiant with the glow ;  
The billows dance in liquid light below ;  
The splendors rest upon the woods of pine,  
And jewelled mountains in their brightness shine ;<sup>38</sup>  
While earth sends flashing back the glory lent,  
In thousand colors, to the firmament !

The falcon pauses, in his midway flight,  
And turns him, eastward, from the dazzling light ; —  
Along the valleys strides the vast emu,<sup>39</sup>  
And o'er the waters wanders the curlew ; —  
The pelican, upon his dizzy steep,  
Looks proudly down along the glowing deep ; —  
While herons spread their plumes o'er coral  
graves,<sup>40</sup>

Or fall, like snow-drifts, on the buoying waves !  
Far off, the white-winged eagle sails on high,  
And nestles half-way 'twixt the earth and sky,

136 *THE POETICAL SKETCH-BOOK.*

Above the archer's ken, and arrow's flight,  
Rocked on the Eucalyptus' towering height, —<sup>41</sup>  
Whose healing leaves weep balsam on the ground,  
And fling their sighs of fragrance all around.  
O'er many an inland lake, with swelling breast,  
And scarlet-painted beak, and golden crest,  
The mourning swan in dark-eyed beauty rides,  
Or spreads his jetty plumage o'er the tides, —  
Along whose banks resounds the far halloo  
Of tribes that chase the graceful kangaroo,  
Or lurk for vengeance in some covert way,  
And rush from ambush on their startled prey.

In light canoes, along the purple seas,  
The natives sport, like swallows in the breeze ;  
Glide where the porpoise rocks himself to sleep,  
But shun the dolphin, where he stirs the deep ;  
Or lead the measured music of the oar  
Where the small billows break upon the shore,  
Flow to the beach, — like joys that will not stay, —  
Then ebb again, — like happiness, — away !

On land, some thread the dance, to tinkling  
shells, —  
Here, stretched in caves, they mutter o'er their  
spells, —<sup>42</sup>

And there, the murmur of their evening song  
In melancholy cadence dies along ; —<sup>43</sup>  
Some throw the spear, with bold and skilful hand, —  
While others wander o'er the glittering sand,  
Gaze on that western paradise of clouds,  
And muse upon the mystery it shrouds.<sup>44</sup>

What lovely pageant bursts upon the eye,  
Where the bright waters wed the brighter sky, —

Launched, like a phoenix, from the day-god's pyre,  
Where all the billows glow in sheeted fire!  
What fairy form, beneath the magic gleam,  
Comes gliding o'er the surges like a dream?  
What dauntless spirit walks upon the sea,  
And treads along the waves so gallantly?

From mouth to mouth the wondrous tidings reach,  
And eager hundreds hasten to the beach;  
The rowers push their pröas to the land,<sup>45</sup>  
And join their gazing brethren on the strand;  
And children climb the mountains, to behold  
The tale established which their sires have told!<sup>46</sup>  
Onward it comes, — that lovely thing of light!  
And spreads its pinions through the gathering  
night; —

Bright as that beauteous bird of rainbow dyes,  
Which sleeps — their legends tell — in summer  
skies,<sup>47</sup>

Comes down by day to haunt Evodian vales,<sup>48</sup>  
And floats to heaven on aromatic gales!

The sun is down! — that crimson flush of light  
From heaven and earth has faded into night!  
The sun is down! — but, in his parting hour,  
The moon has caught the mantle of his power;  
She smote the gathering darkness from her side,  
And lo! the shadows fly, the clouds divide!  
The glancing stars come out along the sky,  
Like Israel's flock beneath their prophet's eye!  
The cedars brighten in the silvery light,  
And hang new stars along the brow of night!  
Delicious airs come wafted from the vales, —  
Which echo songs like those of nightingales, —<sup>49</sup>

138 *THE POETICAL SKETCH-BOOK.*

Rich with sweet basil and with orange-flowers,  
That keep their incense for the moonlight hours !  
The Exocarpus, in the hallowing rays,  
Throws out its weeping boughs a hundred ways ;  
And Thesium groves and Melaleuca trees  
Load with their fragrance every passing breeze.

Calm o'er the deep, beneath the holy ray,  
That lonely vision wins its silent way.  
A ship! a ship! — I see the swelling sails  
Fly, like white clouds, before the breathing gales !  
I see the waters dancing round her bow,  
The moonbeams flashing silvery from her prow !  
How gracefully she cleaves the sparkling flood,  
And rides the billows like a winged god !  
Bright o'er that darkened land, to fancy's eye,  
She rises like " the Day-Spring from on high."

'T is morn! — she comes, " with healing on her  
wing,"

And more than music round her seems to sing !  
O'er the glad surges glides the glory on,  
With all her streamers laughing in the sun !  
The anchor sounds the depths, — the sails are  
furled, —

My country's genius walks another world !  
'T is Albion's oak that braves the austral blast,  
And Britain's banner flutters at her mast !

Beneath that banner let me sit and dream ! —  
O for a worthier bard of such a theme !  
O for a glance in Banquo's magic glass,  
To fix the crowding shadows as they pass !  
O for one hour of Mirza's fairy guide,  
To point the moral which dim ages hide !

Now, on my soul the rising vision warms,  
But mingled in a thousand lovely forms.  
Methinks I see Australian landscapes still,  
But softer beauty sits on every hill ; —  
I see bright meadows, decked in livelier green,  
The yellow cornfield, and the blossomed bean ; —  
A hundred flocks o'er smiling pastures roam,  
And hark ! the music of the harvest-home.  
Methinks I hear the hammer's busy sound,  
And cheerful hum of human voices round, —  
The laughter, and the song that lightens toil,  
Sung in the language of my native isle ; —  
In mighty bays unnumbered navies ride,<sup>50</sup>  
Or come and go upon the distant tide,  
In land-locked harbors rest their giant forms,  
Or boldly launch upon the " Bay of storms " ; —  
While the swarth native crowns the glorious plan,  
In all the towering dignity of man.

The vision leads me on by many a stream ; —  
And spreading cities crowd upon my dream,  
Where turrets darkly frown, and lofty spires  
Point to the stars, and sparkle in their fires.  
Here, Sydney gazes, from the mountain side,<sup>51</sup>  
Narcissus-like upon the glassy tide ! —  
There, Hobart stretches, where the Derwent sees  
Her flaxen ringlets tremble in the breeze ! — <sup>52</sup>  
O'er rising towns Notasian commerce reigns,  
And temples crowd Tasmania's lovely plains,  
And browsing goats, without a keeper, stray,  
Where the bushranger tracked the covert way.<sup>53</sup>

The prospect varies, in an endless range,  
Villas and lawns go by in ceaseless change.

140 THE POETICAL SKETCH-BOOK.

Glenfinlas ! thou hast hundred rival vales,<sup>54</sup>  
Where quiet hamlets deck the sloping dales ;  
And, wafted on the gale from many a dell,  
Methinks I hear the village Sabbath bell ! —  
And now the anthem swells ; on every hand,  
A cloud of incense gathers o'er the land ;  
Faith upward mounts, upon devotion's wings,  
And — like the lark — at heaven's high portal  
sings ;

From myriad tongues the song of praise is poured,  
And o'er them floats "the spirit of the Lord."

The vision widens. Northward brightly rolled,  
That spirit rests upon the "Isles of gold" ; —<sup>55</sup>  
Eastward, methinks ! the beauteous veil expands,  
And smiles upon a hundred sea-bound lands ; —  
Far to the west, it breaks the moral night,  
And all the islands slumber in its light ; —  
Upward, again, I trace the spreading glow,  
Till all the wide Pacific lies below ; —  
Far, far away from where its course began,  
I see it rouse thy empire, fierce Japan !  
I see it fling its hallowed beams around,  
Where once the cross was trampled on the  
ground ; —<sup>56</sup>

Westward, once more, it makes its shining road,  
And China worships at the name of God ;  
Down to the dust the priests of Brahma bow,  
And truth sits smiling on the shrines of Fo ; ]  
Till, now, it brightens o'er its native earth,  
And lights again the cradle of its birth.  
Arabia basks beneath the blessed beam ; —  
And Europe suns her in the glorious gleam,  
While Britain smiles upon her ocean-seat,

And all the world is glowing at her feet.  
For, lo! the ray she fostered in her breast  
Has won its kindling way o'er east and west,  
And all the nations in its beauty sleep,  
As the vast waters fill the boundless deep.<sup>57</sup>

Again the vision changes. O'er my soul,<sup>58</sup>  
Mysterious forms and giant shadows roll.  
Vast spectres dimly flit across my mind,  
But vague and shapeless, — dark and undefined.  
Strange fantasies in whirling motion run,  
And, lo! they meet, and mingle into One, —  
One mighty shade, — in shrouding darkness  
furled, —

Wild as the chaos of an unborn world! —  
Till, o'er the phantom gathering vapors roll,  
Then spread before me like a written scroll.  
And now, it stands revealed in sudden light,  
And all creation opens on my sight.

Far to the east, — where once Aurora's smiles  
Looked on an archipelago of isles,  
And coral banks upreared their glittering forms,  
Like spots of azure in a sky of storms, —  
Where many a ship has sailed the roaring brine, —  
Sits a vast continent upon the Line,  
Back from her strand assembled oceans rolls,  
And points, with either finger, to the poles! —  
But where is Africa? — I seek in vain  
Her swarthy form along its native main!  
Methinks I hear a wailing in the wild,  
As of a mother weeping o'er her child! —  
Her fate lies buried in mysterious night,  
Where the wide waters of the globe unite;



142 *THE POETICAL SKETCH-BOOK.*

And, where the moonlight paved her hills with  
smiles,

The billows moan amid a hundred isles.

I turn me from their knelling, with a sigh,

To where a lovelier vision meets the eye ;

Where spreads the British name from sun to sun,

And all the nations of the earth are ONE !





## NOTES.

---

Note 1. Page 119. Line 17.

*"Rome of the waters!"*

*"The ocean-Rome."* — Lord Byron.

Note 2. Page 121. Line 3.

*"Where in the zenith smiles the polar star."*

At the pole, the stars of the northern hemisphere, alone, are visible; and the polar star is immediately overhead.

Note 3. Page 121. Line 9.

*"Where faints the magnet 'mid the burning zone."*

As we approach the equator, the intensity of the magnetic quality gradually diminishes.

Note 4. Page 121. Line 11.

*"Where glow the midnight waves in liquid flame."*

See Mons. Péron's description of the *Pyrosoma*, or fire-flies, in the tropical seas. — *Voyage aux Terres Australes*.

Note 5. Page 121. Line 29.

*"Thou who hast been, indeed, the pillared light."*

Exodus, chap. xiii.

Note 6. Page 122. Line 10.

*"The lyre whose song should lull him to repose!"*

The statue of Memnon.

## NOTES.

Note 7. Page 122. Lines 11 and 12.

*"Some lone memorials mark the silent spot  
Where Memphis was,—and tell that she is not!"*

The Pyramids are said to have stood in the neighborhood of Memphis.

Note 8. Page 122. Line 13.

*"Balbec is shrouded in mysterious fame!"*

The ancient Heliopolis.

Note 9. Page 122. Line 23.

*"Thou dream-like city of the hundred isles!"*

"Where Venice sat in state, throned on her hundred isles!" — *Childe Harold*.

Note 10. Page 123. Line 3.

*"Thy lion, looking, o'er the Adrian sea."*

The lion was the standard of the Venetian republic.

Note 11. Page 124. Lines 15 and 16.

*"The first who sailed round each discovered shore,  
And sealed a truth but darkly guessed before!"*

Luconia is one of the Philippine Islands, where Magellan was slain in a skirmish with the natives. This celebrated Portuguese entered into the service of Spain; and sailing from Seville, on the 10th August, 1519, is the first navigator who performed the circuit of the world. His ship returned to Spain without him, after an absence of 1124 days, or three years and twenty-nine days. By this voyage, he completely ascertained the round figure of the earth; although its shadow, in an eclipse of the moon, might have led to that knowledge, before.

Note 12. Page 124. Lines 17 and 18.

*"Then, too, Columbus, of the giant mind,  
Had left his sorrows and his fame behind."*

Columbus died thirteen years before the voyage of Magellan, thirteen years after his discovery of Cuba, and eight years after that of South America.

Note 13. Page 125. Line 14.

*"And far-off islets gemmed the sunny seas!"*

When De Brosse first proposed the classification of the islands scattered throughout the eastern seas, into the Polynesian and Australasian groups, — leaving those islands which are on the coast of Asia, and those in the Indian Ocean, under the old denomination of the Asiatic Islands, in analogy to that rule which assigns the general name of every other continent to all its adjacent islands, — he proposed, also, a fourth division, which he calls "Magellania," from Magellan, the discoverer, — and which was intended to follow the same rule, by including all those islands beginning at the southern point of America, and extending to the southern point of Africa, and supposed, in his day, to lie along the great unknown *Terra Australis*. This fourth division is rendered unnecessary, by the expulsion of that imaginary continent from modern geography.

Note 14. Page 125. Lines 15 to 18.

*"Till learning, stamping fancy's glowing cheat,  
And fixing form and limits to its seat,  
Gave to the 'airy nothing' of a dream  
'A local habitation and a name!'"\**

The learned and ingenious President de Brosse, not much more than half a century ago, stated this Austral land to be no longer a matter of speculation, — as its northern coast had been seen by several navigators. He at the same time laid down, without any expression of uncertainty, its extent, — adding, however, that these vast regions had not yet been explored.

Note 15. Page 125. Line 26.

*"Where tempests rock the Cape-born spirit's sleep!"*  
See the *Lusiad* of Camoens.

\* *Midsummer Night's Dream*.

Note 16. Page 125. Line 30.

*"The party of the gallant Buccaneer!"*

The celebrated William Dampier, — who, in his piratical voyage round the world, was the first English navigator to whom any part of New Holland appears to have been revealed; and who, being afterwards employed by the Admiralty to make discoveries in the Pacific, explored and named New Britain.

Note 17. Page 126. Lines 3 and 4.

*"Of that stupendous whole, around whose shore  
The waters of three mighty oceans roar!"*

The coasts of New Holland are washed by three oceans, — the Pacific, the Indian, and the Southern.

Note 18. Page 126. Lines 11 and 12.

*"His manly spirit on his brow imprest,  
And all his country beating in his breast!"*

The following tribute to this immortal sailor is from *Les Jardins* of the Abbé De Lille, — the sweetest didactic poem in the French language. The order given by Louis the Fifteenth to respect (although in time of war) the flag of Captain Cook, on every sea, is well known: — "Ordre," says the Abbé, with great justice, "qui fait un égal honneur aux sciences, à cet illustre voyageur, et au roi; dont il devenoit, pour ainsi dire, le sujet, par ce genre nouveau de bienfaisance et de protection."

"Toi, sur-tout, brave Cook! qui, cher à tous les cœurs,  
Unis par les regrets la France et l'Angleterre, —  
Toi qui, dans ces climats où le bruit du tonnerre  
Nous annonçoit jadis, Triptolème nouveau,  
Apportois le coursier, la brebis, le taureau,  
Le soc cultivateur, les arts de ta patrie,  
Et des brigands d'Europe expiois la furie!  
Ta voile, en arrivant, leur annonçoit la paix,  
Et ta voile, en partant, leur laissoit des bienfaits!  
Reçois donc ce tribut d'un enfant de la France! —  
Et que fait son pays à ma reconnaissance?  
Ses vertus en ont fait notre concitoyen.  
Imitons notre Roi, digne d'être le sien!

Hélas ! de quoi lui sert que, deux fois, son audace  
 Ait vu des cieux brûlans, fendu des mers de glace ;  
 Que des peuples, des vents, des ondes révére,  
 Seul, sur les vastes mers, son vaisseau fût sacré ;  
 Que pour lui seul la guerre oubliât ses ravages ! —  
 L'ami du monde, hélas ! meurt en proie aux sauvages !”

Note 19. Page 126. Line 20.

“ *And plant a new Columbia in the East !*”

In the Sydney Gazette of the 22d March 1822, there is an interesting account of an excursion made to the south head of Botany Bay, by the president and members of the infant “Philosophical Society of Australasia,” — for the purpose of affixing a brazen tablet, with an inscription, against the rock where Captain Cook and Sir Joseph Banks (then Mr. Banks) first landed, when they took possession in the name of the king of Great Britain.

Note 20. Page 127. Line 10.

“ *And left the gleanings to a later chief.*”

The gallant and lamented Captain Flinders. “Cook,” says this unfortunate seaman, in the introduction to his narrative, “reaped the harvest of discovery ; but the gleanings of the field remained to be gathered.”

Note 21. Page 127. Lines 13 and 14.

“ *The flowery banks that crown her roving rills,  
 And boundless wastes beyond her azure hills.*”

The soil round Botany Bay is fertile in plants, — whence the name. The same observation applies to almost the whole of that part of New Holland which stretches from the “Blue Mountains” to the eastern coast. To the westward of this long range, the scenery exhibits a striking resemblance to that of North America. There are vast plains, stretching on all sides to the horizon, and (as has lately been ascertained) immense marshes.

Note 22. Page 127. Lines 21 and 22.

“ *While, at her feet, adventure's younger child  
 Sits, like a bud of beauty, in the wild !*”

The fair and fertile island of Van Diemen.

Note 23. Page 127. Lines 23 and 24.

"Here lifts New Zealand, 'mid a sea of storms,  
Her hills that threaten heaven like Titan forms!"

Storms are frequent and violent round New Zealand, and often changed in their direction, by the height of the mountains. Indeed, from the immense elevation of the land, Captain Cook was at first led to imagine that he had fallen in with the *Terra Australis incognita*.

The largest mountain in all these seas is Mount Egmont, in New Zealand, — a peak like that of Teneriffe; which Dr. Forster estimated, but without sufficient data, at 14,000 feet. "Clouds are frequently observed of a green color." "The natives have no other division of time than the revolution of the moon, until the number amounts to one hundred, which they term *Ta-tee E'-tow*, — that is, one E'-tow, or hundred moons." A like practice has been observed in the Pellew Islands: but, indeed, it is so obvious a principle of computation, that it is probably in very general use in similar situations.

Note 24. Page 127. Line 32.

"To meet the winged creatures of the sun."

Papua is the immediate neighbor of the famous Spice Islands, and a partner in their precious treasures. It is also the chosen home of the singular and beautiful birds of Paradise, which were once thought to have no legs, but to be always on the wing; and were called "*Paxaros da sol*," — "Birds of the sun."

Note 25. Page 128. Lines 3 and 4.

"But vain her wailing, — as the toil was vain  
That sought this second Hylas o'er the main!"

It is supposed that the unfortunate La Peyrouse was completing the discovery of the southeast part of this island, — where it is conjectured to be joined to the Louisiad of Bougainville, — when he perished. Admiral D'Entrecasteaux was afterwards sent out in quest of him.

Note 26. Page 128. Lines 5 and 6.

*"Eastward she turns, where many an island smiles,  
Each like a chief amid its vassal isles."*

New Britain, New Ireland, and the neighboring isles consist, generally, of a centre island and numerous surrounding islets, — together with reefs in the various stages of their progress towards islets, most of them covered with beautiful verdure.

Note 27. Page 128. Line 7.

*"Where lie the lands so often lost and found."*

The Solomon Isles. These islands were first discovered in 1567, by Alonso de Mendana, — who was sent on an expedition of discovery by the Viceroy of Peru. The inhabitants ornament their necks with little beads of gold, and the country is said to abound in that metal. The name was imposed upon these islands for the purpose of encouraging the belief that they were the same from whence Solomon procured the gold with which he adorned the temple at Jerusalem, — and thereby inducing the Spaniards the more readily to go and settle there. However, on a second voyage for their discovery, Mendana could not find them. On this occasion he fell in with Santa Cruz, now called Egmont Island, — where he died, and was succeeded by Quiros. The search for the Solomon Isles was, however, abandoned; and they remained lost to Europeans for two centuries. They were again met with by Bougainville, in 1768; by M. Surville, in 1769, — who named them the "Archipelago of the Arsacides," and by Lieutenant Shortland, in 1788, — who called them "New Georgia." They have regained the title originally given by Mendana; but very little is still known of them.

Note 28. Page 128. Line 8.

*"And where, so long in circling silence bound."*

New Caledonia was wholly unknown till fallen in with by Cook, in 1774.



Note 29. Page 128. Line 10.

*"That roll their waves amid the Cyclades!"*

The New Hebrides. Bougainville was the first who discovered that this land was not connected, but composed of islands, which he called "The Great Cyclades."

Note 30. Page 128. Line 14.

*"He wanders, screaming, to his desert shore!"*

Kerguelen's Land, or the Island of Desolation.

Note 31. Page 128. Lines 29 and 30.

*"Away — away, to where the billows rave,  
Around the quenched volcano's echoing cave."*

The Island of Amsterdam is the product of a volcanic eruption, scarcely yet cooled. The crater is towards the sea. This isle is in about 39° of south latitude.

Note 32. Page 128. Line 31.

*"Where she, the lonely beauty, sits and smiles."*

The Island of St. Paul, situate in the midst of the great Indian Ocean, at the distance of two thousand miles from the nearest point of land, with the exception of the barren Isle of Amsterdam. This latter is separated from it by a distance of only eighteen or twenty miles, yet possesses no one point of resemblance. St. Paul is covered with frutescent plants.

Note 33. Page 129. Line 31.

*"And secret in thy birth as is the blast!"*

"The wind bloweth where it listeth, and thou hearest the sound thereof, but canst not tell whence it cometh." — *John*, iii. 8.

Note 34. Page 130. Lines 4 and 5.

*"Mysterious workmen wrought unseen at thee,  
And reared thee, like a Babel, in the sea."*

See the Introduction.

Note 35. Page 130. Lines 16 and 17.

*"Bright with the brightness which the poet's eye  
Flings o'er the long-lost bowers of Araby!"*

The most probable conjecture, as to the disputed site of the Garden of Eden, places it somewhere near that part of Arabia which is called "Arabia Deserta." Hopkinson, Huet, Bochart, &c., fix its situation between the confluence of the rivers Euphrates and Tigris, and their separation.

Note 36. Page 131. Lines 13 and 14.

*"Here Nature, when she reared her mighty plan,  
Sported with many things,—but most with man!"*

In Australia, Nature in her playfulness has disappointed theories, and shown an utter disregard for received prejudices, even when supported by proverbs of two thousand years' standing. Witness that monstrous innovation upon the sanctity of old opinions, the *black swan*, which abounds in the lakes and rivers of New Holland. Witness, also, *white eagles*,—*crabs of an ultramarine color*, of exquisite beauty,—that singular insect, the *walking leaf*,—*green clouds*,—the *Ornithoryncus Paradoxus*, or *Duck-billed Platypus*, "in which Nature seems to delight in transgressing her usual law, the jaws of a quadruped being elongated into the complete bill of a bird,"—*a singular amphibious kind of fish*, which leaps like a frog, by the help of strong breast-fins,—fine rivers, which, after flowing immense distances, with great appearance of promise, are lost in vast and impassable marshes,—and a hundred anomalies besides, to the total confusion of all systems, and the utter discomfiture of natural philosophers. The *Ornithoryncus Paradoxus* is worse than the "Fleas and Lobsters." It has been a sad puzzle to Sir Everard Home.

Note 37. Page 134. Lines 5 and 6.

*"Of fancies which as swiftly set and rise  
As day grows night along his own warm skies!"*

In these latitudes they have no twilight. The setting of the sun is succeeded by immediate darkness.

Note 38. Page 135. Line 18.

*"And jewelled mountains in their brightness shine."*

"Evans passed whole mountains of fine blue limestone, and picked up topazes, crystals, and other pebbles." — *Suppl. to Encyc. Brit.*

Note 39. Page 135. Line 23.

*"Along the valleys strides the vast emu."*

The cassowary. These gigantic animals are said often to exceed seven feet in height.

Note 40. Page 135. Line 27.

*"While herons spread their plumes o'er coral graves."*

The natives of New Holland make tombs of the rude coral rock, which they sometimes adorn with sculptures.

Note 41. Page 136. Line 2.

*"Rocked on the Eucalyptus' towering height."*

"The mighty Eucalyptus, those giant trees of Australasian forests; many of which measure from 162 to 180 feet in height, and from 25 to 30, or even 36 feet, in circumference." — *Péron, Voyage aux Terres Australes.*

The gum of the Eucalyptus is medicinal.

Note 42. Page 136. Line 22.

*"Here, stretched in caves, they mutter o'er their spells."*

The natives of the islands in the Pacific (particularly the New-Zealanders) are the slaves of superstition, — believing in magic, witchcraft, and ghosts, and having spells against these, and against thunder and lightning.

Note 43. Page 136. Lines 23 and 24.

*"And there, the murmur of their evening song  
In melancholy cadence dies along."*

They have a song of cheerful adoration at sunrise, and a more mournful strain at sunset. They have likewise a melancholy song to the moon.

## NOTES.

153

Note 44. Page 136. Lines 27 and 28.

*"Gaze on that western paradise of clouds,  
And muse upon the mystery it shrouds."*

They believe that their deceased friends return to the clouds.

Note 45. Page 137. Line 9.

*"The rowers push their pröas to the land."*

The pröas are the native canoes.

Note 46. Page 137. Lines 11 and 12.

*"And children climb the mountains, to behold  
The tale established which their sires have told!"*

When Captain Cook visited these seas, the natives of some of the islands came over the hills from all parts of the country, and hung for days on the heights, and along the shore, gazing on the ship, though many of them must have seen such a spectacle before.

Note 47. Page 137. Lines 15 and 16.

*"Bright as that beauteous bird of rainbow-dyes,  
Which sleeps — their legends tell — in summer skies."*

They have a traditional belief that the Birds of Paradise come out of the skies.

Note 48. Page 137. Line 17.

*"Comes down by day to haunt Evodian vales."*

The Evodia is amongst the fragrant shrubs of Australia. The enumeration given by Péron of the plants which adorn these verdant islands is interesting, and his description picturesque. "Crowded on the surface of the soil, are seen on every side those beautiful Minosas, those superb Metrosideros, those Correas, unknown till of late to our country, but now become the pride of our shrubberies. From the shores of the ocean to the summits of the highest mountains may be observed the mighty Eucalyptus, those giant trees of Australasian forests. . . . Banksia of different species, the Protea, the Embothria, the Leptosperma form an enchanting belt round the skirts of the forests. Here, the Casuarina exhibits

its beautiful form ; there the elegant *Exocarpus* throws into a hundred different places its negligent branches. Everywhere spring up the most delightful thickets of *Melaleuca*, *Thesium*, *Conchynum* *Evodia* ; all equally interesting, either from their graceful shape, the lovely verdure of their foliage, the singularity of their corollas, or the form of their seed-vessels."—*Voyage aux Terres Australes*.

Note 49. Page 137. Line 30.

"Which echo songs like those of nightingales."

Torquemada, as quoted in Burney's account of discoveries in the South Sea.

Note 50. Page 139. Line 13.

"In mighty bays unnumbered navies ride."

The whole earth cannot produce two such harbors as those of Port Jackson and Derwent. Within the former of these "all the navies of the world might ride in safety."

Note 51. Page 139. Line 23.

"Here Sydney gazes from the mountain side."

Sydney is the capital of New South Wales.

Note 52. Page 139. Lines 25 and 26.

"There, Hobart stretches, where the Derwent sees  
Her flaxen ringlets tremble in the breeze !"

Hobart Town is the capital of Van Diemen's Land, and is situate on the western bank of the river Derwent, twelve miles from its entrance from the "Great Storm Bay." The flax-plant is cultivated with success on the banks of this river.

Note 53. Page 139. Line 30.

"Where the bushranger tracked the covert way !"

For an account of the "Bushrangers," see the first child of the press of Australasia, — a duodecimo printed in Hobart Town, and entitled, "Michael Howe, the Last and Worst of the Bushrangers of Van Diemen's Land."

Note 54. Page 140. Line 1.

*"Glenfinlas ! thou hast hundred rival vales."*

For a description of the beautiful valley of Glenfinlas, see Oxley's narrative of an expedition to explore the courses of the rivers Macquarrie and Lachlan.

Note 55. Page 140. Line 12.

*"That spirit rests upon the "Isles of Gold."*

Papua, or New Guinea. S3avedra, who first discovered this island, (sailing from Mexico in 1528, by command of Cortez, to explore the Spice Islands,) gave it the name of "Isla del Oro," from an idea that it abounded in gold, — whence its present name of "New Guinea." It obtained its *alias* of "Papua," from the inhabitants of its northern part, who are called "Papous."

Note 56. Page 140. Line 22.

*"Where once the cross was trampled on the ground."*

In this powerful empire, the Jesuits, who had succeeded to a considerable extent in introducing Christianity, rendered it so odious by their bad conduct, that a general massacre of Christians, amounting to 37,000, was the result ; and since that time the cross, and other symbols of Christianity, are annually trampled under foot.

Note 57. Page 141. Lines 4 and 5.

*"And all the nations in its beauty sleep,  
As the vast waters fill the boundless deep."*

"For the earth shall be full of the knowledge of the Lord, as the waters cover the sea." — *Isaiah*, xi. 9.

Note 58. Page 141. Line 6.

*"Again the vision changes."*

See the Introduction, for an account of the theory alluded to in this and the following lines, to the end of the poem.

1. The first part of the document is a list of the names of the members of the committee.

2. The second part of the document is a list of the names of the members of the committee.

3. The third part of the document is a list of the names of the members of the committee.

4. The fourth part of the document is a list of the names of the members of the committee.

5. The fifth part of the document is a list of the names of the members of the committee.

6. The sixth part of the document is a list of the names of the members of the committee.

7. The seventh part of the document is a list of the names of the members of the committee.

8. The eighth part of the document is a list of the names of the members of the committee.

9. The ninth part of the document is a list of the names of the members of the committee.

10. The tenth part of the document is a list of the names of the members of the committee.



## POEMS FOR MUSIC.

*Sonante mixtum tibiis carmen lyra.*

HORAT.









### COME, TOUCH THE HARP!



OME, touch the harp, my gentle one!

And let the notes be sad and low,

Such as may breathe, in every tone,

The soul of long ago! —

That smile of thine is all too bright

For aching hearts and lonely years,

And — dearly as I love its light —

To-night I would have tears!

Yet, weep not *thus*, my gentle girl!

No smile of thine has lost its spell;

By heaven! I love thy lightest curl,

O, more than fondly well! —

Then, strike the lyre, and let it wile

All thoughts of grief and gloom away,

While thou art by, with harp and smile,

I will not weep, to-day!

## ANACREONTIC.

## THE MOON IS UP !



HE moon is up ! — and while the cars  
Of night are out, *we* will not sleep,  
Send round the bowl, and show the stars  
What vigils earthly spirits keep !

And, if the vines, in yonder sky,  
Weep, for *their* host, such purple tears,  
The poet's tale may be no lie,  
That paints them "singing in their spheres."

Shall we, because *hope's* fount is dry,  
Shun *every* fount that wooes the soul ?  
The pang that blights the heart and eye  
Was never gathered from the bowl.  
If eyes be dim that once were bright,  
To weep will hardly make them brighter ;  
And, if our hearts be far from light,  
At least, we 'll strive to make them lighter.

Fill high the glass ! — to-night we 'll try,  
For once, to make a truce with sorrow ;  
And they who think it wise to sigh,  
May drink to-night, and sigh to-morrow ! —  
While we, who love the better mood  
To gather gladness where we may,  
Will hail, across this beaming flood,  
The dawning of a happier day.

SLUMBER LIE SOFT ON THY BEAUTIFUL EYE!



LUMBER lie soft on thy beautiful eye!

Spirits, whose smiles are — like thine —  
of the sky,

Play thee to sleep, with their visionless  
strings,

Brighter than thou, *but* because they have wings!

Fair as a being of heavenly birth,

But loving and loved like a child of the earth!

Why is that tear? — art thou gone, in thy dream,  
To the valley far off, and the moon-lighted stream,  
Where the sighing of flowers and the nightingale's  
song

Fling sweets on the wave, as it wanders along?

Blest be the dream that restores them to thee,

But *thou* art the bird and the roses to me!

And now, as I watch o'er thy slumbers, alone,  
And hear thy soft breathing, and know thee mine  
own,

And muse on the wishes that grew in that vale,  
And the fancies we shaped from the river's low tale,  
I blame not the fate which has taken the rest,  
Since it left, to my bosom, its dearest and best.

Slumber lie soft on thy beautiful eye!

Love be a rainbow to brighten thy sky!

O, not for sunshine and hope, would I part

With the shade time has flung over all — but thy  
heart!

Still art thou all which thou wert, when a child,  
Only more holy, — and only less wild.

# THAT SONG, AGAIN!

Chacun croit retrouver, dans la mélodie, comme dans l'astre pur et tranquille de la nuit, l'image de ce qu'il souhaite sur la terre. . . . Le malheur dans le langage de la musique, est sans amertume, sans déchirement, sans irritation.

MADAME DE STAËL.



THAT song again! — its wailing strain  
Brings back the thoughts of other  
hours, —

The forms I ne'er may see again, —  
And brightens all life's faded flowers.

In mournful murmurs, o'er mine ear  
Remembered echoes seem to roll,  
And sounds I nevermore can hear  
Make music in my lonely soul.

That swell again! — now, full and high,  
The tide of feeling flows along,  
And many a thought that claims a sigh  
Seems mingling with thy magic song.

The forms I loved — and loved in vain,  
The hopes I nursed — to see them die,  
With fleeting brightness, through my brain,  
In phantom beauty, wander by.

Then touch the lyre, my own dear love! —  
My soul is like a troubled sea,  
And turns from all below — above,  
In fondness, to the harp and thee.

## SERENADE.

O COME AT THIS HOUR, LOVE! — THE DAYLIGHT  
IS GONE.



COME at this hour, love! — the day-  
light is gone,  
And the heavens weep dew on the flow-  
ers ;

And the spirit of loneliness steals, with a moan,  
Through the shade of the eglantine bowers ; —  
For the moon is asleep on her pillow of clouds,  
And her curtain is drawn in the sky ;  
And the gale, as it wantons along the young buds,  
Falls faint on the ear, — like a sigh.

The summer-day sun is too gaudy and bright  
For a heart that has suffered like mine ;  
And methinks, there were pain, in the noon of its  
light,

To a spirit so broken as thine.  
The birds, as they mingled their music of joy,  
And the roses that smiled in the beam,  
Would but tell us of feelings forever gone by,  
And of hopes that have passed like a dream.

And the moonlight — pale spirit ! — would speak  
of the time

When we wandered beneath its soft gleam,  
Along the green meadows, when life was in prime,  
And worshipped its face in the stream ; —  
When our hopes were as sweet, and our life-path  
as bright,

164 THE POETICAL SKETCH-BOOK.

And as cloudless, to fancy's young eye,  
As the star-spangled course of that phantom of light,  
Along the blue depths of the sky.

Then come in this hour, love! — when twilight  
    has hung  
Its shadowy mantle around,  
And no sound, save the murmurs that breathe  
    from thy tongue,  
Or thy footfall, scarce heard on the ground,  
Shall steal on the silence, to waken a fear, —  
When the sun that is gone, with its heat,  
Has left on the cheek of all nature a tear, —  
Then, hearts that are broken should meet.

THE GONDOLA GLIDES.



HE gondola glides,  
Like a spirit of night,  
O'er the slumbering tides,  
In the calm moonlight.

The star of the north  
Shows her golden eye, —  
But a brighter looks forth  
From yon lattice, on high.

Her taper is out,  
And the silver beam  
Floats the maiden about,  
Like a beautiful dream.  
And the beat of her heart  
Makes her tremble all o'er, —  
And she lists, with a start,  
To the dash of the oar.

But the moments are past,  
And her fears are at rest,  
And her lover, at last,  
Holds her clasped to his breast ; —  
And the planet above  
And the quiet blue sea  
Are pledged to his love,  
And his constancy.

Her cheek is reclined  
On the home of his breast ;  
And his fingers are twined  
'Mid her ringlets, which rest,  
In many a fold,  
O'er his arm, that is placed  
Round the cincture of gold  
Which encircles her waist.

He looks to the stars  
Which are gemming the blue,  
And devoutly he swears  
He will ever be true.  
Then bends him, to hear  
The low sound of her sigh,  
And kiss the fond tear  
From her beautiful eye.

And he watches its flashes,  
Which brightly reveal  
What the long fringing lashes  
Would vainly conceal ;  
And reads — while he kneels  
All his ardor to speak —  
Her reply, as it steals,  
In a blush, o'er her cheek.



Till, won by the prayers  
Which so softly reprove,  
On his bosom, in tears,  
She half murmurs her love ;  
And the stifled confession  
Enraptured he sips,  
'Mid the breathings of passion,  
In dew, from her lips.

## FORGET ME NOT.



FORGET me not, — forget me not !  
But let these little simple flowers  
Remind thee of his lonely lot,  
Who loved thee in life's purer hours, —  
When hearts and hopes were hallowed things,  
Ere pleasure broke the lyre she brought ;  
Then O, when shivered all its strings,  
Forget me not, — forget me not !

We met, ere yet the world had come  
To wither up the springs of truth,  
Amid the holy joys of home,  
And in the first warm blush of youth ; —  
We parted, as *they* never part  
Whose tears are doomed to be forgot,  
O, by that agony of heart,  
Forget me not, — forget me not !

Thine eye must watch these flowerets fade,  
Thy soul its idols melt away,

SERENADE.

167

But O, when friends and flower lie dead,  
Love may embalm them in decay ;  
And, when thy spirit sighs along  
The shadowy scenes of hoarded thought,  
O listen to its pleading song, —  
Forget me not, — forget me not !

SERENADE.

'T IS LOVE'S OWN HOUR !



IS love's own hour ! — for the gentle  
moon

Has girdled herself in her silver zone,  
And wandered forth, where the winds  
are still,

To her shepherd's home, on the dewy hill, —  
And the lily bows, with a sigh more sweet,  
Beneath the touch of the huntress' feet.

And the voiceless tale of the visionless breeze  
Is told in sighs to the jasmine-trees ;  
And the zephyr wooes the lake to bliss,  
And kisses the stream with a lover's kiss ;  
And the stars look light on the blue-deep sea,  
Whose waves reflect it, slumberingly.

And, far in the quiet grove away,  
The night bird utters his lonely lay ;  
And viewless echo repeats the tale  
To his lady-love, in her distant vale ;  
And the rose looks up, with a tearful eye,  
And lists to its music, silently.

And the gossamer weaves, in the holy light,  
 His scarce-seen web, like a far delight,  
 A curtain hung 'twixt earth and sky,  
 As fair and frail as a fantasy ;  
 And myriad forms, in the moonbeam pale,  
 Dance in the maze of the mystic veil.

And spirits are flitting on shadowless wings ;  
 And sounds are all hushed into murmurings ;  
 And each low gale, as it wanders by,  
 Seems fraught with the breath of a young heart's  
 sigh.

And beautiful things are all gliding about,  
 And all that is fair — save the fairest — is out.

Awake, my love ! — 't is love's own hour !  
 His spirit is breathed upon every flower ;  
 His oracles lie all around,  
 In every sight, and on every sound ; —  
 And, over heaven and earth, is thrown  
 A spell of beauty, — like thine own.

#### WHEN IN YON FADING SKY.



WHEN in yon fading sky  
 Summer light closes,  
 And the lone spirit's sigh  
 Steals o'er the roses ; —  
 When in the waters still  
 Twilight is sleeping,  
 And on the purple hill  
 Night dews are weeping ; —

Where o'er the slumbering lake  
Droops the fond willow,  
While the breeze cannot wake  
Even a billow ; —  
When there is silence in each leafy bower,  
There be our meeting — alone — in that hour !

O, let no cold eye  
Of others be o'er us ! —  
Stillness be spread on high,  
Beauty before us ! —  
Then, — down thy lovely cheek  
Silently stealing,  
Should a warm tear speak  
The fulness of feeling, —  
Fondly I'll chide, sweet !  
That symbol of sadness ;  
Surely, when lovers meet,  
All should be gladness ! —  
Stay till along the sky daylight is darting,  
Then will we weep, — 't is our moment of parting !

HOW SADLY SWEET THE MOONLIGHT  
HOUR. .



OW sadly sweet the moonlight hour,  
when, from their shrines on high,  
The stars, like angel forms, look out  
along an azure sky !  
When not a cloud in heaven throws its shadow  
o'er the deep,

And gentlest zephyrs only breathe to lull the  
    wave to sleep !  
When earth and air and ocean smile, beneath the  
    holy gleam,  
Like some bright scene the spirit loves to picture,  
    in a dream ;  
And dew-drops hang on every flower, — till, in the  
    blessed ray,  
They seem like eyes from which all clouds are  
    sweetly wept away !

Then memory's lingering visions sink more softly  
    on the soul,  
And Sorrow sighs herself away, beneath their mild  
    control ; —  
And hearts that, o'er their fading joys, too long  
    have darkly pined,  
Grow bright again, as o'er them steals a moonlight  
    of the mind : —  
While Hope, beneath its ray, once more, takes up  
    her soothing tune, —  
Like that lone bird who utters all her music to the  
    moon ! —  
And Peace, which — like the dove — had flown,  
    before life's waters dark,  
Returns to plume her snowy wings within her  
    native ark !

**ADIEU, ADIEU!—OUR DREAM OF LOVE.**



**ADIEU**, adieu ! — our dream of love  
Was far too sweet to linger long,  
Such hopes may bloom in bowers above,  
But here they mock the fond and young.

We met in hope, — we part in tears ! —  
Yet O, 't is sadly sweet to know  
That life, in all its future years,  
Can reach us with no heavier blow !

Our souls have drunk, in early youth,  
The bitter dregs of earthly ill,  
Our bosoms, blighted in their growth,  
Have learned to suffer — and be still !

The hour is come, — the spell is past ! —  
Far, far from thee, — my only love !  
Youth's earliest hope, and manhood's last ! —  
My darkened spirit turns to rove.

Adieu, adieu ! — O, dull and dread,  
Sinks on the ear that parting knell ! —  
Hope, and the dreams of hope, lie dead, —  
To them and thee, farewell, — farewell !

NAY, DRY THAT TEAR!



AY, dry that tear! — where'er I stray,  
My spirit never shall repine,  
While it has power to chase away  
The shadows, dear! from thine.

My soul has weathered storms, above  
The strength of feeble minds to bear;  
But may not see the cheek I love  
Dimmed by affliction's tear.

'T is bliss enough for me to rest  
Beneath the ray of that blue eye, —  
Or, pillowed on thy gentle breast,  
To echo back its sigh!

But O, that eye must not be wet  
With aught that speaks the touch of sorrow, —  
Nor must the murmur of regret  
Thy sigh's soft music borrow!

O may thy looks be ever bright  
With that sweet smile which peace discloses,  
And o'er the young cheek sheds its light,  
Like sunbeams upon roses!

And may thy sighs, if sighs e'er start,  
Light as the wings to seraphs given,  
Come from the heaven of thy heart,  
To waft the heart to heaven!

## ANACREONTIC.

IF TO-MORROW MAY DAWN ON A STORMY DAY.



If to-morrow may dawn on a stormy  
day, —

If the smile in pleasure's eyes  
By the cloud of despair may be chased  
away,

Like the visions of summer skies, —  
If joy be a vanishing beam, at best,  
Like the lights o'er northern seas, —  
O where is the heart that would coldly waste  
The sunshine of moments like these !

Then fill — fill high the sparkling glass,  
And crown the moments as they pass !

If bliss be a frail and perishing flower,  
Born only to decay,  
O who — when it blooms but a single hour —  
Would fling its sweets away !  
When storms are abroad, and the world is dark,  
And wrecks strew life's abyss,  
O who would not anchor his weary bark,  
In the calm of a port like this !

Then, though round about us life's tempests  
roll,

We 'll cling to our moorings, — the bottle  
and bowl !



When lovers are false, and friends unkind,  
 And the lights of life are flown,  
 Remember that here we still can find  
 A bright little world of our own ; —  
 Whose sun is a sun that beams all night,  
 In the hearts that round us shine ;  
 And its stars are the eyes that fling their light  
 O'er waves of rosy wine ! —

Be ours the sun that shines all night,  
 And the blushing wave that reflects its light !

If Hope, when she spreads her gossamer sail  
 Along life's billowy waste,  
 Is sure to be tossed by misfortune's gale,  
 And to perish at length in the blast, —  
 Let us launch her at once on this purple tide,  
 Where her vessel can always float,  
 While mirth's gay streamers flow, far and wide,  
 Around her gilded boat ! —

O'er seas of wine when hope is afloat,  
 Ours are the spirits to ballast her boat !

Fill high the glass ! — this night is ours !  
 The dew of social feeling  
 Falls on each heart, its brightest flowers  
 And warmest hues revealing.  
 Then weave them into a chaplet bright,  
 Our happy brows to shade,  
 And live on the perfumed wreath, to-night, —  
 Ah ! think how soon 't will fade ! —

To-night, to-night the garland twine,  
 And mingle, there, the laughing vine !



THE  
DEVIL'S PROGRESS.

BY  
THE EDITOR OF THE "COURT JOURNAL."







MORE amusing publication than 'The Devil's Progress' has not, lately, issued from the press. The author has shown himself an acute observer, and a powerful satirist. It is evident that he has mingled with the *élite* of society; and his work will, doubtless, be considered as possessing peculiar claims on the attention of the superior circles. Indeed, we have heard it whispered, amongst the *on dits* of the best-informed *coteries* (as well those of the *literatures* as of the *fine ones*,\*) that the Editor of the 'Court Journal' (and, consequently, the author of this singular and eagerly-sought-after poem) is his present Majesty; and the intimate acquaintance exhibited, in the pages of that fash-

\* *Littérateurs* and *fainéans*. — Corrections, by the Compositor, upon Mr. Colburn's Manuscript, — which was unfortunately put into type before it was perceived that he had an idea that he was writing French words. The Compositor has to apologize for not having been put on his guard by the previous words *élite*, *on dits*, *coteries*, &c. At the same time Mr. Colburn (or the person in his establishment who penned the above advertisement-paragraph) must share in the blame, for not spelling his words correctly; as it is impossible, in the haste which attends the composition of a daily paper, to correct all the manuscripts which are sent to us, — and the number of Mr. Colburn's advertisements which are daily scattered, in various forms, through our pages, renders the task as regards *them* hopeless.

Compositor to the "Morning Post."

ionable periodical, with the secrets of *boudoirs*, which would open only to the summons of the highly privileged, seems to favor this rumor. We have, ourselves, reason confidently to know that his Majesty, when Duke of Clarence, has been seen riding along New Burlington Street; and the spirited and enterprising publisher of the works in question was one day met by a correspondent, upon the correctness of whose information we are accustomed to rely (and whose name we are ready to give to any gentleman who will call at our office), within a very few yards of St. James's Palace, at a time when the royal Duke was known not to be at Bushy. These facts are certainly strongly corroborative of the report in question; — at least, men have assuredly been hanged upon evidence not more circumstantial. We cannot doubt that every loyal subject will be desirous to possess himself of this impossible-to-be-highly-enough-lauded and royal poem. By others, the poem and the editorship have been attributed to Mr. Patmore." \*

COLBURN; — in the "Morning Post."

\* "Aut Cæsar, aut nullus!" — *Printer's Devil*.

---

\*\* The publisher of the following poem is reminded, by the compositor's note to the above extract, of an excuse which he has heard made for the unparalleled number of mistakes occurring in the patchwork language of a novel of most imposing pretence, published some time ago by Mr. Colburn, and called "The Roué." He has been informed "at the prodigious display of erudition effected in that work,

by inlaying each of its pages with idioms, phrases, and quotations from the French, Italian, and Latin languages, (together with a few from tongues supposed to be wholly unknown but to the author himself,) had compelled the printer to furnish himself with an additional font of Italic letter. This increased supply of that particular type being found, however, wholly inadequate to the demand made upon it by this picturesque and polyglot writer, the compositor was compelled, where letters failed him, to substitute such others as had the two qualities of being most abundant with him, and coming nearest to what he wanted. The publisher is assured by that author's friends and apologists that such is the true cause of the innumerable errors which distinguish that highly elaborated and richly composite work ; and they strenuously claim belief in their story, by the argument that it is wholly impossible that the author himself should have been so *universally* incorrect. The publisher thinks it only candid to say (and this note is written for that purpose) that, as it is almost inconceivable that the author in question should not, now and then, have stumbled upon correctness by mere accident, he is inclined to give credit to the above explanation, and to the ingenuity of the puzzled and hard-run compositor.



1

2

3

4

5

6

7

8



TO HIS Majesty's ATTORNEY-GENERAL this Poem  
is inscribed, to testify the Author's approbation of  
his judicious and persevering efforts in the cause  
of its hero.










## ORIGINAL PREFACE.

T is scarcely necessary to say that this poem owes its origin to the striking (though not otherwise very clever) *jeu d'esprit* from which its epigraph is adopted; and which has been, for some time, running about the world, under the credit of the various paternities of Porson, Coleridge, and Southey, — the latter of whom is (or perhaps the two latter, jointly, are) pretty generally supposed to be its author. To whomsoever this title may be due, it is probable that it has not been considered, by its author, worth reclaiming; as, excepting the ingenuity of its idea, (more felicitous, after all, than original,) it has little to recommend it, and was, there can be little doubt, thrown upon the world by the writer as a thing of no pretension. The notice which has been attracted, by its singularity, (a notice increased and perpetuated by the mistake which, for so long a time, assigned it to Porson, and which mistake, probably, induced many to think it more singular than it really is,) has produced several imitations of it; and of the original poem itself, and its various imitations, (including one published, in part, by Mr. Moore,

from the posthumous papers of Lord Byron, and stated to be in the possession of Lord Holland,) it may be said, generally, that the *plan* (due, of course, only to the first) forms the principal merit. To this remark the present poem is not offered as any exception, — being a mere undigested squib, hastily sketched, and putting forth no claim to be considered as anything more than a rough and unfinished adaptation of an idea, which, however, it appears to the author, might in fit hands be rendered singularly available for the purposes of satire, of a better order than mere personalities.

It will be seen, from the poem itself, that it was written some months ago; and its publication has been delayed for part of that time by circumstances connected with its woodcut illustrations.\* This will account for one or two of the allusions, of which the change in the position of things during that time may seem, in some measure, to have superseded the propriety. They are, however, for the most part, not much out of place, with the single exception of the note on French affairs; which, had it not long since been in print, would, (as wearing the appearance of a prophecy after fulfilment,) have been suppressed. Directly as that note alludes to the events which have since taken place, — and convinced, as all thinking persons acquainted with the present condition of France and the French people must have been, that such a “consummation” was as surely to be expected, sooner or later, as it was “devoutly to be wished,” — it was impossible, at the time when it was writ-

\* The original edition was illustrated by Seymour.

ten, to foresee that she and they were on the *immediate eve* of a revolution, so unexampled in its rapidity, and so entire in its scope; — a revolution (having no parallel in the world's history) in which, without the aid of pre-concert, or system, or leaders, the universal mind of France has worked to ends which would have justified far more calamitous means, — and liberty, trampled upon, has risen, as it were, by its own natural rebound, showing how deeply it had embedded itself in a soil that, fifty years ago, nourished only bigots and slaves. We look back upon the changes which a few weeks have produced, with the vague wonderment and delight which we experience from the shiftings of a phantasmagoric vision, — so entire is the transformation, so almost *invisible* the agents. Hear Mr. Casimir Delavigne's inscription on the medal struck off in commemoration of these events, and for the benefit of the families of those who fell in producing them: —

“ France ! dis moi leurs noms ; je n'en vois point paraître,  
Sur ce funèbre monument ;  
Ils ont vaincu si promptement  
Que j'étais libre avant de les connaître ! ”

Notwithstanding the fearful events which accompanied France's Revolution of 1789, it is impossible to look back, in any other than a spirit of congratulation, on the earthquake which has so completely cleansed her moral atmosphere, and so irrevocably overthrown the strongholds of her tyranny; — impossible to regret a convulsion, however awful in its workings, which has roused her from the lowest and most degraded state of stagnation and demoralization, and made her instinct

with the spirit of a pervading and unquenchable freedom. Nor for herself alone has France conquered. The example which she has given is even now knocking loudly at the doors of every other Cabinet in Europe; and the prospects of her whole Continent are brightened, as by a new light. The times are full of hope. By her own unaided arm has that noble and high-minded people, within a few weeks, destroyed two wide-spreading tyrannies. Let others do *their* part. There is something affecting in the picture of the deposed African monarch, subscribing allegiance to, and claiming protection from him, who, ere that allegiance could be received, or that protection afforded, is himself an exile, — struck from his throne even while he was yet busy demolishing that of his neighbor. And there is something both affecting and cheering in the idea of those treasures, which are the hoarded product of a long crusade against liberty, in every form, being released from their dark receptacles, to further the cause of liberty triumphant, — to feed that holy flame which, like the fire of Mr. Moore's Ghebers, is spreading, and shall spread, consuming everything in its way, — extinguishers and all!\*

To the number of illustrations intended to accompany the poem, another has been added, since the events above alluded to, illustrative of the lines, —

“But what was said and settled there,  
By the Devil and the King,  
We are sure to know on an early day”; —

\* See Mr. Moore's Fable of the Extinguishers, from his “Fables for the Holy Alliance.”

---

which were written in anticipation of some such act of infatuation. This cut represents the Devil as a witness to the signing of the ordinances which have cost the royal madman his throne; and is, we believe, a concession to the wit of our Printer, who suggested that we should imitate the French people, by *cutting* Charles the Tenth and his ministers,—and to the still brighter wit of the Printer's Devil, who improved upon his master's suggestion, by recommending that *we* should rather set an example for the imitation of the *French people*,—by bringing the said monarch and ministers *to the block*.







## THE DEVIL'S PROGRESS.

From his brimstone bed, at break of day,  
A-walking the Devil is gone;  
To visit his snug little farm of the earth,  
And see how his stock gets on.

THE DEVIL'S WALK.



HE Devil sits in his easy-chair,  
Sipping his sulphur tea,  
And gazing out, with a pensive air,  
O'er the broad bitumen sea ;  
Lulled into sentimental mood,  
By the spirits' far-off wail,  
That sweetly, o'er the burning flood,  
Floats on the brimstone gale ! —  
The Devil, who can be sad at times,  
In spite of all his mummary,  
And grave, — though not so prosy quite  
As drawn by his friend Montgomery, —  
The Devil to-day has a dreaming air,  
And his eye is raised, and his throat is bare.

His musings are of many things,  
That — good or ill — befell,  
Since Adam's sons macadamized  
The highways into hell : —  
And the Devil — whose mirth is *never* loud —



Laughs with a quiet mirth,  
As he thinks how well his serpent-tricks  
Have been mimicked upon earth ;  
Of Eden and of England, soiled  
And darkened by the foot  
Of those who preach with adder-tongues,  
And those who eat the fruit ;  
Of creeping things, that drag their slime  
Into God's chosen places,  
And knowledge leading into crime,  
Before the angels' faces ;  
Of lands — from Nineveh to Spain —  
That have bowed beneath his sway,  
And men who did his work, — from Cain,  
To Viscount C\*\*\*[\*\*\*\*gh !

The Devil called for Dagon,  
That " ancient fish-like " spirit,  
A sort of water-dragon,  
Of a very fiendish merit ; —  
Commander he already was  
Of all the host of Devils,  
Prime minister, of high repute  
For generating evils !  
To him, who o'er the Pagan hosts  
Had governed long and well,  
His prince consigned the government  
Of the mother-country, Hell ; —  
A hook-nosed little Devil,  
With a very knowing look,  
And he entered on his dignity,  
By the title of ' Regent-duke ! ' <sup>1</sup>

The Devil has doffed his fire-proof hat,  
His royal wire-gauze vest,

His amianthine trousers,  
And his jacket of asbest ! —  
But where shall the Devil find a dress  
That a gentleman of birth  
May sport in the gay metropolis  
Of his colony, the earth ? —  
P\*\*t sent a full-dress uniform,  
With its ornaments of *guilt* ;<sup>2</sup>  
Sir William C\*\*t\*s longed to see  
The Devil in a kilt !  
Sir Robert Walpole lent his cloak,  
But that was stained with mud, —  
And Paine his cap of liberty,  
But that was soiled with blood !  
To dress the Devil in *his* clothes  
Lord L\*\*d\*\*\*d\*\*\*y *burned*,  
But the breeches had seen much dirty work,  
And the coat been often turned !  
The emperor Alexander sent three pairs of pumps,<sup>3</sup>  
For his royal brother to choose,  
But the Devil's a gentleman, and scorned to stand  
In any blackguard's shoes !  
Pitt offered the Devil his "pilot's" dress,  
In which he had "weathered the storm,"<sup>4</sup>  
But the dress was a very *costly* dress,  
And the Devil disliked its form ; —  
And he thought with a smile upon England, the  
while,  
And the trick which her pilot had taught her,  
Of shielding herself from the storm above,  
By putting her head *under water* !  
  
Judge Jeffreys would have lent his wig, —  
A wig to the Devil's own mind, —

But he hinted that his brother B\*\*t  
Had one of the self-same kind ;  
The fire, he said, *near* which he stood,  
Had done his own much wrong,  
But his brother B\*\*t's was quite as good,  
And had not been burnt so long !<sup>6</sup>  
*One* sent a suit that in the Court  
Of Chancery had been worn,  
But the *suit* was very much *too long*,  
And the pockets were stripped and torn ;  
The coat was out at the elbows, and seemed  
As if *bill-hooks* had slashed the sleeves,  
And the trousers looked as the wearer  
Had fallen among thieves !  
A courtier sent a full court-dress,  
Which fitted the Devil, with ease,  
But Satan is proud, and the breeches  
Were threadbare *about the knees* !  
Machiavel politely lent  
A "coat of many colors,"  
But the Devil is far too wise to ape  
The *habits* of earth's rulers !  
A letter for Prince Metternich  
Was in the waistcoat-pocket,  
And, "per favor the Devil," to "his Grace *the duke*,"  
A new-planned C\*\*g\*\*ve rocket ;—  
(In his ancient calling, that worthy knight  
Had labored long and well,  
And perfected his instrument,  
In the crucibles of Hell !)

Of these packets the Devil took charge, with a grin,  
As, also, of another  
From Dagon, the Regent-duke of Hell,

---

To the Regent-duke, his brother !  
 A letter from Cardinal Belial,  
 To his Holiness, the Pope,  
 And Governor \*\*\*\* sent back, to his son,  
 The old ancestrāl rope !  
 Prince Moloch to N\*\*c\*\*\*\*le's Duke  
 Sent overtures, to sell  
 Two snug close-boroughs of his own,  
 Near to the fire, in Hell ;  
 He said, too, that as earth was crammed  
 With over-population,  
 There were pleasant tracts, amongst the damned,  
 Most fit for emigration ;  
 The soil, he said, had long been drained,  
 To any heart's desire,  
 And each man might sit down, at once,  
 Beside his own warm fire ;  
 For the surplus vagabonds of earth  
 No fitter vent could be,  
 And the duke and Michael Sadler  
 Were asked to come and see !

There was a letter to one Mrs. C\*\*tts,  
 Writ by one Mistress Gwynne,  
 And another, from one Fanny Roots,  
 To a b\*\*d near Lincoln's Inn !  
 An unsealed letter, written,  
 As it seemed, with a bloody hand,  
 Had these five enigmatic words,  
 " Why CUMBERest thou the LAND ? "  
 It bore the name of " S\*\*\*\*\*s "  
 At its foot, — and in the room  
 Of other name, had this address,  
 " The Devil *knows* for whom ! "

All these — besides petitions signed,  
To the British legislation,  
By all the freeholders in Hell,  
Against "emancipation";  
One for a tax upon the wind,  
(Pitt only taxed the *light*!)<sup>6</sup>  
And one for an excise on *mind*,  
(The *intellectual* sight, —  
The Devil felt he had made a hit,  
When he could thus refine on Pitt!)  
To have *thought* gauged, like whiskey,  
Ere it was stamped "for vent,"  
And keep its fiery spirit down,  
To "proof of parliament,"  
And seize illicit mental-mills  
As you would seize illicit stills; —  
All these (to be presented  
And enforced with subtle words,  
By the Devil, in the Commons' House,  
And L\*\*d\*\*\*\*t in the Lords')<sup>7</sup>  
And all the dresses he had worn,  
With most *éclat*, on earth,  
His Cardinal's and Capuchin's,  
Policeman's — and so forth,  
(His Inquisitor's had been much used,  
And now was little worth,)  
Were folded in the Devil's pack,  
And strapped, with his tail, upon his back.

Then, leaving, with Beëlzebub,  
A note for Miguël,  
A Portuguese, expected there,  
He turned his back on Hell;  
And, whirled along in a sulphur-cloud, —

The Devil's own steam coach, —  
Up toward sun-bright Sicily,  
He made his hot approach.  
There, mounting on his fiery steed, —  
A young volcano's back, —  
He shot into the upper air,  
By his ancient, royal track ;  
And, 'mid the roar of *Ætna's* guns,  
Which thundered a salute,  
Rode down its side, right royally,  
And dismounted at its foot !

Away, away, on rushing wings,  
His northward flight takes he, —  
A shadow in the air, that flings  
No shadow on the sea ! —  
The deep *Ægean*, all that night,  
Saw neither star nor moon,  
The scents fell, withered, back to earth,  
And the birds sang out of tune ;  
The watchmen-owls, in their hollow trees,  
Were afraid to call the hour,  
And all the beer in the *Cyclades*  
In a single night grew sour ! —  
As he paused above those ancient isles  
Where the Devil and the Turk  
Had played so many pleasant tricks,  
And done each other's work,  
In every isle, on every heart,  
Fell down a nameless fear,  
As the "evil days" were come again,  
And the Mussulman were near ! —  
But peace and hope above them hung,  
In a glorious rainbow blent,

One arm was over Arta flung,  
And one on Volo leant, —  
And the Devil knew it was a spell  
Too strong for Istamboul — or Hell !

From the glad green isles, in their bright blue  
frames,

He turned, with a heart opprest, —  
But pleasant thoughts, as he eastward steered,  
Grew up within his breast.

At home, he had some of his Moslem friends,  
Already in their stations,  
And he called in Turkey, as he passed,  
With some further invitations.

Then up, beyond the Balkan's height,  
Till he could look afar, —  
As he did, with a long and joyous gaze, —  
O'er the regions of the Czar.

And the Devil was glad as a devil can be,  
By the time that he sailed over Italy !  
He *always* loved that sunny clime, —  
And he stood, in a noble glow,  
Where he had feasted, many a time,  
With the Cæsars, long ago.

He paused where Brutus slew his son,  
(The Devil was by at the time !)

Where Cicero tempted felons on,

And then hanged them for their crime ;

(Much in *his own* pleasant manner — and B\*\*\*\*\*'s,  
And he grinned to think he had such attorneys !) —

Where Quintus Curtius rode to Hell,

By a new and curious door,

Which has always been shut, since that proud day,  
And had never been opened before !

(But *there*, his thoughts were painful, all, —  
Of a deeper gulf and a higher fall !)  
Rome had, forever, been to him  
“ A city of the heart,”  
And each of his spirits there, in turn,  
Had played a busy part, —  
But things had flourished beyond his hopes,  
Since the day when he made his viceroys Popes.

Away, away, o'er pleasant France,  
Where laugh and shout and song  
Are mingled with the merry dance ;  
And dark-eyed girls, to music, twine  
The twisted tendrils of the vine,  
Her olive-groves among ;  
Where bounding hearts drink hope and joy  
In, with the common air,  
And tyranny must wed foul crime,  
Ere it can breed despair ;  
Where joyous feelings, overstrained, —  
Like harps played out of tune, —  
Make discords, — but so harsh and loud,  
They fright the very moon, —  
Till, one by one, they take their flight,  
Like lute-strings breaking in the night.  
The land was in a happy trance,  
But the Devil saw, at a single glance,  
That the trance could not be long ; —  
So he called on the king, at the Tuilleries,  
(He knew its private way, — for he  
Had often before been up the back-stair,)  
And what was said and settled there,  
By the Devil and the king,  
We are sure to know, on an early day ; —



But, ere the fiend resumed his way,  
With a lighter mind and wing,  
He talked with the Dauphiness apart, —  
O, he loves a Bourbon in his heart !<sup>9</sup>

Away — across the broad blue moat  
That girdles England's strand,  
Till he landed where no enemy  
But himself had dared to land.  
Awhile, he hovered high, to gaze  
On Ocean's fairest daughter, —  
But the Devil was tired of his airy flight,  
And, quoth he, " I'll go by water !"  
So he put his bundle in his hat,  
And spread one wing for a sail,  
And steered himself, like a water-rat,  
With his disencumbered tail !  
He passed by many a shepherd's plain,  
And many a ploughman's ridge,  
By the shallows of the " Isle of dogs,"  
And the rapids of London-Bridge ; —  
Till he saw a huge mist-mantled dome,  
Like a mighty mystery, wrapped in gloom ;  
And on his ear came a holy chant, —  
So he plunged, with a sudden souse,  
And rose beside his ancient haunt, —  
Where *holy* sounds were *father* scant, —  
The site of C\*\*\*\*n-House !

They are two goodly cities, ours !  
And the Devil paced them round ;  
And much, amid their tents and towers,  
(Their bower-screened walls, and wall-choked  
bowers,)

---

To a Devil's taste he found !  
(The Devil came, *incog*, to be sure,  
But his progresses diurnal,  
Like other "fashionables'," found  
Their way to the "Court-Journal.")  
And much he saw to feed his pride,  
And much to move his mirth, —  
How the manners of his ancient court  
Were copied upon earth.  
Prince Mammon, his ambassador,  
Had pleasant things to tell,  
How he found himself as much at home  
As if he were in Hell :  
How his levee was attended  
By commoners and peers :  
And how all subscribed to keep the ways  
Of Satan in repairs ;  
How he had got his private friends  
Into most of the public places ;  
And a little devil to attend  
As page to each of the "Graces" ;  
In every government-office a clerk,  
And a porter in most of the halls,  
And scribes to chalk his puffs, in the dark,  
Along the public walls :  
How he played *Ecarté* with the duke,  
And taught the duke "a thing  
Or two," — till the Duke, like a shuffler good,  
Could always *turn the king* !

The Devil saw sycophants in power,  
And honesty in rags ;  
And bishops' consciences — in their sleeves,  
And lawyers' — in their bags ;

Old usurers, licking up all around,  
Like a dying flame in a socket ;  
And pensioners keeping their fingers warm,  
In the heat of the public pocket ;  
And demireps who rode and railed  
Over women of the town ;  
And slanderers darkening others' names,  
In honor of their own ;  
And judges, known from the thieves they hanged,  
By virtue of the gown ;  
And lowly courage, bending down  
Beneath some lordly bully ;  
And a deal of gambling going on,  
'Twixt the King and Mr. Gully ! —  
The Devil only feared that earth  
So proud in its vice had grown,  
It would soon be a hell itself, and choose  
A devil of its own ! <sup>10</sup>

The Devil to St. Stephen's went,  
And heard a long debate,  
On the motion of O'C\*\*\*\*1,  
That the Devil take his seat ; <sup>11</sup>  
That learned member showed, in a speech,  
Of great research and *nous*,  
That Satan, at all times, by usage had  
A seat within that House : —  
So the Devil took, and rose in his place,  
And presented his petitions !  
(He was puzzled, at first, to understand  
The novel coalitions !)  
He could not stay to give his vote  
Against "emancipation" ; —  
But he spoke of Sixteen eighty-eight,

---

And the danger of innovation ;  
He spoke of the Pope, and he said that the nation  
Had already *one* Scarlet abomination ;  
He implored them to pause, ere they doubled that  
evil, —  
And Sir Thomas L\*\*\*b\*\*\*\*\*e “paired off” with  
the Devil !

He saw, in the Ecclesiastical Court,  
Its “familiar” ranged in a lane,  
As a dandy peer, on an elephant tame,  
Rode in, — and rode out, again ;  
And he afterwards heard that the dandy went,  
On his beast, through both Houses of Parliament.

He stood in a dim cathedral aisle,  
With his foot upon a tomb,  
And he wore his own dark, haughty smile,  
'Mid its mystery and gloom.  
The tomb of him who would have made  
The world too glad and free ;  
And he trampled o'er the noble dead,  
Like hate o'er its enemy ! —  
The spirit he could not enslave ! —  
And he spit upon the dead man's grave.

The Devil went into Newgate, — and saw  
A thief by a priest forgiven ;  
By the word of the priest and the rope of the law  
Hanged — and sent straight to heaven ! —  
And the Devil grinned, — with as bitter a grin,  
As of devil was ever begotten,  
To see the poor wretch turned off, with his ears,  
And his conscience stuffed with *Cotton*.<sup>12</sup>

The Devil looked in, when the House of Peers  
Was discussing the Catholic question ;  
And heard many wise sayings that gladdened his  
ears,  
And quickened the fiend's digestion ;  
While W\*\*\*h\*\*g\*\* was mimicking  
An alligator's sighs ;  
And tears — *not* " such as angels weep," —  
Made Niles of E\*d\*n's eyes !

The Devil slowly from the Bank,  
Went musing to the Mint, —  
And each for tempting men to crime  
Supplied him with a hint ;  
And many things at each he found,  
That are a devil's food ;  
In *that* he saw the "*Gates of Death*,"  
In *this* the "*Field of Blood*" !  
And he made a note, as he went his way,  
That Monday next was hanging-day.<sup>13</sup>

He stopped, on his way, in Lincoln's Inn,  
And gave a young gownsman a guinea,  
To move for an injunction,  
Against Chabert and Aldini.

He took a drive to the India House,  
Where he heard much pleasant news,  
The shooting of ninety-five Sepoys,  
And the burning of six Hindoos.

He stood beside a cottage lone,  
And listened to a lute,  
One summer eve, when the breeze was gone,

And the nightingale was mute.  
The moon was watching, on the hill,  
The stream was staid, and the maples still,  
To hear a lover's suit,  
That — half a vow, and half a prayer —  
Spoke less of hope than of despair;  
And rose into the calm, soft air,  
As sweet and low  
As he had heard — O woe! O woe! —  
The flutes of angels, long ago! —

“By every hope that earthward clings,  
By faith, that mounts on angel-wings,  
By *dreams* that make night shadows bright,  
And *truths* that turn our day to night,  
By childhood's smile, and manhood's tear,  
By pleasure's *day*, and sorrow's *year*,  
By all the strains that fancy sings,  
And pangs that time so surely brings,  
For joy or grief — for hope or fear,  
For all hereafter — as for here,  
In peace or strife — in storm or shine,  
My soul is wedded unto thine!”

And for its soft and sole reply,  
A murmur and a sweet low sigh,  
But not a spoken word;  
And yet they made the waters start  
Into *his* eyes who heard;  
For they told of a most loving heart,  
In a voice like that of a bird! —  
Of a heart that loved, — though it loved in vain,  
A grieving, — and yet not a pain! —

A love that took an early root,  
And had an early doom,  
Like trees that never grow to fruit,  
And early shed their bloom.<sup>14</sup>  
Of vanished hopes and happy smiles,  
All lost forevermore;  
Like ships, that sailed for sunny isles,  
But never came to shore.  
A flower that, in its withering,  
Preserved its fragrance, long; —  
A spirit that had lost its wing,  
But still retained its song.  
A joy that could not, *all*, be lost,  
A comfort in despair.  
And the Devil fled, like a lated ghost,  
That snuffs the purer air;  
For he felt how lovers' own sweet breath  
Surrounds them, like a spell,  
And he knew that love — as "strong as death" —  
Is far too strong for Hell;  
And, from the country of its birth,  
Brings thoughts — in sorrow or in mirth —  
That sanctify the earth, —  
Like angels, earthward tempest driven,  
And waiting to return to heaven.

He saw a parson counting o'er  
The parish fields in tillage;  
Then tether his horse 'mid the waving grass  
In the churchyard of the village! —  
And he thought of the agriculturist,  
From the home of his fathers driven,  
And the parson's wit, in making the *dead*  
A portion of his *Living*!

He saw a patriarch of the fields,  
A remnant of the past,—  
Fresh as an aged thorn, that yields  
Its blossoms to the last,—  
Lead forth, from England's merry shore,  
A young and sturdy brood,  
To cross the wide Pacific's roar,  
For shelter and for food!—  
And he spoke, in his place, in parliament,  
In defence of tithes and heavy rent.

He heard a lawyer "making the worse  
Appear the better reason";  
And, quoth he, "friend Belial's seed hath grown  
Much good fruit, in its season!"

He saw a pauper sent to the wheel,  
For starving and mendicity;—  
And he thought of England's equal laws,  
And a hungry Briton's felicity.

He saw two spouses, "newly blest,"  
Quarrelling over their tea;—  
"Why, 'devil with devil damned,' at home,  
'Firm concord holds,'" quoth he!<sup>15</sup>

He saw a Bow Street officer  
Bear witness against a thief;  
And a magistrate pocket a parish-bribe,  
For refusing a pauper relief;—  
And the Devil likened the one and the other  
To the sons of Israel, selling their brother.

He subscribed to the society  
For suppressing the growth of vice;<sup>16</sup>



And the Devil showed his piety,  
By giving donations, twice !  
At present, the *chair* is ably filled,  
And, of course, they have no *vice*,  
Or the Devil's zeal is such, he were sure  
To be chosen, in a trice !

He saw a father *pressed*, in his bed ;  
And the Devil laughed his fill,  
To think that Wilberforce was dead,  
And the slave-trade living still ; —  
And he muttered one of our national staves,  
“ Britons never shall be slaves ! ”

The Devil went to the Opera-house,  
At eight, on Saturday night,  
And many things there he both saw and heard,  
That tickled his ear and sight.  
The manager's clock struck the hour of twelve,  
Just as the *Ballet* was done,  
So the Devil's watch must have been too fast,  
For it pointed *nearly one* !  
O, sweetest, in the Devil's eye,  
Is the sin that is covered with a lie ;  
And dearest those who take his road,  
Like monks of old, *in the name of God* !

A Hebrew knelt, in the dying light, —  
His eye was dim and cold,  
The hairs on his brow were silver-white,  
And his blood was thin and old.  
He lifted his look to his latest sun,  
For he knew that his pilgrimage was done.  
And as he saw God's *shadow* there,<sup>17</sup>  
His spirit poured itself in prayer.

"I come unto death's second-birth,  
Beneath a stranger-air,  
A pilgrim on a dull, cold earth,  
As all my fathers were.  
And men have stamped me with a curse, —  
I feel it is not *Thine*,  
Thy mercy — like yon sun — was made  
On me — as them — to shine ;  
And, therefore, dare I lift mine eye,  
Through that, to Thee, — before I die.

"In this great temple, built by Thee,  
Whose altars *are* divine,  
Beneath yon lamp, that ceaselessly  
Lights up *Thine* own true shrine,  
O take my latest sacrifice, —  
Look down, and make this sod  
Holy as that where, long ago,  
The Hebrew met his God !

"I have not caused the widow's tears,  
Nor dimmed the orphan's eye,  
I have not stained the virgin's years,  
Nor mocked the mourner's cry ;  
The songs of Zion, in mine ear,  
Have ever been most sweet,  
And always when I felt Thee near,  
My 'shoes' were 'off my feet.'

"I have known Thee, in the whirlwind,  
I have known Thee, on the hill,  
I have loved Thee, in the voice of birds,  
Or the music of the rill.  
I dreamt Thee in the shadow,

### THE DEVIL'S PROGRESS.

Thee in the light,  
l Thee in the thunder-peal,  
orshipped in the night.  
auty, while it spoke of Thee,  
ade my soul rejoice,  
y spirit bowed within itself,  
r Thy 'still-small voice.'  
not felt myself a thing  
om Thy presence driven,  
ning sword or waving wing,  
ut from Thee and heaven.

I the whirlwind reap, because  
hers sowed the storm,  
ink — because *another* sinned —  
h Thy red right-arm ?  
ch of this we dimly scan,  
uch is all unknown, —  
will not take my curse from *man*,  
to Thee, alone !  
my fainting spirit live,  
hat is dark reveal,  
hat is evil, O forgive,  
hat is broken heal,  
eanse my nature, from above,  
deep Jordan of Thy love !

ow not if the Christian's heaven  
e the same as mine,  
ask to be forgiven,  
ken home to Thine.  
y on a far, dim strand,  
mansions are as tombs,  
ng to find the father-land,

Where there are many homes,  
O grant, of all yon starry thrones,  
Some dim and distant star,  
Where Judah's lost and scattered sons  
May love Thee, from afar !  
When all earth's myriad harps shall meet,  
In choral praise and prayer,  
Shall Zion's harp — of old, so sweet —  
Alone be wanting there ?  
Yet, place me in Thy lowest seat,  
Though I — as now — be there  
The Christian's scorn, the Christian's jest ;  
But let me see and hear,  
From some dim mansion, in the sky,  
Thy bright ones, and their melody ! ”

The sun goes down with sudden gleam,  
And — beautiful as a lovely dream,  
And silently as air —  
The vision of a dark-eyed girl,  
With long and raven hair,  
Glides in — as guardian spirits glide —  
And, lo ! is kneeling by his side ;  
As if her sudden presence there  
Were sent, in answer to his prayer !  
(O, say they not that angels tread  
Around the good man's dying-bed ?)  
His child ! — his sweet and sinless child ! —  
And as he gazed on her,  
He knew his God was reconciled,  
And this the messenger, —  
As sure as God had hung on high,  
The promise-bow before his eye ! —  
Earth's purest hope thus o'er him flung,

I saw Thee in the light,  
I heard Thee in the thunder-peal,  
And worshipped in the night.  
All beauty, while it spoke of Thee,  
Still made my soul rejoice,  
And my spirit bowed within itself,  
To hear Thy 'still-small voice.'  
I *have* not felt myself a thing  
Far from Thy presence driven,  
By flaming sword or waving wing,  
Shut out from Thee and heaven.

"Must I the whirlwind reap, because  
My fathers sowed the storm,  
Or shrink — because *another* sinned —  
Beneath Thy red right-arm ?  
O, much of this we dimly scan,  
And much is all unknown, —  
But I will not take my curse from *man*,  
I turn to Thee, alone !  
O, bid my fainting spirit live,  
And what is dark reveal,  
And what is evil, O forgive,  
And what is broken heal,  
And cleanse my nature, from above,  
In the deep Jordan of Thy love !

"I know not if the Christian's heaven  
Shall be the same as mine,  
I only ask to be forgiven,  
And taken home to Thine.  
I weary on a far, dim strand,  
Whose mansions are as tombs,  
And long to find the father-land,

Where there are many homes.  
O grant, of all yon starry thrones,  
Some dim and distant star,  
Where Judah's lost and scattered sons  
May love Thee, from afar !  
When all earth's myriad harps shall meet,  
In choral praise and prayer,  
Shall Zion's harp — of old, so sweet —  
Alone be wanting there ?  
Yet, place me in Thy lowest seat,  
Though I — as now — be there  
The Christian's scorn, the Christian's jest ;  
But let me see and hear,  
From some dim mansion, in the sky,  
Thy bright ones, and their melody ! ”

The sun goes down with sudden gleam,  
And — beautiful as a lovely dream,  
And silently as air —  
The vision of a dark-eyed girl,  
With long and raven hair,  
Glides in — as guardian spirits glide —  
And, lo ! is kneeling by his side ;  
As if her sudden presence there  
Were sent, in answer to his prayer !  
(O, say they not that angels tread  
Around the good man's dying-bed ?)  
His child ! — his sweet and sinless child ! —  
And as he gazed on her,  
He knew his God was reconciled,  
And this the messenger, —  
As sure as God had hung on high,  
The promise-bow before his eye ! —  
Earth's purest hope thus o'er him flung,

To point his heavenward faith,  
And life's most holy feeling strung,  
To sing him into death! —  
And, on his daughter's stainless breast,  
The dying Hebrew sought his rest!

The Devil turned uneasily round,  
For he knew that the place was holy ground,  
But, ere he passed, he saw a Turk  
Spit on the bearded Jew;  
And a Christian cursed those who could not eat  
pork; —  
Quoth the Devil, "These worthies may do my  
work;  
For one lost, here are two!  
Turk or Jew, or their Christian brother,  
I seldom lose one, but I gain another!"

He saw an ancient friend of his,  
When a lean and furious whig; —  
But his voice was small and bell-like, now,  
And his *system* sleek and big;  
His sleeves were of lawn, — and each of them  
Would have held a tithing pig;  
And he looked like a clerk who would rather beg  
Than either starve or dig;  
And his words were full of wisdom, now,  
The "wisdom" that comes with "the wig"! —  
And the Devil smiled, — and quoth he, "We made  
Our way in the world by the self-same trade!"

The Devil walked up Chancery Lane,  
And into the Chancery Court,  
Intending, like many who enter there,

To make his visit short ! —  
But the *Printer's* devil — a little black imp ! —  
Is waiting for his *tail*,<sup>18</sup>  
And swears — like a chip of the parent-block —  
That his time and patience fail ; —  
So, all we can add to the present strain  
Is, THE DEVIL HAS NOT YET GOT OUT AGAIN !







## NOTES.

---

Note 1. Page 190. Line 31.

The matter of regencies — like most other matters in this age of improvements — is becoming greatly simplified. We remember, in our schoolboy days, a song which promised many wonderful things from the then novel application of steam to a variety of mechanical purposes ; and a more cautious version of the same song written by some one of colder and more sceptical temperament, in which the said effects were made to be conditional upon the moon's being converted into green cheese. This condition as far as we know has not yet been fulfilled ; and, nevertheless, the said agent has been used to results more extraordinary than those contemplated by the said prophetic effusion. There seems at present no reason to despair of its being rendered available for the facilitation of purposes which have hitherto been supposed to depend for their accomplishment upon certain moral processes alone. Already it has been discovered that a portion of the government of the country can be "done" by means of a mechanical apparatus, — a stamping machine, — which has received the sanction of the legislature (for the exclusive benefit, we presume, of his Grace the patentee) ; and there needs only an extension of the same idea (an enlargement of the powers of the said instrument, and the application of steam to facilitate its operations) to enable us to add to the triumphs which science has achieved in our day, that of a "Royal Steam-Engine," capable of performing all the functions of the executive,

with precision and despatch. Even in times when the weight and importance of business might require the application of a high-pressure power, no danger could be apprehended to the state with such a safety-valve as the *responsibility* of *military* ministers. There is really something exceedingly pleasant in the solemn farces which we see occasionally got up at present for the edification of the public mind ; and we live in an age when dukes, not being very dangerous, contrive to be very amusing. It is well, however, that the times allow their tricks to wear the character of amusement, rather than of danger ; for our watch-dogs appear to be all asleep, or eating the sops which have been thrown to them.

By the way, there was something most felicitous in the tact which sent the Chancellor of his most gracious Majesty, George the Fourth, to seek his precedents in the reign of Henry the Eighth. His most gracious Majesty had been there for precedents before.

Note 2. Page 191. Line 8.

Query, Gilt? — *Printer's Devil*.

Note 3. Page 191. Line 19.

This mountebank monarch, whose dancing (if we may credit paragraphs in newspapers and anecdotes of memoir-writers) seems to have formed a standing interlude to the dreadful dramas in which through life he was engaged ; and who, in the latter years of that life especially, appears to have assumed the character of Ballet-master, in that strolling company which has facetiously enough denominated itself "*The Holy Alliance*," (*lucus a non lucendo* !) must have had a tolerable stock of these articles. It is impossible to contemplate the Imperial Coxcomb, whirling himself in one perpetual waltz through scenes from which the imagination recoils with unspeakable disgust, without recalling the idea embodied in the old pictures of the "Dance of Death." The abstract image of the crowned and starred *figurant* would be inexpressibly ludicrous, if it were *possible* to abstract it from those other images amid which its perpetual presence gives so

painful an impression of unfitness. There cannot be a more splendid example of *Bathos* than that which the mind experiences in the sudden transit (if it can make the fall, without dislocating itself) from the idea of the Imperial Captive, with his restless and mighty heart eating itself away on his solitary rock in the ocean, to that of the dandy Emperor, (with whom he played as with a shuttlecock,) dancing a *Polo-naise*!

Note 4. Page 191. Line 24.

By the way, as that same phrase of "weathering the storm" is one of those which are used by everybody, and not understood by quite so many, it may be as well to state here, that Mr. Pitt's method of "weathering a storm" was by taking a fine vessel out of dock, (where she was exceedingly snug and safe,) into the midst of it, by way of showing his seamanship, — he being at the same time Captain and Pilot; and — after performing a variety of very clever evolutions in the teeth of the gale, and having had a considerable quantity of his crew washed overboard — the said vessel was brought back into port by the first Lieutenant, utterly dismantled, and with every soul on board sea-sick, — the Captain himself having died of sea-sickness before she could get home again. By this death, a general promotion took place on board the ship; and the officers, naturally enough, over their grog, are loud in honor of the event to which they owe their advancement. The vessel is at present in the *dry-dock*, refitting.

Note 5. Page 192. Line 6.

*Query.* Is not this an anachronism? — *Printer's Devil.*  
 "Coming events cast their shadows before." — CAMPBELL.

Note 6. Page 194. Line 6.

After all, the fame of the great "plot who weathered the storm" must mainly depend upon the practical sublimity of that one idea. The range of taxation was thought to have been pretty well understood, and its coasts skirted in their full extent, till Pitt, like a financial Columbus, disclosed a

new world to Chancellors of the Exchequer, and opened golden prospects to the Treasury. All taxes to be laid by future ministers on such commodities as *air, dew, thunder, &c.* (and even the Devil's idea of "raising the wind" by taxing it) can only be regarded as copies of the original and master thought. Well might he assume to weather all storms, moral and physical, who dealt with the natural elements themselves as his subjects; and it can scarcely be a disparagement to even so great a spirit as the Devil to "row in the same boat with Mr. Pitt," — as Lord Eldon (who served "before the mast" in that goodly boat's company, — with which it is truly a pleasure and a pride to have been even a passenger) expresses it in his maudlin moods, — his *noctibus ambrosianis*! Not merely has Mr. Pitt merited immortality by his discovery of new financial regions, when the old were exhausted, — but it should not be overlooked in ascertaining the amount of his claims, that the novel subjects which he introduced to the Chancellor of the Exchequer, to be "dealt upon" (as the executioner phrases it in his politer moments) by that officer, have an advantage over all previous subjects of taxation, which could only have suggested itself to a master mind like Pitt's. From most of the former taxes, the utterly poor and wretched could contrive to escape, by denying themselves every comfort that could cheer, and every necessary that could support them, in bearing the weary load of a pauper's life; by giving "a stone" to their children when they cried for "bread"; and bidding them go out into God's open sunshine with the birds, and drink of the rain and the dew which the butterfly drinks, and pays nothing for it. Nay, it has been thought that even the great primal and paramount laws of human nature would not be strong enough to resist the power of taxation; and that a tax upon population itself would probably lead to an abstinence which would defeat its own end; (to say nothing of a few other trifling inconveniences to the future condition and resources of the empire, which might result from it, — but which a "great minister," like Mr. Pitt, would of course overlook, if his immediate object could be obtained at their expense.) That wonderful states-

man, therefore, had nothing left but to tax those very things which the beggar shares with the bird and the butterfly ; and as *air*, for instance, is a commodity of which every man, woman, and child must be a consumer, at least in a small way, he felt tolerably sure that in no case could the revenue be entirely defrauded. As for the asthmatic subjects, he "nailed" them !

By the way, there is something exquisitely pleasant in the idea of a *blind* man paying the *window-tax* !

Note 7. Page 194. Line 20.

It should be mentioned here, in reference to the last of these petitions, that Sir J\*\*\*\* G\*\*\*\*\* would have been requested to assist the Devil in supporting the prayer of it, had not his name been inserted, as chief commissioner of the proposed new Excise, into a bill founded upon the said petition, and intended to be introduced by his Satanic Majesty, if permitted to take his seat in the House of Commons. That paragon of censors, George Colman, the younger, (whose deputy-licensing jokes are infinitely more facetious than all his "Broad Grins," or any other of his early indecencies,) is spoken of for the situation of an under-clerk in the same office.

Note 8. Page 196. Line 2.

The boundary line from Arta to Volo—including Acarnania, and a part of Ætolia, together with Candia, and some other islands, all of which lie *without* the line marked by the course of the Aspro-Potamos—(though not that intended for the new Greek state by the guaranteeing powers) is *actually* in the full and peaceable possession of the Greeks ; and has been purchased for them by the blood of some of their noblest martyrs. It is earnestly to be hoped, that, before the final settlement of this young state, some terms of compromise or exchange may be found, by which she may be enabled to retain members, the severing of which would engender feelings likely to retard her internal organization for many years ; to say nothing of these places being (in the opinion of those who alone are in a position to form an opinion on the subject)

*absolutely necessary*, to give her a frontier capable of military defence.

[Note 9. Page 198. Line 4.

It is impossible — for those who bear in mind the benefits which France purchased by her last revolution, and the unutterably dreadful price which she paid for them — to contemplate the conduct of the infatuated princes whom she so generously received back into her arms, (though they were the cowards who first fled from her in her hour of trial,) without a feeling in which surprise is almost lost in burning indignation. In the interests of humanity, it is most earnestly to be hoped that *that* fated family, who — like our own Stuarts — have neither learnt nor forgotten anything in adversity and exile, may be swept from the government of the noble nation over which they are so utterly unfitted to preside, ere time shall have so far again identified them with her institutions and feelings as to render their expulsion only practicable at the expense of (were it but a fiftieth part of) the blood, and pangs, and guilt which they have cost her already. When we hear of her imbecile and gasconading monarch threatening “to show what a Bourbon can do, in the exercise of his power,” can it be possible that he (an aged man, and an eyewitness of things, which but to read of makes the blood curdle and creep in the veins of the young and buoyant) can forget, were it through a vista of as many years as he has lived days, what a wronged *people* can do, when driven to the exertion of the power which resides in *them*? There is something awful in the thought of the human responsibility which the self-willed old man is daring or dotard enough to incur, — standing as he does, according to all ordinary calculations of chances, within the very shadow of his tomb; and fearful, indeed, (should that which has been done be to do over again,) must be England’s share of the blame, for her blind ministering to the lying spirit of legitimacy; — England who did not hesitate to “put away the unclean thing” from amongst her own tabernacles, when its uncleanness was found to be incurable; and yet sent back to France her lepers, with

their spots unwashed away by all the rivers of blood, and tears, and sorrow — each deep as Jordan — through which they had passed. But our trust and our consolation are in France herself. She *cannot* recede. The spirit of a most enlightened freedom is warm and active within her, — a spirit to win which she mortgaged all her treasures, even to her *virtue* ! The last she has in great measure redeemed ; and no possible power, or combination of powers or circumstances, can ever again sink her into that state of moral and political abasement from which she could only emerge by so fearful a revulsion as that which has once shaken her to pieces. It is to be wished that the party of that most wicked princess, the Dauphiness, (for wicked she must be who dares play with such elements,) may be permitted to gather and strengthen themselves in evil, — as we would wish to see the black and sulphurous clouds, which are scattered through the air, accumulate and draw to one point, that the discharge may take place, and the atmosphere be cleared, without mischief.

Note 10. Page 200. Line 18.

Such is the natural course of all colonial possession ; and such its inevitable destiny, at the moment when it shall have attained sufficient skill and resources in those arts which are the strength of the mother country, and the principle of its power.

Note 11. Page 200. Line 22.

To any hypercritic, who may be inclined to find fault with this rhyme, we have to observe that Mr. O'C\*\*\* is an Irishman, and he — the said hypercritic — a goose.

Note 12. Page 201. Line 29.

Should any captious reader entertain a suspicion that the above excellent pun is not altogether a stranger to his ears, we think it right to anticipate anything which he may be disposed to say in a spirit of depreciation, — by the assurance that the said pun was manufactured expressly for this work. And to any one who may, in spite of this assertion, be disposed

to exercise an act of ownership (or of right of common) over it, we give fair warning that he will place himself in the very invidious position of those against whom the reproach has been so justly launched by Puff, in "The Critic," of having by a kind of prospective fraud uttered our good things before us. Should even this fail to secure us in our claim to originality, we have only to say, in the last resort, that we should assuredly have said the above "good thing" if no one had ever said it before us. And upon each of these pleas issue is joined.

We recommend to the perusal of Mr. Cotton (and others filling his solemn and responsible situation) the perusal of an admirable and powerfully-written paper called "The Murderer's Last Night," which appeared in Blackwood's Magazine some time ago. It is dreadful to see wretches, loaded with crime, forced at forty-eight hours' notice into the presence of their final Judge; and then to have the public mind shocked, and the public example poisoned, by accounts of their happy and untrembling state of mind, which would almost make them into martyrs. If the public good requires that, for the public warning, these fearful sacrifices of human life shall be made, let not the warning be destroyed, and the sacrifices rendered vain by those triumphing notes which change the whole character of an execution; and let not a wretch, (on whose hands perhaps the blood of a fellow-creature has scarcely yet had time to dry, and whose whole life has been a continued breach of laws, human and divine,) on the strength of a repentance, wrung from him by the certainty of immediate death, and stripped of all its merit by the impossibility of his committing further crime, go with a bold and confiding heart to that tribunal which the best and purest may not face, but in a hope that is born of trembling.

Note 13. Page 202. Line 18.

Mr. Gates is the solicitor to the Society of Bankers, and Mr. Field the Inspector to the Mint. Of these gentlemen, in their individual characters, we know nothing; and it is only to the proceedings in which they figure publicly in their above ca-



pacities that allusion is here made. The blame of these proceedings cannot be supposed to rest with them, any further than that their being agents at all of such systems is of course voluntary.

The total number of persons executed for forgery, or uttering forged instruments, in the years 1820 and 1821, were 36; of these the Bank executions were 35! — *Parliamentary Return*.

Note 14. Page 204. Line 4.

E fornito 'l mio tempo a mezzo gli anni!

Note 15. Page 205. Line 22.

And so said Milton, before him.

Note 16. Page 205. Line 30.

A friend of ours who is a member of this society (and we believe a conscientious one, although otherwise a sensible man), having occasion some time since to look in upon us, apologised for the haste with which he almost immediately took his leave, by stating that he was on his way "to attend a meeting of the 'Society for the Promotion of Vice.'" Upon being reminded by us, to whom the mistake was remarkably savory, that from the mouths of children and idiots — and of those from whom haste and inadvertence take, for the moment, that deliberation which distinguishes from children and idiots — great moral and practical truths might sometimes be casually gathered, our friend had nothing for it but to retreat from the room and the argument, under cover of a very bad pun, (not remarkable, either, for its grammatical precision,) — assuring us that he meant *vice-versa*.

Note 17. Page 206. Line 31.

Plato calls Truth, the body of God, and Light, his *shadow*! — perhaps the sublimest of all conceptions having a merely mortal breast for their birthplace.

Note 18. Page 211. Line 3.

*Query, Tale?*



### POSTSCRIPT BY THE PUBLISHER.



HE Publisher has reason to believe, (notwithstanding the undoubted general correctness of the information possessed by the "Court-Journal" and its editor, as to the movements of fashionable and distinguished persons,) that the Prince of Darkness has, by some inconceivable means, escaped from the clutches of the Chancellor; — probably because "the King's conscience" and the Devil are a couple of subjects a great deal too slippery to be kept, at the same time, by the same man, (even though that man be a lawyer and the prince of lawyers, — a race proverbial for keeping fast hold of anything they can lay their hands upon.) In reference to the first of these, we have had many reasons to know that the King's conscience is a peculiarly subtle possession, — exceedingly supple and tortuous; and apt, upon all possible occasions, to slip through the fingers of those who should have the charge of it. It is said that Lord Eldon (a most wicked satirist, — funny to excess, — and, at the same time, a man of remarkable *tenacity*, — distinguished alike for his firm retention of substantialities and nonentities, — the good things of this age, and the delusions of preceding ones, —

place, perquisites, and prejudices,) facetiously accounted for the little control which he was able to exercise over *that* questionable property, by comparing it to the single hair, (taken from the head of John the Baptist, after it had come into the possession of the interesting daughter of Herodias,) which was shown, as their most precious relic, by the monks of an Italian Convent. Some visitor, a little more curious than one properly endowed with faith ought to be, having expressed a suspicion that the said hair was somewhat apocryphal, for no better reason than because (by the aid of spectacles of a tolerably magnifying capacity) he was wholly unable to see it, was very justly rebuked by the holy fathers who had it in charge, and profited by its exhibition,—with the assurance that they had never yet been able to see it themselves, although they had shown it for twenty years.

However all this may be, the publisher's reason for supposing that the Devil is once more at large, and roaming somewhere about the earth (apparently unknown to the proprietors of the "Court Journal"), is the following announcement, taken some time ago from a Scotch newspaper (and to which he has the pleasure to call their attention):—

**"SATAN ARRIVED IN GLASGOW BY THE MAIL,  
LAST NIGHT!"**



ILLUSTRATIONS OF MODERN  
SCULPTURE.



And the Devil sh  
By giving donat  
At present, the ch  
And, of course, t  
Or the Devil's ze  
To be chosen, in

He saw a father p  
And the Devil lau  
To think that Wi  
And the slave-trad  
And he muttered  
"Britons never sh

The Devil went to  
At eight, on Satur  
And many things :  
That tickled his ear  
The manager's clo  
Just as the *Ballet* v  
So the Devil's wat  
For it pointed *near*  
O, sweetest, in the  
Is the sin that is co  
And dearest those v  
Like monks of old,

A Hebrew knelt, in  
His eye was dim an  
The hairs on his br  
And his blood was  
He lifted his look to  
For he knew that hi  
And as he saw God  
His spirit poured it-



## PROMETHEUS.

ὅτι γὰρ οἶμαι τῇδε λατρεύειν πέτρα,  
καὶ φέροι Ζηνὶ πιστὸν ἄγγελον.

ÆSCHYLUS.

ONE! — amid the wastes — the bound-  
less wastes

Whence man shrinks back, and calls  
them solitude! —

Thou tempest by the riven chains  
Thou bondage! — taunted by the pangs  
Thou pain, — for long revolving years,  
Earth's ages! — Spirit of the free!

Thine undying frame gives way  
To culture; nor have thousand storms  
Dimin'd thy glory on thy deathless brow: —

Thou non-plague thou dost arm thy frame  
By the current of thine own resolve; —

Thou onsets of the demon-snow

Thou the fire it won from heaven.

Thou bound thee; — nor its allies, days,

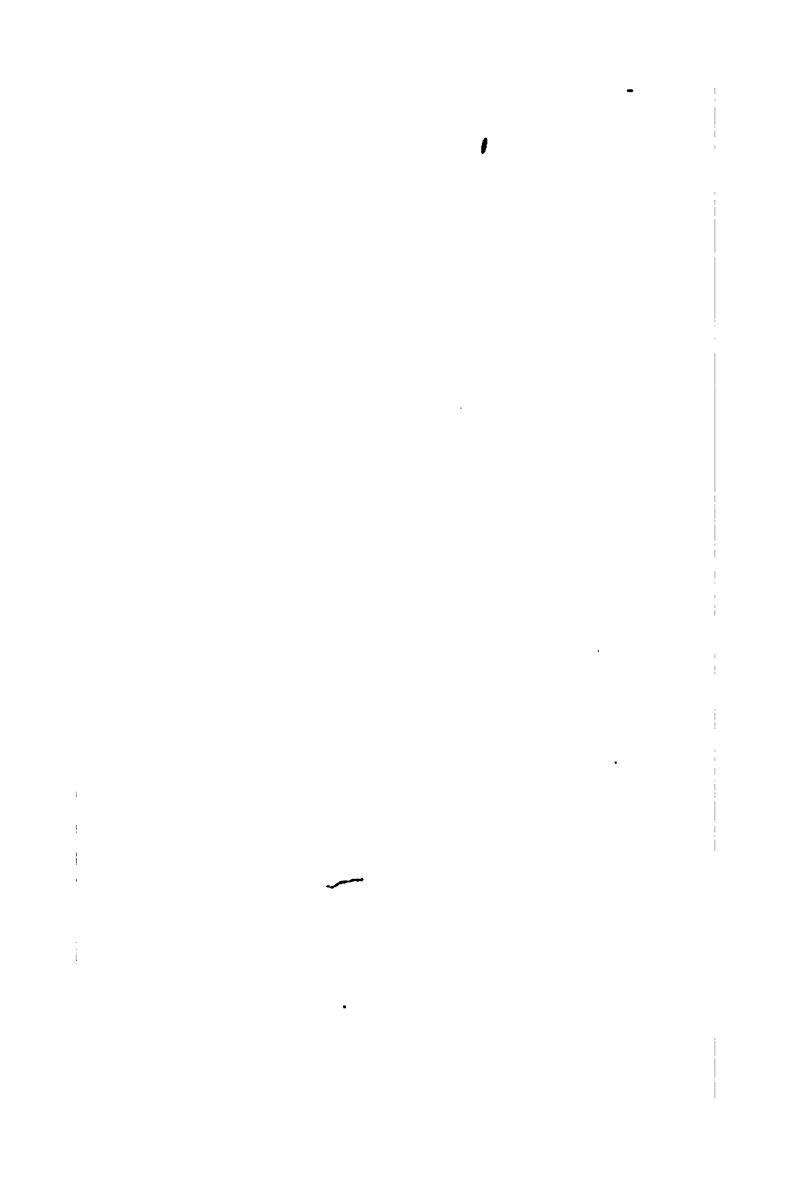
Thou beauty; nor thine own heart's blood,

Thou rivers, for a thousand years,

Thou fountain of that mighty heart!

Thou though with a dungeon for a throne,

Thou a captive, yet to soar a god!





## PROMETHEUS.

*Κραίσσον γὰρ οἶμαι τῆδε λατρεῖν πέτρῃ,  
Ἡ πατρὶ φύναι Σηνὶ πιστὸν ἄγγελον.*  
ÆSCHYLUS.



LONE! — amid the wastes — the bound-  
less wastes

Whence man shrinks back, and calls  
them solitude! —

Lashed to the tempest by the riven chains  
Which men name bondage! — taunted by the pangs  
The world deems pain, — for long revolving years,  
That make earth's ages! — Spirit of the free!  
No nerve of thine undying frame gives way  
Before the vulture; nor have thousand storms  
Eclipsed the glory on thy deathless brow: —  
For the fierce sun-plague thou dost arm thy frame  
With the cool current of thine own resolve; —  
And 'gainst the onsets of the demon-snow  
Thy spirit has the fire it won from heaven.  
Pain cannot bend thee; — nor its allies, days,  
Put out thy beauty; nor thine own heart's blood,  
Outpoured in rivers, for a thousand years,  
Dry up the fountain of that mighty heart!  
A king — though with a dungeon for a throne,  
And, though a captive, yet to soar a god!



Alone! — O, not alone; while thou hast left  
Thine own heart's high companionship, — the  
thoughts

Which tempests cannot chase, nor tyrants chain; —  
Which come on tameless wings, with eyes of flame,  
And light thine outward darkness from within! —

Alone! — thy soul has allies of its own,  
Who come and teach it wisdom, — friends who hold  
High converse with thee on thy lonely rock,  
And make it an Olympus of the earth!

To thy wild prison comes the prophet-wind, —  
The free-born wind that wanders where it will,  
And shouts for freedom! and the ancient sea  
Sends up a language from its thousand waves,  
That through the solemn silence talks with thee! —  
And the wild torrents from the desert call  
On thee, their brother, as they leap along.

And softer voices of the silver rills  
Sing to thy spirit, in a sweet low song.

The dim pine forests, with their leafy tongues,  
Send comfort to thee! — and the silent stars —  
Who are thy neighbors — open, night and day,  
Their golden volumes for thy soul to read,  
And spread their written lore before thine eyes! —  
The Universal Spirit sits with thee! —

The ancient mother, with the self-same strain  
With which she rocked the cradle of the spheres,  
Sings to thee in thy peopled solitude;  
Soothing thy senses with her many tones,  
Her fall of waters, and her breath of flowers,  
And hundred tongues that in the desert speak!

Spirit of freedom! — on the same wild hills  
Where fable chained thee, centuries ago,

Thou art a captive still ; and at their feet  
The Scythian slave has lost the fiery gift  
For which thy spirit climbed the heights of heaven,  
And walked along the pathways of the stars ; —  
Forgotten never ! — Spirit unsubdued !  
Amid that land of frozen plains and souls,  
Are beating hearts that wake long, weary nights,  
Unseen, to listen to thy far-off sigh ;  
And stealthily the serf, amid his toils,  
Looks up to see thy form against the sky.  
O for thy day of rising ! when thy voice  
Shall shake the mountains, and its trumpet tones  
Wake up an hundred echoes on the plains, —  
One wild high shout, — whose myriad-voice shall  
scare,  
Upon their thrones, the petty Joves of earth,  
And drown their thunders that have awed the  
world ! —  
And thou *shalt* rise ; — the vulture and the chain  
Shall both be conquered by thine own stern will ! —  
Hark ! o'er the far Atlantic comes a sound  
Of falling fetters, and a wild, glad cry  
Of myriad voices in a hymn to thee !  
Hail to that music ! to its tune sublime  
Shall march the legions of the world of mind,  
On to thy rescue, o'er each land and sea.  
The hand is up and doing, that shall break  
Thy bonds of ages. Proudly as of old  
Thy step shall tread the mountains, bringing back  
To the barbarian heart its gift of fire ;  
From every hill-top shall its flame ascend,  
And its bright beacons blaze on every shore ; —  
And, like the breeze, thy foot shall be as free  
By the Bosphoric as the British Sea !

## THE SLEEPING NYMPH.

(ECHO.)



ALAS ! the sunny isles and days,  
Where looks and forms like thine  
Were given to the poet's gaze  
To make his dreams divine !  
Where earth was peopled from the skies, —  
As is the breast of youth, —  
And through the *fair* men learnt the wise,  
And fable spoke for truth !  
Where waters, as they wound along,  
And mount, and star, and moon  
Gave oracles — and each in song,  
From temples of its own !  
Where spirit-eyes looked glancing out  
Amid the haunted trees ;  
And spirit-laughter's wild sweet shout  
Came sailing down the breeze ;  
And he, the lonely muser, knew,  
By many a mystic sound,  
That spirits of the beautiful —  
Were breathing all around !  
Where Dryads sat in solemn talk,  
Amid the woven trees, —  
And wandered o'er each mountain-walk  
The swift Oreiades, —  
And in each mead and valley sung  
Its own unearthly forms, —  
And seaward, bright Nereids wrung  
Their tresses in the storms, —

And some pale Hamadryad face,  
With melancholy look,  
Sat watching, in its charmed place,  
Beneath each lonely oak, —  
And from each river's low, sweet fall  
Stole up a Naiad tone, —  
And lake and rock had — each and all —  
A goddess of their own !

Sweet Echo ! in thine early day,  
How fair a Nymph wert thou,  
Ere yet an earthly shadow lay  
Upon thy deathless brow ! —  
When thy young laugh — flung wildly out  
Upon the joyous breeze —  
Betrayed to Pan thy whereabouts  
Amid his ancient trees,  
And drew him from his palace-grove,  
To chase the lady of his love ! —  
When thou wouldst jest, in idle strath,  
With all the winds of June ;  
Or rush at eve along the plain,  
A huntress, with the moon ;  
But pausing still, by night or day,  
To talk with all things on thy way,  
And to each greeting, on thy track,  
To fling thy wild, glad answer back !  
How beautiful, — when sleep, at length,  
Had tamed thy spirit's joyous strength,  
And lulled within thy bounding breast,  
Its conscious happiness to rest, —  
How beautiful, — as softly laid,  
At noon, within some forest-shade,  
And by some mortal watcher seen,

In stealth, beyond the leafy screen ;  
Who carried — never to forget —  
The deathless vision in his heart,  
And gave — in hues that linger yet —  
That momentary trance to art ;  
Or sung that sleeping form of thine,  
In words the thought had made divine !  
How beautiful, — as *here* revealed  
Unto a sculptor's dream, —  
As, haply, thou hast lain of eld,  
High o'er some prophet stream,  
Whose mystic tone stole up the steep,  
And hushed thy laughing heart to sleep ! —  
Young Echo ! — ere she yet had part  
In human hopes or human ills, —  
With nothing nearer to her heart  
Than were the far blue hills !  
Young Echo ! — ere her early mirth  
Was withered by the loves of earth ; —  
Ere grief had wasted to a shade  
Her rich, round form, — or dimmed her eye ;  
Or that wild voice of old that strayed,  
In laughter through each glen and glade,  
Was saddened to a sigh !

But gone ! — her sister-nymphs are gone  
From wave and mount and plain ;  
And she, alas ! is left alone,  
Of all that spirit-train, —  
Though nevermore, in grove or green,  
By waking vision to be seen,  
But only — like a far-off bird —  
In solitary places heard ; —  
A floating voice — a wandering sigh —

That still must pine — but cannot die !  
Seek out, amid the Grecian glades,  
The Nymphs of other days,  
And call upon those banished maids,  
In all their ancient ways, —  
And to thy quest shall none reply,  
Save Echo, with her mournful cry,  
Whose murmur, in a sad, sweet fall,  
Still answers for them all ; —  
The viewless mourner of the woods !  
The orphan of the solitudes !

Alas for Greece ! — alas for thee !  
In thy new garment of the free,  
A mourner still thou art ! —  
Though thou hast given thy widow's hand,  
In marriage with the stranger-land,  
And, in thy beauty's deathless pride,  
Thou lookest up once more a bride,  
To play a queenly part, —  
The brightness of thy soul is o'er,  
To be rekindled nevermore,  
And thy sweet face, for all its years,  
Must wear the trace of former tears.  
Amid the lost and perished dreams  
That flung a glory o'er thy streams,  
That wove a spell for every vale,  
And crowned thee with the crown of art ; —  
How like thy story to the tale  
Of some sad human heart !

Nymph of the hidden spring that wells  
Amid my darkened years !  
(The spirit that forever dwells

Beside their fount of tears) —  
Lone relic of the fairy things  
That to life's morn were given,  
That came to it on angel-wings  
And brought it airs from heaven ! —  
Last of the bright and visioned forms  
That sunned the young, glad breast,  
Or wandered o'er its hills of storms,  
And sang its waves to rest ! —  
Sole sister of the vanished hopes  
That, with immortal eyes,  
Sat smiling on its sunny slopes,  
Like creatures of the skies ;  
In all thy winding ways, apart,  
By all its waters seen, —  
The still, clear rivers of the heart,  
The spirit's pastures green ;  
That played to it on harps of gold,  
Through all youth's blessed hours,  
When, like the fabled race of old,\*  
It seemed to feed on flowers ! —  
Nymph of the last, lone spring that wells  
Amid my mourning years ! —  
(The lady that forever dwells  
Beside their fount of tears) —  
Ah ! why is Echo left alone,  
To tell of all her sisters gone ?

O, years that make the spirit wise,  
Still make the spirit pay in sighs !  
And, if the ground be cleared for truth,  
How beautiful it was in youth !

\* See Pliny's History of the Astoni, — a people without mouths, who lived on the smell of flowers.

When flowers grew thick in fancy's dew,  
That, if they cumbered — sweetened too,  
And drew down many a singing bird,  
Whose song shall never more be heard ;  
And rills beneath its sunlight ran  
That time and knowledge drain for man,  
But, when their crystal flags are furled,  
Take half its beauty from the world ;  
And shapes, amid those rills and flowers,  
Made Edens of the young heart's bowers, —  
Lost shapes, whose steps along its glades,  
And by a thousand springs,  
May now be traced through glooms and shades,  
By many withered rings !  
O, gone the hues of green and gold  
That decked the spirit's dales and downs,  
From which its Meadow-nymphs of old  
Were wont to weave their crowns !  
And dried away the founts and burns  
Where joys, like Naiads, filled their urns !  
And left the pleasant groves behind  
That nursed the Dryads of the mind !  
And vanished, with their sheltering trees,  
The young heart's Hamadryades ! —  
The trees of hope, whose leafless stems  
Show now, through memory's gloom,  
Each lonely as the pillar set  
On Rachel's lonely tomb ! —  
And though their wrecked and blighted forms  
Be full of morals for the wise,  
And he who questions of their storms  
May gather high replies, —  
And though the prophet-voices spoke,  
At times of old, from *withered trees*,



And though Dodona's *blighted* oak  
Flung answers to the breeze, —  
The oracles were sweeter far  
Dodona uttered by the dove ;  
And O, the time of flower and star,  
And fairy things to love ! —  
When, like the isles of Grecian song,  
The youthful heart was haunted ground,  
Where nymph-like visions passed along,  
And sweetest whispers stole around ;  
And by its bright, swift founts of thought,  
Sat spirits, singing wildest strains,  
And shapes — O, since how vainly sought ! —  
Went hunting o'er its plains !  
Ere all were gone — save only thou,  
Pale spirit with the mournful brow ! —  
That sittest by a fountain lone,  
And singest, 'mid the withered leaves,  
Thy songs, made up of many a tone,  
But each a tone that grieves ;  
The songs of blessed years — but played,  
All played upon a harp of sighs ! —  
Thyself a faded thing — a shade —  
With only brow and eyes ; —  
Nymph of the latest spring that wells  
Amid my wasted years !  
(The lady that forever dwells  
Beside their fount of tears !)  
Of all the spirit's Nymphs the last —  
The fondest too — who *memory* art !  
The shadow of a beauty past !  
Pale Echo — of the heart !

## VENUS.



MOON-EYED Urania! — 'mid the ruined  
fanes

Whose scattered columns crowd the  
mourning isles,

Where thou hast wandered o'er the flowering plains,  
And poured the treasures of thy sweetest smiles ; —  
Where all that *was* the temple, is the tomb,  
Of some lost faith, — and desolation lies  
On shrines whose priest is silence, robed in gloom,  
Dead oracles that utter no replies ; —

Where, from Parnassus' woody haunts and high,  
All minstrels, save the bird and breeze, are gone,  
And blue Olympus, towering through the sky,  
Is crowned by memory's silent court, alone ; —  
Where gods have vanished from each stream and  
hill, —

Those fond abstractions of a truth to come ! —  
Thou, bright Urania ! — art a goddess still,  
A goddess, with a worship and a home !

Queen of the heart ! — Astarte 'mid the stars ! —  
Sea-Aphrodite ! — Venus of the earth ! —  
Whom the young seasons, in their golden cars,  
Came wheeling forth to welcome, at thy birth,  
And wait on still ! — within a thousand lands,  
Thine are the altars on a thousand hills,  
Thou brightest of the bright and spirit bands  
That bow our natures to their deathless wills !  
Not born to perish with the Grecian dreams, —  
A goddess thou, ere Greece was yet a name !

Though never didst thou shed diviner gleams,  
And never sweeter music sang thy name,  
Than in the valleys of the bright, blue sea,  
That rocked the world's first cradle of the free ! —  
Thy homes are hearts, — thine oracles are sighs ;  
And passion is the priestess at thy shrine ; —  
And never fonder hearts nor fierier eyes  
Bowed down beneath their burning dreams of  
thine ; —

O, never skies more bright and scenes more fair  
Called forth the spirit, with its kind to rove,  
And ne'er did sweeter streams and softer air  
Make pleasant pathways for the steps of love !

Spirit of beauty ! mistress of the world !  
Whose empire was of old, and still is young ! —  
The Syrian, when he saw thy sign unfurled,  
And on its light in breathless rapture hung,  
And breathed the young soul's offering of a sigh,  
As thy sweet face came up the eastern sky ; —  
The votary, — when thy beauty, pure and still,  
Looked o'er the palm-trees on the Sidon hill,  
Who knelt, — till thoughts stole up within his heart,  
That in his worship claimed a mortal part,  
And mingled with thy glances of the skies  
Glimpses of other soft and moonlike eyes,  
And, in thy features of immortal birth,  
Beheld some young Astarte of the earth ; —  
O, not more ardent worshippers were they  
Than burning spirits of our later day ;  
Who wander forth, beneath thy glorious eye,  
And watch, entranced, thy steps along the sky,  
And hail thy presence 'mid the starry spheres,  
With adoration that is almost tears, —

Till all its stains, before thy holy ray,  
From earthly love are purified away,  
And, as the clouds are from thy sweetness driven,  
Their mortal passion takes the hues of heaven !

And not more beautiful, when all was still,  
Save spirit-whispers upon Ida's hill,  
Thy form that offered, on the heights of Troy,  
Immortal beauty to a mortal boy, —  
And not more fair thy fair and spirit-face,  
That wooed the Cyprian hunter from the chase,  
Or, in the beauty of thy deathless tears,  
Mourned o'er the son of Myrrha's few brief years,  
(And nursed, with weeping, for thy sorrow's ease,  
The thoughts which are the soul's anemones,)\*  
Than forms and faces in thy strength that come,  
To be the light to-day of many a home,  
And, in the cæstus of their own sweet truth,  
Explain thy secret of undying youth ;  
Whose smiles and softness play a priestess' part,  
To keep alive thy worship in the heart ;  
Who teach us, with their graces ever new,  
How dreams of thee and thine Olympus grew,  
And show us, with their fond and flashing eyes,  
Where men had learnt such legends of the skies !  
Forms that sit watching by our household fires,  
Or with their beauty fan our young desires,  
Or fill the room where memory's shadows roll,  
The spirit's ghosts, — the Lares of the soul ! —  
O, filling home's, or hope's, or memory's part,  
Some goddess sits within each living heart !

\* The anemone, or wind-flower, is the plant into which Adonis was fabled to have been changed, by the nectar sprinkled by the mourning Venus over the ground where he had fallen.

Urania! — cold the breast and dull the brow  
 That never reached thy altars with a vow;  
 That, 'mid the world, no gentle face can see,  
 For whose sweet sake the spirit worships thee! —  
 And sad who has not, 'mid the forms of earth,  
 A Venus of the heart — or of the hearth!

# HEBE.

Νέκταρ ἐμφοχέει.

πρόνια Ἥβη

HOMER.



BEAUTIFUL spirit! — lady who dost  
 play  
 With the young rainbows, by life's early  
 springs,

Why — with the rainbow — fade so soon away,  
 Passing on viewless and on soundless wings?  
 Born — *like* that painted vision — of the hours  
 When very tears are lighted by the sun;  
 But fading — not like her *because* the showers  
 Are kissed away, and beautifully gone;  
 Thou, too, dost fling thy colors o'er the mind, —  
 To float away, — but leave the tears behind!

Why dost thou fly? — alas! *thou* fliest not,  
 The wings that take us from thee are our own!  
 We are like men, who journey in a boat  
 Through some bright valley, — gliding on and on,  
 Without the sense of motion, — while the trees  
 Steal by as they were walking in a dream, —

And the flag-lily, waving in the breeze,  
Goes sailing from us up the perfumed stream, —  
And all things pass us by ; — yet all are still,  
Save we, who wander at the river's will !  
Or like the men of old, who dreamt the sun —  
The everlasting sun — removed his light,  
When the small spot of earth they stood upon  
Had travelled from his beauty into night !  
*Thou* art not winged, — *thy* bright eye darkens not,  
The pinions and the dimness are our own ; —  
O, for the sunny hills and shady grot,  
Forever ringing to thy sweet, glad tone !  
Why have we known their sunshine, but to see  
The mists of time around thy region curled, —  
And dwelt, so many a pleasant hour, with thee,  
To wander forth, the pilgrims of the world !

Immortal spirit ! — lady of the bowl  
Which all taste once, and none may taste again, —  
O, for thy lost *Nepenthe*, — from the soul  
To chase all sorrow and to charm all pain ! —  
The *early* *Lethe*, ere it flows o'er graves,  
That drowns of memory only memory's smart, —  
The *Jordan* that has healing in its waves  
To wash away the plague-spots of the heart !

Immortal spirit ! — may we nevermore  
Behold the valley nor the silver spring  
Where haunt the graces, as in days of yore,  
And thou, as then, sitt'st brightly ministering ?  
But *once* — but *only once* ! — 't was fabled well  
That, for the gods alone, 't was thine to pour  
The *unwasting* nectar from its golden cell, —  
*We* quaff but once, — to thirst forevermore ;

For the dark Lethe of the grave to pine,  
*Because* we nevermore may drink of thine, —  
 Nor cleanse away the spirit's every sore  
 In youth's far-distant Jordan — evermore !

## ARETHUSA.

Αἱ ῥ' οὐτε θνητῆς ὄντ' ἀθανάτοισιν ἔπονται.

HYMN TO APHEODITE.



**E** hear them yet! — their low and lulling  
 song  
 Yet haunts the dreamer, when the soul  
 is still,  
 In spirit-mirth the waterfall among,  
 In spirit-sighing from the distant hill !  
 Their sweet, wild whispers, in the hush of noon,  
 Steal dimly upward from the river-cells,  
 Or float beneath the melancholy moon,  
 Where night and silence ring the lily-bells.  
 Their ancient tones make musical the air,  
 In the deep pauses of the summer breeze,  
 And Dryad-voices wander everywhere,  
 In dreamy talk amid the solemn trees ; —  
 O'er the bright meadows, — near the haunted  
 fount, —  
 Through the dim grotto's tracery of spars, —  
 'Mid the pine-temples on the moonlit mount,  
 Where stillness sits, to listen to the stars, —  
 In the deep glade where dwells the brooding  
 dove, —

Through the lone valley, — by the rushing rill,—  
Where'er, of old, the nymphs were wont to rove,  
The heart may hear their steps and voices still !

And what though nevermore, O nevermore,  
Where once they wandered, shall the mortal eye  
Behold, revealed, the visions that of yore  
Brought down to earth the colors of the sky ; —  
Though never shall their glorious forms be met,  
By the lone wanderer in green or grove,  
Nor evermore shall nymph or naiad wait,  
To hear the breathings of an earthly love ; —  
What though — like her, their sister of the fields,  
Who nourished hopes that had a mortal birth,  
And reaped the fruit that mortal passion yields  
Too oft — and withered, like a thing of earth,  
And grew a shadow ; — though, like Echo fair,  
They haunt no more, in shape, the classic ground,  
Like that young mourner, melted into air,  
And faded each into a viewless sound, —  
Still are they present where the fancy broods  
O'er nature, in her haunted solitudes,  
And still, in all her sweet and quiet ways,  
The dreamer meets the nymphs of other days !

Bright Arethusa ! daughter of the West !  
Wanders thy fancy to the far-off caves  
Where, round thine own blue " Islands of the  
Blest,"

Rings the glad music of thy native waves ?  
Child of the ocean ! — who hast left thy sire,  
To walk with nature on the lonely hills,  
Or track, with bounding steps that never tire,  
The wanderings of the wild and wayward rills ; —  
Before whose tread, across the silent plain,



The forest herds are plentifully driven,  
What time thy mistress, with her starry train,  
Hunts the swift shadows in the fields of heaven;  
Bright Arethusa!—to thy listening ear  
What sound has wandered, through the silent  
night;—

Some startled hind that felt thy presence near,  
And shakes the branches in her panting flight?—  
Or Pan, the minstrel, playing, 'mid the leaves,  
At this still hour, his melancholy song?—  
Or Echo, with her voice that ever grieves?—  
Or, hark! sweet Henna's wooded shores along,  
Was that a cry;—a voice that calls on thee,  
In the low tones of fair Persephone?—  
Or, 'mid the pauses of the night-wind's hymn,  
Perhaps thine ear has caught a voice well known,  
That tells, to-night, why Dian's lamp is dim,—  
Thy lady whispers with Endymion?—  
Or, Arethusa, has thy virgin-ear  
Received the warning through thy startled heart?  
Is some fond spirit of the mountains near,  
Who in its beatings has a dearer part?—  
Haply, the breeze has brought, from far away,  
The murmured music of the sighing wave,  
Where sad Alpheius, through the night and day,  
Still sits and sorrows in his darkest cave?—  
Lone Arethusa, no!—thy maiden soul  
Thy lady's lofty oracles has caught,  
Who taught the heart's wild throbbings to control,  
Yet failed herself to learn the lore she taught.  
A spotless huntress of the hills art thou,  
With mind unfettered as thy limbs are free;  
And bearing in thy breast, as on thy brow,  
The patent of thy high divinity!

Not thine to read, as time shall o'er thee roll,  
The lessons passion writes upon the soul ;  
To learn how sorrow makes the spirit wise,  
And leads to truth across a "Bridge of Sighs" ;—  
Not thine, in age, to lie and cower apart,  
Above the embers of thy burnt-out heart ;—  
Not thine to sit, in vain, through after-years,  
And look for hope within the fount of tears ;—  
Not thine to nurse the fires, by slow degrees,  
Whose action makes the spirit's pulses freeze,  
And in the vacuum love has left behind,  
To feel the ice-chain growing o'er thy mind ;—  
Not thine to melt the diamond of thy soul,  
And drink the treasure in a single bowl ;—  
But thine to follow where the wild-deer leads,  
Through scented valleys, and o'er painted meads ;  
To talk with Nature in her many moods,  
And learn the tales of all her solitudes ;  
All that she has of beautiful to see,  
And banquet on all things that pleasant be,  
And list, by cooling stream and sheltering grove,  
To all sweet music, — save the voice of Love ! —  
To walk as light, with ages o'er thee flung,  
And pure as gentle hearts that perished young ;  
To wear, alike through scenes of peace and strife,  
The jewel of a chaste and charmed life ;  
And bear untainted, through the earth and sea,  
The treasure of thy soul's virginity !

Fair Arethusa ! — fair, and yet so wise ! —  
Perhaps thine ear had heard our human sighs ;  
Thy spirit-eyes had seen the cankering chain  
Love hides beneath his sweetest flowers, in vain,  
And, in their own high vision, watched, apart,

The iron enter many a mortal heart ;  
 Till thou — a creature of a loftier birth —  
 Hadst gathered wisdom from the sons of earth !  
 O, half immortal as thou wert to be,  
 What — with the arrow in thy breast — to thee  
 What were thy gift of immortality ? —  
 The boon to weep for *many* weary years,  
 To drag a heart-ache through an *age* of tears,  
 To wreath thy soul with *fadeless* poison-flowers,  
 And long to die, through *long* and *deathless* hours !

### MERCURY AND PANDORA.

μόνη δ' αὐτόθι Ἑλπίς ἐν ἀρήκτοισι δόμοισι  
 ἔνδον ἔμμενε.

HESEDON, *Works and Days*.



RUSH of wings amid the silent stars !  
 A shadow on the pathway of the sun !  
 The planets are out-travelled in their cars  
 Of everlasting speed ; and perfumes run,  
 Like heralds with their fragrant scrolls unfurled,  
 That to its bridal wake the Titan world !

The air is full of voices ! — the huge pines  
 Are singing to a breeze unfelt below !  
 A murmur in the ivy ! and the vines  
 Wave to their own glad music to and fro !  
 The earth looks young, as at a second birth,  
 Baptized in fire the Titan \* drew from high,

\* Prometheus.

And rings with music and the voice of mirth,  
Waters that laugh, and woods that prophesy.  
Through the long valley, like a living thing,  
Rushes the river, with its joyous song,  
Through shores — like rainbows of the earth —  
that fling

Back its loud uttering, as it leaps along!  
Amid the shade of forests, old and dim,  
From flutes of fauns, breathes many a loving  
tale,

Or echo listens to some satyr's hymn,  
And flings a low, wild answer down the vale!  
The air is full of voices! — whoops and calls,  
Uttered by spirits from the far, blue hills, —  
Shouts 'mid the ringing sound of waterfalls,  
And naiads singing by their silver rills, —  
And one wide-answering pæan, far on high,  
From birds that have gone half way to the sky!  
For Nature celebrates, on every lyre,  
The gift of beauty to the soul of fire!

The voice of ages! speaks it not in sighs?  
O for a glance to pierce the visions hid,  
By many shadows, from the spirit's eyes,  
Long ere the shadow of the pyramid!  
Vain haunters of the past, we wander back, —  
Like those who sought the Lebadeian tomb, — \*  
To search for wisdom by a narrow track,  
And pluck out knowledge from the heart of gloom;  
Though still those pilgrims, in the ancient tale,  
Came back, like mourners, — silent, sad, and  
pale!

\* The Cave of Trophonius.

And though Dodona's *blighted* oak  
Flung answers to the breeze, —  
The oracles were sweeter far  
Dodona uttered by the dove ;  
And O, the time of flower and star,  
And fairy things to love ! —  
When, like the isles of Grecian song,  
The youthful heart was haunted ground,  
Where nymph-like visions passed along,  
And sweetest whispers stole around ;  
And by its bright, swift founts of thought,  
Sat spirits, singing wildest strains,  
And shapes — O, since how vainly sought ! —  
Went hunting o'er its plains !  
Ere all were gone — save only thou,  
Pale spirit with the mournful brow ! —  
That sittest by a fountain lone,  
And singest, 'mid the withered leaves,  
Thy songs, made up of many a tone,  
But each a tone that grieves ;  
The songs of blessed years — but played,  
All played upon a harp of sighs ! —  
Thyself a faded thing — a shade —  
With only brow and eyes ; —  
Nymph of the latest spring that wells  
Amid my wasted years !  
(The lady that forever dwells  
Beside their fount of tears !)  
Of all the spirit's Nymphs the last —  
The fondest too — who *memory* art !  
The shadow of a beauty past !  
Pale Echo — of the heart !

## VENUS.



MOON-EYED Urania! — 'mid the ruined  
 fanes  
 Whose scattered columns crowd the  
 mourning isles,  
 Where thou hast wandered o'er the flowering plains,  
 And poured the treasures of thy sweetest smiles ; —  
 Where all that *was* the temple, is the tomb,  
 Of some lost faith, — and desolation lies  
 On shrines whose priest is silence, robed in gloom,  
 Dead oracles that utter no replies ; —  
 Where, from Parnassus' woody haunts and high,  
 All minstrels, save the bird and breeze, are gone,  
 And blue Olympus, towering through the sky,  
 Is crowned by memory's silent court, alone ; —  
 Where gods have vanished from each stream and  
 hill, —  
 Those fond abstractions of a truth to come ! —  
 Thou, bright Urania ! — art a goddess still,  
 A goddess, with a worship and a home !

Queen of the heart ! — Astarte 'mid the stars ! —  
 Sea-Aphrodite ! — Venus of the earth ! —  
 Whom the young seasons, in their golden cars,  
 Came wheeling forth to welcome, at thy birth,  
 And wait on still ! — within a thousand lands,  
 Thine are the altars on a thousand hills,  
 Thou brightest of the bright and spirit bands  
 That bow our natures to their deathless wills !  
 Not born to perish with the Grecian dreams, —  
 A goddess thou, ere Greece was yet a name !

And though Dodona's *blighted* oak  
Flung answers to the breeze, —  
The oracles were sweeter far  
Dodona uttered by the dove ;  
And O, the time of flower and star,  
And fairy things to love ! —  
When, like the isles of Grecian song,  
The youthful heart was haunted ground,  
Where nymph-like visions passed along,  
And sweetest whispers stole around ;  
And by its bright, swift founts of thought,  
Sat spirits, singing wildest strains,  
And shapes — O, since how vainly sought ! —  
Went hunting o'er its plains !  
Ere all were gone — save only thou,  
Pale spirit with the mournful brow ! —  
That sittest by a fountain lone,  
And singest, 'mid the withered leaves,  
Thy songs, made up of many a tone,  
But each a tone that grieves ;  
The songs of blessed years — but played,  
All played upon a harp of sighs ! —  
Thyself a faded thing — a shade —  
With only brow and eyes ; —  
Nymph of the latest spring that wells  
Amid my wasted years !  
(The lady that forever dwells  
Beside their fount of tears !)  
Of all the spirit's Nymphs the last —  
The fondest too — who *memory* art !  
The shadow of a beauty past !  
Pale Echo — of the heart !

## VENUS.



MOON-EYED Urania! — 'mid the ruined  
fanes

Whose scattered columns crowd the  
mourning isles,

Where thou hast wandered o'er the flowering plains,  
And poured the treasures of thy sweetest smiles ; —  
Where all that *was* the temple, is the tomb,  
Of some lost faith, — and desolation lies  
On shrines whose priest is silence, robed in gloom,  
Dead oracles that utter no replies ; —

Where, from Parnassus' woody haunts and high,  
All minstrels, save the bird and breeze, are gone,  
And blue Olympus, towering through the sky,  
Is crowned by memory's silent court, alone ; —  
Where gods have vanished from each stream and  
hill, —

Those fond abstractions of a truth to come ! —  
Thou, bright Urania ! — art a goddess still,  
A goddess, with a worship and a home !

Queen of the heart ! — Astarte 'mid the stars ! —  
Sea-Aphrodite ! — Venus of the earth ! —  
Whom the young seasons, in their golden cars,  
Came wheeling forth to welcome, at thy birth,  
And wait on still ! — within a thousand lands,  
Thine are the altars on a thousand hills,  
Thou brightest of the bright and spirit bands  
That bow our natures to their deathless wills !  
Not born to perish with the Grecian dreams, —  
A goddess thou, ere Greece was yet a name !



Though never didst thou shed diviner gleams,  
And never sweeter music sang thy name,  
Than in the valleys of the bright, blue sea,  
That rocked the world's first cradle of the free ! —  
Thy homes are hearts, — thine oracles are sighs ;  
And passion is the priestess at thy shrine ; —  
And never fonder hearts nor fierier eyes  
Bowed down beneath their burning dreams of  
thine ; —

O, never skies more bright and scenes more fair  
Called forth the spirit, with its kind to rove,  
And ne'er did sweeter streams and softer air  
Make pleasant pathways for the steps of love !

Spirit of beauty ! mistress of the world !  
Whose empire was of old, and still is young ! —  
The Syrian, when he saw thy sign unfurled,  
And on its light in breathless rapture hung,  
And breathed the young soul's offering of a sigh,  
As thy sweet face came up the eastern sky ; —  
The votary, — when thy beauty, pure and still,  
Looked o'er the palm-trees on the Sidon hill,  
Who knelt, — till thoughts stole up within his heart,  
That in his worship claimed a mortal part,  
And mingled with thy glances of the skies  
Glimpses of other soft and moonlike eyes,  
And, in thy features of immortal birth,  
Beheld some young Astarte of the earth ; —  
O, not more ardent worshippers were they  
Than burning spirits of our later day ;  
Who wander forth, beneath thy glorious eye,  
And watch, entranced, thy steps along the sky,  
And hail thy presence 'mid the starry spheres,  
With adoration that is almost tears, —

Till all its stains, before thy holy ray,  
From earthly love are purified away,  
And, as the clouds are from thy sweetness driven,  
Their mortal passion takes the hues of heaven !

And not more beautiful, when all was still,  
Save spirit-whispers upon Ida's hill,  
Thy form that offered, on the heights of Troy,  
Immortal beauty to a mortal boy, —  
And not more fair thy fair and spirit-face,  
That wooed the Cyprian hunter from the chase,  
Or, in the beauty of thy deathless tears,  
Mourned o'er the son of Myrrha's few brief years,  
(And nursed, with weeping, for thy sorrow's ease,  
The thoughts which are the soul's anemones,)\*  
Than forms and faces in thy strength that come,  
To be the light to-day of many a home,  
And, in the cæstus of their own sweet truth,  
Explain thy secret of undying youth ;  
Whose smiles and softness play a priestess' part,  
To keep alive thy worship in the heart ;  
Who teach us, with their graces ever new,  
How dreams of thee and thine Olympus grew,  
And show us, with their fond and flashing eyes,  
Where men had learnt such legends of the skies !  
Forms that sit watching by our household fires,  
Or with their beauty fan our young desires,  
Or fill the room where memory's shadows roll,  
The spirit's ghosts, — the Lares of the soul ! —  
O, filling home's, or hope's, or memory's part,  
Some goddess sits within each living heart !

\* The anemone, or wind-flower, is the plant into which Adonis was fabled to have been changed, by the nectar sprinkled by the mourning Venus over the ground where he had fallen.

Urania! — cold the breast and dull the brow  
 That never reached thy altars with a vow;  
 That, 'mid the world, no gentle face can see,  
 For whose sweet sake the spirit worships thee! —  
 And sad who has not, 'mid the forms of earth,  
 A Venus of the heart — or of the hearth!

### HEBE.

Νέκταρ ἐμφοχέει.

πρόνια Ἥβη

HOMER.



BEAUTIFUL spirit! — lady who dost  
 play  
 With the young rainbows, by life's early  
 springs,

Why — with the rainbow — fade so soon away,  
 Passing on viewless and on soundless wings?  
 Born — *like* that painted vision — of the hours  
 When very tears are lighted by the sun;  
 But fading — not like her *because* the showers  
 Are kissed away, and beautifully gone;  
 Thou, too, dost fling thy colors o'er the mind, —  
 To float away, — but leave the tears behind!

Why dost thou fly? — alas! *thou* fliest not,  
 The wings that take us from thee are our own!  
 We are like men, who journey in a boat  
 Through some bright valley, — gliding on and on,  
 Without the sense of motion, — while the trees  
 Steal by as they were walking in a dream, —

And the flag-lily, waving in the breeze,  
Goes sailing from us up the perfumed stream, —  
And all things pass us by ; — yet all are still,  
Save we, who wander at the river's will !  
Or like the men of old, who dreamt the sun —  
The everlasting sun — removed his light,  
When the small spot of earth they stood upon  
Had travelled from his beauty into night !  
*Thou* art not winged, — *thy* bright eye darkens not,  
The pinions and the dimness are our own ; —  
O, for the sunny hills and shady grot,  
Forever ringing to thy sweet, glad tone !  
Why have we known their sunshine, but to see  
The mists of time around thy region curled, —  
And dwelt, so many a pleasant hour, with thee,  
To wander forth, the pilgrims of the world !

Immortal spirit ! — lady of the bowl  
Which all taste once, and none may taste again, —  
O, for thy lost *Nepenthe*, — from the soul  
To chase all sorrow and to charm all pain ! —  
The *early* *Lethe*, ere it flows o'er graves,  
That drowns of memory only memory's smart, —  
The *Jordan* that has healing in its waves  
To wash away the plague-spots of the heart !

Immortal spirit ! — may we nevermore  
Behold the valley nor the silver spring  
Where haunt the graces, as in days of yore,  
And thou, as then, sitt'st brightly ministering ?  
But *once* — but *only once* ! — 't was fabled well  
That, for the gods alone, 't was thine to pour  
The *unwasting* nectar from its golden cell, —  
We quaff but once, — to thirst forevermore ;

For the dark Lethe of the grave to pine,  
*Because* we nevermore may drink of thine, —  
 Nor cleanse away the spirit's every sore  
 In youth's far-distant Jordan — evermore !

## ARETHUSA.

Αἱ ῥ' οὐτε θνητῆς οὐτ' ἀθανάτοισιν ἔσονται.

HYMN TO APHERODITE.



**A**E hear them yet ! — their low and lulling  
 song  
 Yet haunts the dreamer, when the soul  
 is still,  
 In spirit-mirth the waterfall among,  
 In spirit-sighing from the distant hill !  
 Their sweet, wild whispers, in the hush of noon ;  
 Steal dimly upward from the river-cells,  
 Or float beneath the melancholy moon,  
 Where night and silence ring the lily-bells.  
 Their ancient tones make musical the air,  
 In the deep pauses of the summer breeze,  
 And Dryad-voices wander everywhere,  
 In dreamy talk amid the solemn trees ; —  
 O'er the bright meadows, — near the haunted  
 fount, —  
 Through the dim grotto's tracery of spars, —  
 'Mid the pine-temples on the moonlit mount,  
 Where stillness sits, to listen to the stars, —  
 In the deep glade where dwells the brooding  
 dove, —

Through the lone valley, — by the rushing rill,—  
Where'er, of old, the nymphs were wont to rove,  
The heart may hear their steps and voices still !

And what though nevermore, O nevermore,  
Where once they wandered, shall the mortal eye  
Behold, revealed, the visions that of yore  
Brought down to earth the colors of the sky ; —  
Though never shall their glorious forms be met,  
By the lone wanderer in green or grove,  
Nor evermore shall nymph or naiad wait,  
To hear the breathings of an earthly love ; —  
What though — like her, their sister of the fields,  
Who nourished hopes that had a mortal birth,  
And reaped the fruit that mortal passion yields  
Too oft — and withered, like a thing of earth,  
And grew a shadow ; — though, like Echo fair,  
They haunt no more, in shape, the classic ground,  
Like that young mourner, melted into air,  
And faded each into a viewless sound, —  
Still are they present where the fancy broods  
O'er nature, in her haunted solitudes,  
And still, in all her sweet and quiet ways,  
The dreamer meets the nymphs of other days !

Bright Arethusa ! daughter of the West !  
Wanders thy fancy to the far-off caves  
Where, round thine own blue " Islands of the  
Blest,"

Rings the glad music of thy native waves ?  
Child of the ocean ! — who hast left thy sire,  
To walk with nature on the lonely hills,  
Or track, with bounding steps that never tire,  
The wanderings of the wild and wayward rills ; —  
Before whose tread, across the silent plain,

## THE HAPPY MOTHER.



**N** those blue islands of the East,  
Where song was but the breath of  
thought,  
And Truth — by Fable's fingers drest,  
In robes that earthly hands had wrought —  
Laid down her lightnings of the skies,  
And stood revealed to Grecian eyes ; —  
And gave her spirit to the breeze,  
And breathed upon the sighing rills,  
And hung her harps on ancient trees,  
And spoke from all their thousand hills ;  
Till sires, whose deafened sons are slaves,  
Grew, in the music, half divine,  
And, — now for each of all her graves,  
Greece then could count a shrine ; —  
Where prophet-voice and spirit-call  
Were uttered through each sacred grove, —  
The *oldest* altar of them all  
Was founded by — a dove !

And there, amid Dodona's shade,  
Where whispered prayer was never mute,  
And one low fountain-hymn was played,  
As on a spirit's lute ;  
And every augur-wind that spoke  
Drew answers from some haunted oak, —  
As if the soul of ancient things  
Were written on those stately sheaves,  
And sibyls, upon airy wings,

Had come to turn the leaves ; —  
There, — 'mid each sound that used to float,  
Through those old aisles, distinct and dim,  
Or mingled with each other note,  
In one wild mystic hymn,  
Where the cool river stole along,  
And answered with its own sweet song, —  
*One* strain, — the sweetest of them all, —  
In syllables as soft as love's,  
Would mingle with the fountain-fall,  
Heard clear above its louder call,  
From high Dodona's doves ;  
One spirit-strain, whose prophet swell  
Went blending with the whole,  
Yet uttered oracles that fell  
Like thought upon the soul !

The legends of that glowing clime  
Have echoes far away,  
And truths that were of olden time,  
Are truths for us to-day !  
And thus, within the silent heart,  
'Mid all the shrines it keeps,  
And tongues that prophesy apart,  
Within its haunted deeps, —  
'Mid all the mystic letters writ  
Upon its magic cells,  
And winged thoughts that through them flit,  
To read the oracles, —  
The thousand songs the spirit hears,  
From harps that never rest, —  
The tales of all its conscious years,  
The *mythi* of the breast, —  
There is *one* bright untiring rill,



Whose quiet prophet-tone  
Fills up, when ruder sounds are still,  
The temple with its own,  
And still, though sometimes all unheard,  
Goes singing like a sleepless bird !  
And ever, ever to its brink,  
Come down the spirit's doves to drink,  
And pour, beside its fountain-fall,  
The sweetest lay of all ; —  
The spirit's doves, whose altar-nest  
Was built by *Love*, — ere all the rest ;  
Who take their lessons in the sky,  
To which their hues belong,  
And, ever when they prophesy,  
Who prophesy in song !

A *mother's* love ! — within *her* heart  
All oracles are still,  
Save what she sits and hears apart,  
Beside love's haunted rill ;  
Each early worship's old control  
Is from her spirit gone,  
And all the idols of her soul  
Are gathered into one ! —  
All lovers else may love, yet own  
Another power than love's,  
And voices that will sometimes drown  
The music of the doves ;  
'Mid love's own song the lover's ear  
May seek less holy words,  
But she — O, she can only hear  
The singing of the birds ! —  
Alas, for youth's forsaken clime,  
That lulled us with so sweet a strain,

There comes, on all the paths of time,  
No song like that, again !  
And yet, they say, Dodona's stream  
Was gifted with a mystic power,  
When pilgrims with their torches came,  
At midnight's haunted hour,  
To grow amid its music bright,  
And turn its waters into light,  
That wandering men might take away  
A consecrated ray ! —  
And we, who hear, O, nevermore,  
The waters of our childhood roar,  
Have dipped, ere yet we left their side,  
The torch of memory in their tide,  
That — most amid our darkest night —  
Brings back a portion of its light,  
Till half we seem,  
Beneath the beam,  
To hear again that distant stream ! —  
But onward, onward as we go,  
Alas ! they lose their borrowed glow,  
And faintly to the spirit's ears  
Comes back that voice of other years !  
Then, as the torch grows low and dim,  
I turn to gather fire from him,\*  
The pilgrim-soul whose steps have strayed  
(*Thoughts* are the footsteps of the mind !)  
Back into boyhood's hallowed shade, —  
Left, with its lutes, behind, —  
And, on his chisel, caught a beam  
Immortal, from its purest stream ; —  
A lamp upon whose light I gaze,  
Till shadows steal from distant days

\* Westmacott.

That fill mine eyes with tears ;  
Till bright, and free, and far away,  
I see youth's river leap and play,  
And all the birds of other years  
Are singing in mine ears !

### THE DANCING GIRL : REPOSING.



HE spirit of the dance is past,  
And, like a bird, whose fainting wing  
Has travelled all too far and fast,  
And from its wandering stoops at last,  
To seek an earthly spring, —  
With folded frame and weary heart,  
The gentle girl reclines apart !

The spirit of the dance is past, —  
Burnt out like flame before the blast,  
That withers by its keen caress,  
And dies amid its own excess !  
The bounding soul of mirth is o'er,  
The impulse that so bright and high  
Shot up — like rocket-lights that soar,  
As if to reach the sky,  
But turn amid their starry flight,  
And fall — though still they fall *in light* ! —  
So, beautiful but chastened, now,  
Appears the baffled girl,  
Though something of a *spirit-glow*  
Has faded from her languid brow,  
Amid the mazy whirl ! —

But things that are of mortal birth  
Are dearest with a look of earth !

And thus — O, thus it still must be  
With human hopes and wings,  
That leave too far and soaringly  
Their own allotted springs ;  
That, like the Cretan boys, lure on  
The trusting hearts that wear them,  
And melt before the very sun  
To which their feathers bear them !  
O, thus with earthly feelings all ; —  
The song that saddens while we sing,\*  
The censers in the festive hall,  
That darken from the light they fling,  
That waste the more the more they warm,  
And perish of their perfumed charm, —  
Are types of life's each frail delight,  
That cast their feathers in their flight,  
Or on their own sweet substance prey,  
And burn their precious selves away !

\* Persons accustomed to vocal harmony need not be reminded how difficult it is, during the whole of a piece, to keep the voice up to the pitch at which it was begun. If this be regulated, at the commencement of the performance, by an instrument, and the key-note be again sounded at its close, it will be found, in most cases, that the voices have fallen, more or less, during its progress.

## BENEFICENCE :

## CONDUCTING YOUTH AND AGE TO THE TOMB.



YOUTH, how soon it learns by heart,  
The sound of passing-bells !  
While age's pulse has ceased to start  
Beneath their frequent knells !

And still the house of mourning lies  
Beside the house of mirth,  
And sorrow reads her homilies  
In all the homes of earth !  
Along the road that all must tread,  
Are milestones made of tombs ;  
And childhood's dreams too soon are led  
To the dim city of the dead,  
And colored by its glooms ! —  
O, youth and age need both a guide,  
To walk in pity by their side,  
And manhood's heart and childhood's eye  
Have tears, for charity to dry !

*One* with his heart half folded up,  
And *one* but half unfurled,  
Behold, upon the selfsame path,  
Two pilgrims of the world ! —  
*One*, guided by a flowery wreath,  
The other bowed by years,  
Yet each has heard the voice of death,  
And each replied with tears ;  
And, — this in light, and that in gloom, —  
Both are but travellers to the tomb !

Alas, for youth ! that youth and age  
Should meet on such a pilgrimage !  
But O, the pangs, and O, the toils  
That have put out an old man's smiles,  
That have been born, — and gone to rest,  
Upon the couch of age's breast,  
Young mourner ! *thou* hast yet to see,  
And they who grieve should grieve for *thee* !

Just out of heaven ! — grace from high  
Around thy forehead clings,  
And fancy gazes, till her eye  
Can almost see thy wings !  
The world, as yet, hath laid no stain  
Upon thy spirit's light,  
Nor sorrow flung a single chain  
Upon its sunny flight !  
The rose upon thy cheek still wears  
The colors of its birth,  
Its hues unwithered by the tears  
And breezes of the earth ;  
And round thee tints of beauty, yet,  
And gleams of glory play,  
As thou hadst left the skies of late,  
And, in their starry plains, hadst met  
The rainbow on thy way !  
And, — like the bird that pours its lay,  
Its sunny paths along, —  
Thy footsteps dance along their way,  
Unto thine own heart's song !  
O, thus that it might ever be !  
But onward, onward darkly driven,  
The world shall be too cold for thee, —  
“ Of such ” as thee “ is heaven ! ”

That thou mightst ever be as now ! —  
How brightly upon childhood's brow  
Is heaven's sign unfurled !  
It walks amid our darker day,  
Like angels who have lost their way,  
And wandered to the world !  
O that thy spirit might go back,  
Nor tread the dim and onward track,  
Where lights, that are not of the skies,  
Shall tempt thy wandering feet astray,  
And breezes, not from Paradise,  
Shall chill thee on the way !  
Where hills, that seem forever near,  
Shall fade before thy cheated eyes,  
And shouts of gladness on thine ear  
Sink wailing into sighs !  
Where Guilt may stamp her burning brand  
Upon thy soul's divinest part,  
And Grief *must* lay her icy hand,  
Upon thy shrinking heart !  
Where thou shalt find hope's thousand streams,  
Flow all to memory's gloomy river,  
Whose waves are fed by perished dreams,  
Forever and forever ! —  
Till, like a wounded singing bird,  
Joy's song may never more be heard,  
And Peace, that built within thy breast,  
Shall perish in her very nest,  
And youth, within thy darkened eye,  
Grow old, and cease to prophesy ! —  
Till thou, amid thy soul's decline,  
And o'er thy spirit's ruined shrine,  
And o'er the forms that haunt thy sleep,  
To fade with morn, mayst sit and weep ;

Like me, mayst vainly weep, and pray  
To be the thing thou art to-day,  
And wish the wish, as old as wild,  
Thou wert again a playful child !

But *thou* — O, far more happy thou,  
Though pain sits cyphering on thy brow !  
Though weary, wasted, wan, and old,  
And like a bard whose tale is told ; —  
Or, like a harp whose chords are broken,  
Music dead and message spoken, —  
To whose shell alone belongs  
The memory of its former songs, —  
Save, at times, a low reply,  
When the solemn breezes sigh,  
And the touch of viewless wings  
Brushes through its shivered strings,  
Bringing to the aged ear  
Voices it has pined to hear,  
Many a night and many a day,  
From the grave land, far away !  
Wasted, weary, old and wan,  
Thou art journeying feebly on ! —  
As the pilgrims from afar,  
Came, of old, in many a band,  
Guided by the eastern star,  
Travelling to the Holy Land,  
By flowery vales and sunny seas,  
Until they met the desert breeze,  
Beyond whose sweep of waste and gloom,  
Stood their high goal, — the temple-tomb ;  
So, many a smiling region past,  
Thy weary steps have reached the waste,  
The desert land, — the last, dull stage



Of life's long, dreary pilgrimage.  
And if its sand be in thine eyes,  
And if its mists be on thy soul,  
Beyond its dreary shadow lies  
Thy comfort and thy goal !

Though the silver almond bough \*  
Waves above thy hoary brow, —  
Though the sunny soul of yore  
From its windows looks no more, — \*  
Though thy torch is burning low,  
And its weak and wasting glow  
Sheds, of all the light it gave,  
But light enough to mark a grave, —  
Though the keepers tremble round, \*  
And the strong men all are bound,  
And the grinders, few and still, —  
Hark ! the bird is singing shrill, \*  
Shrill and sweet, and soft and clear,  
Speaking to thy spirit's ear  
Of the country bright and free  
Thou hast come so far to see ! —  
Wouldst *thou* turn thee from *that* strain,  
To be a laughing child again ?

\* Ecclesiastes, xii.

## THE MOTHER AND CHILD.



HEY may not weep who gaze on thee! —  
It dries the source of tears,  
Like some remembered melody,  
Unheard for many years ;  
That, as a ghost, steals out again,  
From some dim chamber in the brain,  
And waves the weary-hearted back,  
O'er many a dark and wasted track, —  
Back to the half-forgotten bowers,  
Where hope, in boyhood, gathered flowers.

Young mother ! — O how long they haunt  
The after-paths of time,  
The mother's low, yet happy chant,  
Whose memory — like the chime  
Of church-bells — consecrates the air,  
And calls the spirit home to prayer ; —  
The smile that — then when all things smiled —  
Was ever like none other ; —  
The kiss, — O, kisses warm and wild,  
But not like thine, young mother !  
May burn the brain and waste the breast,  
Thine only lullabied to rest ! —  
And give the lip a poison-hue,  
Where thine fell down, like dew.

And O, how beautifully bright,  
Upon thy glad, young brow,  
The matron-coronal, — whose light

Lies hallowing all things, now ! —  
Till all that was too much of earth  
Is winnowed from thy sighs,  
And love, that had a mortal birth,  
Is tending to the skies ! —  
Though fair thy virgin-years might be,  
How far more fair thou *art* !  
A mother's hopes have twined, for thee,  
A cestus of the heart, —  
That flings a glow more rich and warm  
O'er every consecrated charm.  
Sweet thoughts, beneath thy baby's spells,  
Across thy fancy throng, —  
As nightingales, where echo dwells,  
Breathe out their sweetest song.

And thou, — whose resting-place is still  
A gentle mother's breast, —  
Take out, by love's untainted rill,  
Thy sweet and pleasant rest ;  
Or look for visions like the sky's,  
Within her fond and sanguine eyes, —  
Those telescopes, where sun and star  
Seem nearer than in truth they are !  
The world has no such future bed,  
Nor any dream so sweet, —  
When, with its storms above thy head,  
Its graves beneath thy feet,  
Thine early home shall seem to thee  
Some scene of vanished faëry ; —  
When thou, perchance, shalt sit apart,  
To sorrow o'er thy silent heart, —  
A dial, with its sunlight gone,  
That only speaks when shone upon !

A mother's love ! — that gushing spring,  
That sends a sweet and silver stream  
(Beneath whose low, dim murmuring  
The soul lies down to dream  
Of vanished good, from present ill,  
When all its other harps are still !)  
Along life's dull and narrow vale,  
To haunt us, like an ancient tale,  
And on our path, where'er we roam,  
Go, singing of its home ! —  
(Like Arethusa's rill, of old,  
That, through the earth and through the sea,  
Led on its waters sweet and cold,  
In unstained purity ;  
And rose as fresh as at its spring,  
From all its long, dark journeying !) —  
And O, how fondly, on its brink,  
When other streams are dried away,  
The thirsty spirit kneels to drink,  
And listen to its lay ; —  
Its sweet, sad lay, that steals along,  
At once a sorrow and a song ;  
That, with a voice of sadness, cheers,  
And makes us glad — through tears !  
O might we trace its upward course,  
And wander backward, to its source,  
On that bright upland, far away,  
Where hopes, like fairies, used to play,  
Hopes that, *like* fairies, when they part,  
Left withered rings about the heart !

They sing us yet an ancient strain,  
Of him who with the Theban \* strove,

\* Hercules.

The Child of Earth, that fought in vain  
Against the Child of Love ; —  
But still, when by his victor prest,  
Fell back upon his mother's breast,  
And gathered, from his source of life,  
New vigor for the strife ! —  
And thus, when, half, the spirit shrinks  
In conflict with its giant foes,  
And, like Antæus, almost sinks  
Beneath fate's heavy blows,  
And grief hath made the strong man wild,  
And feeble as a little child, —  
Then turns the stricken soul, again,  
To her who sung it hopeful songs,  
And cheered it to the fight of pain,  
And armed it for the war of wrongs,  
And sent it, with its powers unfurled,  
To battle with the world ;  
Till love, or memory, does its part,  
To heal the bruises of the heart,  
And sends it, strengthened, back, to dare  
The struggle with despair !

Young mother ! — 't is a joy to creep —  
When other joys are gone —  
Back to the grave of hope, and weep  
Where memory keeps the stone !  
Till, soothed by voices from the tomb,  
And chastened by the churchyard gloom,  
The spirit comes abroad, — to see  
That earth has, still, such forms as thee !  
(O, fairer than those winged things  
That came to counsel — and *depart*,  
When earth from heaven had visitings,

And angels talked with men apart, —  
 In that the heaven which gave you wings,  
 Hath hung them *round the heart*, —  
 Wings but to follow, not to rove,  
 For all their feathers are of love !  
 To find, amid the paths of life,  
 The friend, the mother, and the wife ;  
 And feel the world, whose sun is set,  
 Is full of moonlight beauty yet !

## RESIGNATION.

" Elle m'attend."

" Le premier au rendezvous."

*Inscriptions on tombs, in Père la Chaise.*



HE home where love lies down to wait,  
 Through all the day of earthly glooms ;  
 And sorrow keeps her marble state,  
 Within the place of tombs ! —

Where, as a mourner, dimly falls  
 The daylight on the sculptured walls,  
 And flings the moon her saddest smiles  
 Along the old cathedral aisles ;  
 And every uttered murmur dies  
 Along the fretted roof in sighs ! —  
 Where many voices seem to chide  
 The loiterer's timid tread,  
 And men speak low, as if they feared  
 To wake the silent dead !

The place of glooms ! — the house of sighs ! —  
 The sighs and glooms of *earth* ! —

The grave where hope is laid, — to rise  
In new and purer birth,  
With fairer form and brighter eyes,  
And wings to take her to the skies,—  
The mansion of the weary one,  
(Through all Time's long and heavy night,) Whose "sun shall never more go down,"  
"Nor moon withdraw" her light; —  
Whose rest the tempest, when it flings  
Its burning breath o'er earth and sky,  
Has order, with its rushing wings,  
To pass unbroken by; —  
Whom reaches not the plague that kills,  
Nor thunders shake, that shake the hills!

Within that temple, where the air  
Seems laden with the breath of prayer,  
The sculptured lady lies; —  
Amid the shadows of a tomb,  
With looks that seem to pierce its gloom,  
And link it to the skies!  
O love, beneath the graven stone,  
Has slept in darkness many a day;  
But, like the angel, faith comes down,  
To roll the stone away, —  
And whispers in the mourner's ear,  
Lo! whom thou seekest "is not here";  
Far hence, in light, she waits for thee,  
Gone on, "before, to Galilee!"\*

\* Matthew, xxviii.



ILLUSTRATIONS TO PICTURES.









### THE GROTTO OF EGERIA.



GUSH of waters!—faint and sweet  
and wild,  
Like the far echo of the voice of years,—  
The ancient Nature, singing to her child  
The selfsame hymn that lulled the infant spheres!—  
A spell of song not louder than a sigh,  
Yet speaking like a trumpet to the heart;  
And thoughts that lift themselves, triumphingly,  
O'er time, — where time has triumphed over art, —  
As wild-flowers climb its ruins, haunt it still,  
While still, above the consecrated spot,  
Lifts up its prophet voice the ancient rill,  
And flings its oracles along the grot! —  
But where is She, the Lady of the stream,  
And He whose worship was — and is — a dream?  
Silent, yet full of voices! — desolate,  
Yet filled with memories, like a broken heart! —  
O for a vision like to his who sate  
With thee, and with the moon and stars, apart,  
By the cool fountain, — many a livelong even, —  
That speaks, unheeded, to the desert, now,  
When vanished clouds had left the air *all* heaven,  
And all was silent save the stream and thou,

276 *ILLUSTRATIONS TO PICTURES.*

Egeria! —solemn thought upon his brows,  
For all his diadem, — thy spirit-eyes,  
His only homage, — and the fitting boughs  
And birds, alone, between him and the skies! —  
Each outward sense expanded to a soul,  
And every feeling tuned into a truth,  
And all the bosom's shattered strings made whole,  
And all its worn-out powers retouched with youth,  
Beneath thy spell, — that chastened while it  
    charmed,  
Thy words, — that touched the spirit while they  
    taught,  
Thy look, — that uttered wisdom while it warmed,  
And moulded fancy in the stamp of thought,  
And breathed an atmosphere below, above,  
Light to the soul, — and to the senses love!

Beautiful dreams! — that haunt the younger earth,  
In poet's pencil or in minstrel's song, —  
Like sighs, or rainbows, dying in their birth,  
Perceived a moment, and remembered long!  
O, no! — bright visions! — fables of the heart!  
Not to the past alone do ye belong, —  
Types for all ages, — wove when early art  
To feeling gave a voice, — to truth a tongue!  
O, what if gods have left the Grecian mount,  
And shrines are voiceless on the classic shore,  
And lone Egeria by the gushing fount  
Waits for her monarch-lover nevermore, —  
Who hath not his Egeria? — some sweet thought,  
Shrouded and shrined within his heart of hearts,  
More closely cherished, and more fondly sought,  
Still, as the daylight of the soul departs; —  
The visioned lady of the spring, that wells

In the green valley of his brighter years,  
 Or gentle spirit that forever dwells,  
 And sings of hope, beside the fount of tears !  
 In the heart's trance, — the calenture of mind  
 That haunts the soul-sick mariner of life,  
 And paints the fields that he has left behind,  
 Like green Morganas,\* on the tempest's strife ; —  
 In the dim hour when memory, whose song  
 Is still of buried hope, sings back the dead,  
 And perished looks and forms, a phantom-throng,  
 With melancholy eyes and soundless tread,  
 Like lost Eurydices, from graves, retrack  
 The long-deserted chambers of the brain,  
 Until the yearning soul looks fondly back,  
 To clasp them, — and they vanish, once again ; —  
 At even, when the fight of youth is done,  
 And sorrow — like the " searchers of the slain " —  
 Turns up the cold, dead faces, one by one,  
 Of prostrate joys and wishes, — but in vain !  
 And finds that all is lost, — and walks around,  
 'Mid hopes that, each, has perished of its wound ; —  
 Then, pale Egeria ! to thy moonlit cave  
 The maddened and the mourner may retire,  
 To cool the spirit's fever in thy wave,  
 And gather inspiration from thy lyre ; —  
 In solemn musings, when the world is still,  
 To woo a love, less fleeting, to the breast,  
 Or lie and dream, beside the prophet-rill  
 That resteth never, while it whispers rest ; —  
 Like Numa, cast earth's cares and crowns aside,  
 And commune with a spiritual bride.

\* The Fata Morgana.

ERATO: THE MUSE OF LOVE.



COME back, come back, lost pleiad of the heart!

Fallen, with thy lyre, from out life's saddening skies!

The spirit's chorus wants its sweetest part,  
That wants thy music, — though its tones be sighs! —

Too like the nightingale of earth, that flies  
Ere the sweet summer with its scents be lost,  
Though both should linger when the bright rose dies,

To soothe the mourner when he needs it most!  
Come back, come back! — thy sister muses still  
Sing to my soul, and cheer it through life's crowd;  
But it hath wandered from the one bright rill  
Near which thy sweeter song — but not so loud —  
Was heard o'er all! — O thou, who wilt not sing,  
Save in the spirit's hushed and leafy parts,  
Save only by the soul's untainted spring, —  
The young, deep Helicon of human hearts!

Then, may it be that thou art playing, yet,  
Far in my bosom's depths, though all unheard? —  
And — as the sick of cities, when his feet  
Seek the deep glade, is greeted by the bird —  
So, could I leave awhile the world's wild dream,  
And lose its harsh, cold voices from mine ear,  
O, might I hope to trace that haunted stream,  
And for an hour — an hour — again to hear  
Thy low, sweet song? — Alas! the springs are dry

Beside whose gush that early music rang,  
 And nevermore the flowers shall meet mine eye  
 That warmed the valley where Erato sang, —  
 That oldest muse, — but, in her fadeless youth,  
 Predestined to outlive her sisters all,  
 And through *all* fancies — pure as that of truth —  
 Once, only once, to pour her music-fall!  
 Then nevermore for me! — she taketh wings,  
 When years have touched the spirit's tonings fine,  
 And flieth far from harps with broken strings,  
 To play the lyres of happier hearts than mine! —  
 O, well for me — and such as me — that Love  
 Is of that angel-choir, who are to sing above!

1837.

## VENUS WEeping FOR ADONIS.



THE goddess of the heart! — O what hath  
 she  
 To do with grief, upon her own bright  
 throne! —  
 The carved gods of olden heathenry,  
 Who showed no sorrow in their eyes of stone,  
 Were higher spirits, — since *they* could not bleed!  
 O, fables beautiful, and full of truth,  
 That dimly shadowed forth a loftier creed,  
 And dressed old Wisdom in a garb of Youth! —  
 That, in their high Pantheon of the skies,  
 Still pictured sorrow where they pictured sin;  
 And, when their heaven was dimmed with human  
 sighs,  
 Let human anguish, as their offspring, in! —

280 *ILLUSTRATIONS TO PICTURES.*

Whose gods were earthly passion's types, and bore  
The burning wounds that still are Passion's doom ;  
While Death himself stood dark at heaven's door,  
And flung his shadow where he could not  
come ; —

Or, scattering poison from his gloomy wing,  
Shed all his sorrow there, without his sleep,  
Till to be deathless was to be a thing  
With an immortal privilege to weep !

O, lofty fables ! in whose records bright,  
Gods — born of thought that had a mortal birth —  
Like this world's sun, had moments when their  
light

Was darkened by the shadow of the earth, —  
And wore at times the dimness all things wear  
Which the sad presence of that world comes near !  
High, solemn stories ! — wise in all they taught,  
That uttered truths in all which they revealed,  
Soared to the confines of unaided thought,  
And pointed, thence, to holier truths concealed ; —  
Did for the spirit all that reason could,  
And left it hungering for a higher food !

And O, in tales like these, SHE rightly wore  
The heart's fond griefs who wore its "regal round,"  
And fitly she, who, as its goddess, bore  
The spirit's weakness, bore the spirit's wound : —  
And lengthened years are but a lengthened sigh,  
O'er mortal love, which hath a mortal doom,  
And gods who suffered, though they could not die,  
Were poorer than their subjects — by a tomb.  
And Love hath been a weeper, all its years,  
Till even its bliss, in sighs its worship, speaks, in  
tears !

DIANA.



HE comes ! she comes ! the huntress  
 queen,  
 Who leads the chase along the sky,  
 Yet loved to sweep the meadows green  
 Of pleasant Thessaly !  
 Who left her palace of the stars  
 To sleep amid the leafy spars,  
 And stole beneath the cloak of day  
 (Her banner of the moonlight furled)  
 To wander where earth's fountains play  
 And haunt the valleys of the world !  
 Who sought the voice of earthly rills  
 To lull her with their sighing flight,  
 Though she might sleep on heaven's hills  
 Where play the founts of light !  
 Who leaned to hear, the woods among,  
 Pan's low and melancholy song,  
 That sweetest song, — though in her ears  
 The myriad starry lyres on high  
 Poured forth the music of their spheres  
 To greet her glorious eye !  
 The goddess queen, who turned away  
 From all the loving shapes of light  
 That hung about her haunted way  
 And did their homage in her sight,  
 And, gliding with her silver feet,  
 At even when the winds were still,  
 Came down, a mortal heart to meet  
 Upon the Latmos hill ;  
 And watched him \* with her looks of light

\* Endymion.



282 *ILLUSTRATIONS TO PICTURES.*

Through all the long and lonely night !  
Alas ! that she should wander forth  
From all the fadeless bowers on high,  
To pluck the passion-flowers of earth  
That only bloom to die !  
To sleep beneath the sylvan woof,  
And dream, perchance, love's blessed dream,  
Where Cupids twine the leafy roof  
To shade the summer gleam,  
And hover round, from prying eyes  
To guard the lady of the skies.  
And ever still the whispering rills  
Seem sweet to her at falling eve,  
Or Pan's wild piping on the hills,  
Because they make her grieve ;  
For lovers when they smile are sad,  
And all things mournful make them glad.  
And hers is but a cheerless tale,  
Like all which have to do with earth ;  
For what could mortal love avail  
To one of heavenly birth ?  
To purchase with a few bright years  
An immortality of tears !  
No more, no more, O, nevermore  
Such visions haunt the classic shore !  
No more her shepherd waits to meet  
The coming of her sandalled feet.  
But she, with melancholy eye,  
Goes nightly wandering through the sky,  
Forever sad, forever pale,  
Like one who keeps a mournful tale,  
Like patience smiling through its smart, —  
The lady of the broken heart !  
Or like some orphan of the skies,

Whose old companionships and ties  
Are gone ;  
For though she mounts the moving clouds,  
And walks amid the starry crowds,  
She ever seems alone !  
While they who love, beneath the stars  
Look up among those golden cars  
To hail her as of yore ;  
And when they see her sweet, sad eye  
Come shining up the eastern sky,  
Send out the homage of a sigh,  
And love her still the more !  
For hopeless hearts to her complain  
Who looks as if she loved in vain !

### A VISION OF THE STARS.

And fancy-rapt, sees in the fleecy clouds  
Celestial shapes that wait upon the moon,  
In her swift course, or rise from Ocean's lap  
Continuous.

H. HOWARD.



FOREVER gone ! — the world is grow-  
ing old ! —  
Gone the bright visions of its untaught  
youth ! —  
The age of fancy was the age of gold, —  
And sorrow holds the lamp that lights to truth !  
And wisdom writes her records on a page  
Whence many a pleasant tale is swept away, —

284 ILLUSTRATIONS TO PICTURES.

The wild, sweet fables of the dreaming age,  
The gorgeous stories of the classic day.  
The world is roused from glad and glowing  
dreams, —

Though roused by *light*, awaking still is pain ;  
And O, could man renew their broken themes,  
Then, would the world at times might sleep again !  
O for the plains — the bright and haunted plains —  
Where genius wandered when the earth was new,  
Led by the sound of more than mortal strains,  
And gathering flowers of many a vanished hue ! —  
The deathless forms that on the lonely hill  
Came sweetly gliding to the lonely breast ;  
Or spoke in spirit-whispers from the rill  
That lulled the watcher to his mystic rest ! —  
The shapes that met his steps, by green and glade,  
Or glanced through mid-air on their gleaming  
wings ;

That hovered where the young, wild fountains  
played,  
And hung in rainbows o'er the dancing springs ;  
Or drew aside the curtains of the sky,  
And showed their starry mansions to his eye ! —  
O the bright tracks by truth from error won !  
The price we pay for knowledge, — and in vain !  
For half the beauty of the world is gone,  
Since science built o'er fancy's wild domain !

A dream of beauty ! — such as came of old  
To him who lay and watched the hosts of light,  
As, one by one, their fiery chariots rolled,  
In golden pomp, along the vault of night ;  
Till, as another and another deep  
Sent forth a spirit to the shining train,

*ILLUSTRATIONS TO PICTURES.* 285

Their myriad motion rocked his heart to sleep,  
But left bright pictures in his haunted brain, —  
Where forms grew up, and took the starry eyes  
That gleamed upon him from the crowded skies ! —  
A dream like his to whom the boon was given  
To read the story of the stars, at will,  
And, by the lights they held for him in heaven,  
Talk with their lady on the Latmos hill.

A vision of the stars ! — the moon, to-night, —  
Her antlered coursers by the nymph-train driven, —  
Rides in the chariot of her own sweet light,  
To hunt the shadows through the fields of  
heaven !

And O, the hunting-grounds of yonder sky,  
Whose streams are rainbows, and whose flowers  
are stars ! —

The shapes of light that, as they wander by,  
Do spirit-homage from their golden cars ! —  
The meteor-troops that, as she passes, play  
Their fiery gambols in their lady's sight ; —  
And planet-forms that, on her crowded way,  
Throw silver incense from their urns of light !  
Lo ! Perseus, from his everlasting height,  
Looks out to see the huntress and her train ;  
And love's own planet, in the pale, soft light,  
Looks young as when she rose from out the main !  
And, — plying all the night his starry wings, —  
Up to her throne, the herald of the sky,  
From many an earthly home and hill-top, brings  
The mortal offering of a young heart's sigh !  
Around her chariot sail immortal forms,  
Or darkly hang about its shining rim ;  
And, far away, the scared and hunted storms

286 ILLUSTRATIONS TO PICTURES.

Leap from her presence to their caverns dim !  
On, onward, at her own wild fancy led,  
Along the cloud-land paths she holds her flight,  
Where rears the battle-star his crested head,  
And bares his burning falchion through the  
night ! —

Where, hand in hand, the brothers of the sky  
Sit, like twin angels, on some heavenward steep ; —  
While, far below, with urns that never dry,  
The mourning Hyads hang their heads and  
weep ! —

Where brightly dwell — in all their early smiles,  
Ere *one* was lost — the sweet and sister seven,  
Like blessed spirits pausing from their toils,  
Or some fair family at rest in heaven ! —  
Where — swifter than *her* steeds, that never tire —  
Some comet-shape — those couriers of the sky —  
In breathless haste, upon his barb of fire,  
On some immortal message, rushes by ! —  
O'er the dim heights, where, circled by his train,  
And wearing on his brow his sparkling crown,  
The planet-monarch holds his ancient reign,  
And from his palace of the clouds looks down,  
With stately presence and a smiling eye,  
On his bright people of the boundless sky ! —  
'Mid northern lights, like fiery flags unfurled,  
And soft, sweet gales that never reach the world ; —  
'Mid flaming signs that perish in their birth,  
And ancient orbs that have no name on earth ; —  
Hailed by the songs of everlasting choirs,  
And welcomed from a thousand burning lyres !

O for the ancient dreamer's prophet eye,  
To see the hunting-grounds of yonder sky ;

To hang upon some planet's wheeling car,  
And tread the cloud-land paths from star to star ;  
To climb the heights where old Endymion  
Held lofty converse with the lady-moon, —  
Or, lifted to her chariot of the sky,  
Look on its dwellers with a mortal eye,  
And through its fields, in that bright vision, driven,  
Walk for one night amid the hosts of heaven !

1836.

CLEOPATRA AT ACTIUM.

I.



HE banners of the world are met upon  
that wild blue wave, —  
The sun hath risen that shall set upon  
an empire's grave ;  
From tongues of many a land bursts forth the  
war-shout to the breeze,  
And half the crowns of all the earth are played  
for on the seas !

II.

The ocean hath a tinge of blood, — a sound of  
woe the air ;  
Death swims his pale steed through the flood, — O  
what doth woman there ?  
The shout of nations, in their strife, rings far  
along the lea,  
And what doth Egypt's dark-eyed queen upon  
that battle-sea ?

III.

The Cydnus, hath it not the same bright wave  
and gentle flow  
With which it stole to Tarsus, in those happy  
years ago,  
When music haunted all the shores by which its  
waters rolled,  
And she came down the river in her galley of the  
gold ?

IV.

Her oars were of the silver, then, and to her purple  
sails,  
And in amid her raven hair, came only perfumed  
gales ;  
And Cupids trimmed the silken ropes along the  
cedar spars,  
And she lay, like a goddess, on her pillow of the  
stars.

V.

O, the old city ! and alas ! the young and blessed  
dream  
That fell into her spirit first upon its silver stream !  
The wild, sweet memories of that morn still o'er  
her feelings float,  
And love has launched this battle-bark, that steered  
that golden boat.

VI.

And she is yet, to one high heart, through all this  
cloud of war,  
As in that city of the sea, its own and only star, —  
The cynosure that shines as bright, across that  
place of graves,  
As first it rose upon his soul, from o'er the Cyd-  
nus waves.

VII.

O, love, that is so bold to dare, should be more  
strong to do,  
Or what, O what doth Egypt there, with that soft,  
silken crew !  
And she should have a firmer soul who treads the  
battle-deck,  
And passion, where it fails to save, is, O, too sure  
to wreck !

VIII.

And hers is still the spendthrift heart, that, when  
a wayward girl,  
In passion's hour, to pleasure's bowl cast in a  
priceless pearl ; —  
But O, her wealth of hoarded gems were all too  
poor to pay  
The one rich pearl, in this wild hour, her fears  
have flung away !

IX.

The princely heart to whom her brow, though  
dark, seemed O, how fair !  
And crowns were only precious things, when in  
her raven hair ;  
Who paid her smiles with diadems, — and bought,  
at empire's cost,  
The love which he must lose to-day, — when all  
beside is lost.

X.

She hath risen like a queen ! — a pause — a mo-  
ment's pause ! and now  
One word hath torn the golden badge from off her  
royal brow !



The prows are turned to Egypt, and the flying  
sails unfurled,  
And the western breeze hath borne from him the  
fortunes of the world !

1837.

## VENICE, THE BRIDE.

### I.



THE old, wide world, amid her thousand  
tales,  
Hath none like thine, — and nothing  
like to thee !

A city rocking in the ocean-gales,  
And sitting, like a swan, upon the sea !  
Along whose starlit domes and stately halls  
Stole the strange echoes of the dim, deep caves,  
While the green fairies, by her marble halls,  
In the still moonlight, wandered with the waves !  
No whirl of wheel nor tramp of charger rang,  
'Mid whispering voices and 'mid gliding feet,  
The stars were lighted, and the sea-breeze sang,  
And the wild wave went murmuring through  
her street ;

And dream-like music, haunting heart and tide,  
Filled all her happy nights, — when Venice was a  
bride !

1837.

VENICE, THE WIDOW.

II.



AND *still*, that strange old city of the  
deep —  
Paved by the ocean, painted by the  
moon —  
Shows like a vision of the haunted sleep  
Some heart was lulled to by a fairy tune!  
But sorrow sitteth in its soulless eyes, —  
The same proud beauty, with its spirit gone!  
And — spanned to-day by *many* a "Bridge of  
Sighs" —  
The sea goes moaning through their flutes of  
stone.  
Gone the glad singing in its lighted halls,  
The merry masque, and serenade apart,  
And o'er their own dark shadows brood its  
walls,  
Like memories brooding in a broken heart!  
And Venice hath the veil upon her brow,  
Where sat, of old, the crown: — she is a widow  
now!

# JERUSALEM.

## I.



HE ancient of cities! — the lady of  
nations!  
The home where the cherubims hovered  
in light!

Where the breeze has a voice like those old “lam-  
entations” \*

That saddened thy day with their omens of night,  
And the river’s low song seems to echo the strain  
Which the prophet poured out to thy spirit — in  
vain!

## II.

Bright land of the promise! — whose vision of  
glory  
Had dazzled thy sense, till ’t was feeble to see!  
O, chosen for others to keep the high story  
Whose record was vain for thy children and thee!  
Lone Esau of nations, that weepst alway,  
While the gentile is rich in thy birthright to-day!

## III.

Lost land of the minstrel! — whose harp, in its  
sadness,  
Brought music from heaven, to play to thy heart;  
Whose spell of a moment came down on thy mad-  
ness,  
And bade, for an hour, thy dark angel depart, —  
Till the power of its warning expired, with its  
strain,  
And the spirit of evil came o’er thee again!

\* Jeremiah’s.

IV.

High home of the Temple! — whose worship did  
borrow  
A voice from the thunder, — a light from the  
sky!  
Blest soil, whence the vine, that was planted in  
sorrow,  
Hath hung o'er the nations its branches on high; —  
That rocked the low couch where the sleepless One  
slept,  
And kept the vain tomb where the Deathless was  
kept!

V.

And O, for the outcast who drank of thy glory, —  
The lost one of Judah, — the chosen of yore, —  
The priest of thy temple, — the heir of thy story, —  
Who dwelt in thy vineyards, that blossom no  
more!  
Afar, 'mid the heathen, he sitteth forlorn, — \*  
And thy fruit is the bramble, thy greenness the  
thorn!

VI.

It was not for Edom that Zion was braided  
With crowns of the sunshine and garlands of  
bloom,  
Where the wild Arab wanders the cedar hath  
faded,  
The bird of the wild keepeth watch on the tomb; —  
And the soil of the simoom awaits the far day,  
When the rain shall return to the wilderness gray.

\* "Judah is gone into captivity; . . . she dwelleth among  
the heathen." — *Lamentations*.

## VII.

Pale daughter of Zion! — all wasted with weeping,  
 Thy footstool the desert, — its dust on thy head;  
 Thy long weary watch o'er the wilderness keeping,  
 And sitting in darkness, like them that be dead; —\*  
 A veil like the widow's hath shadowed thy pride,  
 And a sorrow is thine like no sorrow beside! †

## VIII.

And sadly thy son by each far-foreign river  
 Sits, as he sat in the Babel of old, —  
 Lone 'mid the nations, — all homeless forever,  
 'Mid homes full of children, — and poor 'mid his  
                   gold; —  
 With a mark on his brow of the brand in his  
                   brain,  
 Like the record God wrote on the forehead of  
                   Cain!

## IX.

Weary with wandering and wasted with sadness,  
 And walking by lights that are all from the past, —  
 Wishes, scarce hopes, waken smiles without glad-  
                   ness,  
 As backward his thoughts, like the mourner's, are  
                   cast;  
 For the tale of the Hebrew who wanders away  
 Is the fable and type of his people to-day! ‡

\* "He hath set me in dark places, as they that be dead of old." — *Lamentations*.

† "Behold, and see if there be any sorrow like unto my sorrow." — *Lamentations*.

‡ The Wandering Jew.

X.

A proverb to most, and a moral to all,  
And a lamp unto others, though sitting in gloom, —  
He seems like a mute in a festival hall,  
And is still looking forward for that which hath  
come ; —  
Like the children of Eblis, he hideth his smart,  
And walks through the world with his hand on  
his heart ! \*

XI.

All lands are as Moab — all countries are Edom,  
To the Hebrew, who sits in his sackcloth of sin, —  
Till the trumpets of God calling others to free-  
dom,  
The Jew to that banner at length shall come  
in ; —  
And Salem must sit in her desert alone,  
Till the seed of the Lord by all rivers be sown.†

XII.

Then, daughter of Judah ! look up from thy slum-  
ber !  
And lo ! a bright vision of turrets and spires !  
A hymn o'er the desert, from harps without num-  
ber !  
Thy children at rest by the shrine of their sires !  
The song-bird on Carmel, — the rose in the  
plain, —  
And the streams flowing backward to Zion again !

1837.

\* See Vathek.

† Isalah.

## THE STAR IN THE EAST.

## I.



HE burning East hath caught a sign,  
 Upon the brow of night,  
 And starts the sage to see it shine  
 O'er all the morning's light ; —  
 A stranger, with his step of fire,  
 Upon the starry way,  
 And wings that tarnish not, nor tire,  
 Amid the blaze of day,  
 But keeping still his flashing eye  
 Unshut, amid the sun-bright sky !

## II.

He is not of the stars who sang \*  
 At that primeval birth,  
 When all their lyres with music rang  
 To hail the young bright earth ;  
 When swelled the world's high anthem out,  
 And pealed the spheres abroad,  
 And one wide pæan met the shout,  
 From all the " sons of God " ! —  
 He fought not with the starry train †  
 That fought on Kishon's ancient plain !

## III.

Whence comes that glorious messenger ? —  
 Why came he not before ? —

\* " When the morning stars sang together, and all the sons of God shouted for joy." — Job xxxviii. 7.

† " The stars in their courses fought against Sisera." — Judges v. 20.

*ILLUSTRATIONS TO PICTURES.* 297

Chaldea hath no form so fair,  
In all her planet-lore : —  
The Gheber knoweth not that star,  
Amid his creed of fire ;  
Nor hath its beauty hailed, from far,  
The mariner of Tyre,  
When midnight, with her spirit-train,  
Looked o'er the Idumean main !

IV.

It prophesieth in the skies ; —  
O where hath it been hid,  
For ages, 'mid the myriad eyes  
That watch the pyramid ?  
The Persian, with his starry wit,  
He cannot speak its name ;  
And who shall read the story writ  
Upon its brow of flame ?  
It hath no page in Grecian art,  
Nor sign on Zoroaster's chart !

V.

It spreadeth forth its glittering wing,  
And beckoneth to the west,  
And circleth, like a living thing,  
In haste — that may not rest : —  
The sage hath watched its course afar,  
And pondered it apart,  
Till, lo ! the story of that star  
Beams in upon his heart, —  
And brightly rises on his soul,  
The legend of its burning scroll !

VI.

'T is he — 't is he — the light of whom  
Those ancient prophets told,



298 ILLUSTRATIONS TO PICTURES.

The star that should from Jacob come,\*  
 To shine on Judah's fold !  
 The East shall offer odors sweet,  
 To meet its rising smiles,  
 And kings bring presents to *His* feet,  
 From Tarshish and the isles, —†  
 And Sheba, from the desert far,  
 Be summoned by that herald star.

VII.

The angel, with his sword of flame,  
 Who watched on Eden's towers,  
 When Adam, in his hour of shame,  
 Went weeping from its bowers, —  
 Perchance to that *same* shining power  
 The gentler task is given,  
 To point, in this redeeming hour,  
 The pathway back to heaven, —  
 And keep the new and better road  
 That opens to the Tree of God.

VIII.

Along the wild, like ships at sea,  
 The pilgrim-camel rides,  
 And through the heavens silently  
 That glorious banner glides :  
 The desert-fiend, in breathless haste,  
 Stalks faint and far away, \  
 And like a garden blooms the waste,  
 Beneath the holy ray, —  
 Where they, who weary not nor rest,  
 Are travelling, star-led, to the west.

\* "There shall come a star out of Jacob." — Num. xxiv. 17.

† "The Kings of Tarshish and of the isles shall bring presents; the Kings of Sheba and Seba shall offer gifts." — Ps. xli. 10.

IX.

When Judah heard the voice of God,  
 On Egypt's hostile plain,  
 And shook, again, her hair abroad,  
 And flung away her chain, —  
 She followed, through the desert-way,  
 Alternate gloom and light,  
 And that was still a shade by day,  
 Which glowed a fire by night ;  
 And morning saw the Godhead shroud  
 Behind the Pillar of the Cloud !

X.

But onward, onward gliding, still,  
 Afar and yet afar,  
 By day and night, o'er plain and hill,  
 Looks out yon golden star !  
 O, never herald's presence yet,  
 With such a glory shone ;  
 And sure, such guide must bring the feet  
 Unto a gorgeous throne ;  
 And who shall meet His awful eye  
 Whose burning couriers walk the sky ?

\* \* \* \* \*

XI.

Yon herald halteth suddenly !  
 And with their fragrant freight,  
 The stately camels stoop the knee  
 Before — a *stable-gate* ! —  
 O, He whose name was first on high,  
 Is lowliest in his birth ;

300 *ILLUSTRATIONS TO PICTURES.*

And He, whose star is in the sky,  
 Hath but a crib on earth ; —  
 And they, the wise, have trod the wild,  
 To bow before — *a little child !*

\* \* \* \* \*

XII.

So, — guided by that eastern ray,  
 The lowly and the poor  
 May gather precious truths, to-day,  
 Beside that stable-door : —  
 That not unto the highest, here  
 The highest place is given ;  
 And they who serve below, may wear  
 The starry crown in heaven ; —  
 And shining things still keep the road  
 That leads the Christian to his God !

1837.

THE SHEPHERD'S CHIEF MOURNER.



HE cottage lieth, still and lone,  
 Amid the peaceful hills,  
 Where the wild mountain-breezes moan  
 Unto the mountain rills ; —  
 No pleasant household footstep falls  
 Along its silent floor,  
 But spirits watch around its walls,  
 And angels at the door ;  
 And by its hearth, with folded wing,  
 Death sitteth, like a crowned king !

He keeps not here his regal state,  
 In purple and in pall,  
 'Mid lamps that gleam, and mutes that wait,  
 Around the 'scutcheoned hall :  
 His sceptre is an idle crook,  
 His throne an empty chair,  
 And near him lies the holy Book,  
 That binds the **STRONG ONE** there ;  
 And through the panes the sunny air  
 Comes laden with the soul of prayer.

His plaid thrown by, forevermore,  
 His bonnet flung aside,  
 And all his weary watches o'er  
 Upon the mountain's side, —  
 Earth's last, lone pillow for his head,  
 The hoary patriarch lies,  
 With none to watch his narrow bed,  
 Save watchers from the skies, —  
 Where all with whom his footsteps trod  
 Are waiting, by the throne of God.

Sleep on, and take thy pleasant rest !  
 Those days are far from thee,  
 When joys *return* along the breast,  
 As swallows o'er the sea !  
 When hope a summer beauty flings  
 On all things, like the sun ;  
 Ere memory, like the curfew, rings,  
 To tell that day is done ! —  
 Ere failing limbs and silver hair  
 Sat sorrowing in thine old arm-chair !

Alone — alone ! — O, *not* alone  
 One fond and faithful heart

That *may* not go where all are gone,  
 Sits watching where *thou* art! —  
 One who thy tottering steps hath led  
 Beside the upland streams,  
 Or watched thy slumbers when the dead  
 Came back to thee in dreams, —  
 The friend of many a lonely year  
 Is mourning o'er his master's bier!

And fancy sees — around, above,  
 And in those earnest eyes,  
 A vision of the deathless love  
 That linketh earth to skies : —  
 A ladder to that lonely room  
 Let downward, from the stars,  
 And angels mounting from the tomb,  
 Along its shining spars, —  
 Beneath, that mourner by the mound, —  
 But God upon its highest round !

### THE SHEPHERD'S GRAVE.



GRAVE amid the quiet hills, —  
 An anthem from the breeze, —  
 A dirge from all the singing rills,  
 And all the sighing trees, —  
 A kiss from every beam that falls  
 Into the wild-flower's heart, —  
 And summer's rich sweet coronals  
 To hide death's sterner part, —  
 A blessing from the blazing west,  
 That lights the song-bird to its rest !

Such gifts are theirs whose lot is cast  
Beside the mountain streams,  
When earth's untroubled hour is past,  
With all its peaceful dreams.  
*They* strive not 'mid the wrecks that roll  
Along life's fevered sleep,  
When, through the tempest of the soul,  
"Deep calleth unto deep";  
And, dying, rest where once they trod,  
Amid the mountains made by God.

They slumber 'neath the same green slopes  
Whereon they used to lie,  
And weave the bright, unfailing hopes,  
Whose woof was of the sky! —  
And fancy dreams of holy things,  
That keep the lonely tomb,  
When sounds that seem the rushing wings  
Of spirits passing home,  
At twilight hour, are faintly driven,  
Betwixt the hill of graves and heaven!

But, when the trump shall stir the dead,  
In all their thousand graves, —  
Shall stay the stately vessel's tread  
Along the sounding waves, —  
When ocean's burial fields shall lie  
Like earth's most open lea,  
And, like a scroll rolled darkly by,  
"There shall be no more sea," —  
When all its valleys shall unfold  
A vision like the Seer's of old; — \*

\* Ezekiel's vision of the valley of dry bones.

When that apocalyptic fear  
 Shall pass along the street,  
 And stay, amid their wild career,  
 The rush of myriad feet, —  
 When every dim cathedral aisle  
 Shall render up its dead,  
 And swarming phantoms crowd the pile  
 That crumbles overhead, —  
 The blast that shakes the tents of men,  
 Shall reach the sleeper in his glen.

The desert shall give back the lost,  
 The battle-field the slain ;  
 Life crowd, alike, the loneliest coast  
 And "cities of the plain," —  
 The long-sought Hebrew\* wander home,  
 Who sleeps beyond the wave,  
 And Rachel, in her beauty, come  
 From out her pillared grave ; — †  
 And God shall send that summons shrill  
 To wake the shepherd on the hill.

A thousand years may pass away,  
 Since mortal foot hath come,  
 To grieve — like yon old mute, to-day —  
 Above thy last, long home ; —  
 The record some fond hand hath traced,  
 To mark thy burial spot,  
 The lichen shall have long effaced,  
 To write thy doom — "forgot !" —  
 Thy faithful dog have found its rest,  
 For ages, on its master's breast : —

\* The dead of the lost tribes.

† "And Jacob set a pillar upon her grave." — Genesis.

But there the untaught flower shall blow,  
And there the wild-bird sing,  
And mystic murmurs, faint and low,  
Steal upward from the spring ;  
The stars above thy mortal sleep  
Their myriad looks shall shed,  
And angels have a charge to keep  
Their watches o'er thy bed ; —  
So, God shall find that lonely nook  
And read thy name — within HIS BOOK !

TITANIA.



LIKE some fair bird, that, 'mid the leaves  
and flowers,  
From skyward travel, folds its silver  
wing, —  
Amid the spicy shade of woodbine bowers,  
And weary with her moonlight wandering,  
Slumbers the Fairy Queen ! — her deep repose  
Won by no mortal music ; — by the sound  
Of lulling water, flinging, as it flows,  
A low, wild, melancholy murmur round : —  
And strains that, from the distant fairy-sphere,  
Unheard by earthly watchers, bring her rest,  
Are lingering yet, within her dreaming ear,  
Singing — like memories in a mortal breast !  
The breeze, with airy footstep stealing by,  
Plays to the sleeping queen his even-song ;  
And the musk-roses utter sigh on sigh,  
As the faint, thrilling measure floats along, —  
Struck from the harp that has a thousand strings,



306 *ILLUSTRATIONS TO PICTURES.*

Wild-thyme and oxlips and the myrtle leaves,  
Yet tuned as soft as when a mother sings  
What scarce the ear — but more the heart — re-  
ceives !

No mortal eye may gaze upon that bower ! —  
The moon — her playmate of a thousand years —  
Looks through the larches, at her own sweet  
hour : —

O, can that fairy cheek be wet with tears ?  
Weep the immortals ? — O, the bright young queen !  
Dreams have been with her, not of angel birth,  
Pangs, her pure essence only makes more keen,  
From passions that have all too much of earth : —  
Too like a spirit, since she wears not wings,  
Too much of mortal, for her spirit-boon,  
Lovely as heaven makes its loveliest things,  
But loving as they love beneath the moon !  
And she is of a race that often wept ! —  
Though nevermore, in forest or in dale,  
Nor in the valleys where of old they slept,  
Or held their revels till the stars were pale,  
Shall they be met by poet or by hind,  
Laughing away the livelong summer night,  
“ Dancing their ringlets to the whistling wind,”  
Or trooping, darkly, from the eye of light ;  
Yet many a waker, in the vanished years,  
On the hillside, beneath the twilight dim,  
Hath gazed upon the more than mortal tears,  
Or listened to the melancholy hymn  
Of some lone fairy, — while her sisters played  
Upon “ the beached margin of the sea,” —  
But gone — forever gone — from shore and glade,  
Elfin and fay, that haunted stream and tree,  
Back to their own far land of Faërie !

FRANCIS I.

RECEIVING KNIGHTHOOD ON THE FIELD OF BATTLE, FROM THE  
HANDS OF THE CHEVALIER BAYARD.

After the battle of Marignan, the King, who had killed many with his own hand, and performed feats of great valor, determined, in the spirit of that chivalry which was then almost extinct, to receive knighthood from the hands of the Chevalier Bayard. This he accordingly did on the spot, and afterwards knighted many of his followers.



THE battle din is over,  
And the battle fire is cold,  
And a thousand tales are acting there  
Which never shall be told ;  
And pain is writ in characters  
Love tries in vain to spell,  
Where pulse-throbs, low and far between,  
Are like a passing-bell !

The sturdy soldier's battle shout  
Is now a child-like wail,  
And his snowy vest is crimson-dyed  
While his crimson cheek is pale ;  
And painfully — O, painfully  
The shout of triumph swells  
Along a field whose every sod  
Is busy with farewells !

The battle shock is over,  
And the mourners sit apart,  
And few the actors gathered round  
Each drama of the heart ; —

308 *ILLUSTRATIONS TO PICTURES.*

O, heavy tales of Marignan  
Went down from sire to son,  
But of its thousand episodes  
The world was told but *one* !

\* \* \* \*

Amid the blaze of tapers tall,  
That light the holy sign,  
But cannot quench the scent of blood,  
Within that warrior shrine, —  
'Mid banners that are waving yet,  
As in the battle breeze,  
And forms that serve (the king — not God)  
Upon their bended knees, —

'Mid gentle hearts that lean to hear  
The silken page's tale,  
Whose troth-plight mingles in their ear  
With yonder widow's wail, —  
The monarch with his war-bow stands,  
(Hark to that dying cry ! )  
And the white-robed priest, with upraised hands,  
(What curse goes groaning by ! )

And there, upon that bloody field,  
And with religion's kiss,  
The promise-covenant is sealed  
Of many fields like this !  
O, mitred priest ! — the priests of old  
Put ashes on their head  
Amid earth's plagues, and stood *between*  
The living and the dead !

'Mid hecatombs of slain,  
The King becomes a knight,

And girds the sword he swears to stain  
In many another fight ;  
While the dying soldier, at the door,  
Collects his laboring breath,  
To hear the vow that dedicates  
His orphan boy to death !

The maiden through the curtain-fold  
Looks wan and wildly in,  
Her brother by the tent lies cold,  
Her lover sits within ! —  
O that all earth's bad pageantries,  
Like this, were banished far !  
The age of Chivalry is gone, —  
Why not the age of War ?

### INEZ.



No more, within her marble halls, — to  
listen to the breeze,  
When evening, like a spirit, falls among  
the orange-trees, —  
No more, — to watch, around her bower, each  
shadow as it flits,  
With love's own eye, at love's own hour, — the  
lady Inez sits !

And never more, at morning time, — as at the  
touch of spells, —  
Shall Inez wake beneath the chime of far Valen-  
cia's bells ;

310 *ILLUSTRATIONS TO PICTURES.*

Valencia's lofty tower hath flung another voice  
around,  
And she, alone, for whom it rung, awoke not at  
the sound !

The lady of a thousand hearts ! — the tended and  
caressed !  
And guarded by a thousand arts — that could not  
guard her breast ;  
And many answered at her call, and watched her  
steps in vain,  
For she has wandered from them all, — never to  
come again !

An old man sits within the home that she had  
made so bright,  
Whose brow is dreary as a tomb, and his eye is  
like its light ;  
And page and squire within its walls keep up an  
idle state,  
For there are weepers in its halls, and weepers at  
its gate !

'T is eve ! and through her lattice high looks in  
the quiet moon,  
And scents, like sweet thoughts, wander by upon  
the breath of June ;  
There sits the lady Inez, pale, and with a fevered  
eye, —  
But not to watch the cloud-boats sail, nor hear  
the roses sigh !

Light as a moonbeam through the leaves, a white  
plume plays afar,  
And — louder scarce than silence — grieves a lone  
and low guitar ;

*ILLUSTRATIONS TO PICTURES.* 311

Well Inez knows it by the tears that at its waving  
start,

And, faint as are the tones, she hears,—and hears  
them with her heart !

And all that melancholy night, that melancholy  
tune,

Sweet as it floated on that light and murmured  
from that moon,

Sad as it came from distant lands, and spoke of  
distant years,

Falls loud upon her listening heart, though low  
upon her ears !

As 't were a song that she had heard, O — many an  
age ago,

The voice of some remembered bird that from her  
bower had flown !

But silent, nevermore to rise, the dim and dream-  
like strain !

And morning shows her heavy eyes a ship upon  
the main !

She withered from that day, — her bloom grew  
beautifully faint,

And her murmurs took a tone whose voice was  
sadder than complaint.

O, nevermore to her the moon flung beauty on  
the wave,

And night fell down as if the sun were going to  
its grave !

And to her eye there came a light more bright  
than that of mirth,

And o'er her brow a loveliness that was not of the  
earth ;

312 *ILLUSTRATIONS TO PICTURES.*

And as her wasting form went by, its motion gave  
no sound,  
And her footfall was so soft it drew no echo from  
the ground !

The earth to-day is like a grave, — the air is like  
a shroud, —

There is no pulse upon the wave, — no motion in  
the cloud ;

The morning like a mourner comes, — the sky is  
like a pall, —

And sounds, as if they stole from tombs, go wail-  
ing over all !

Before the shrine, her forehead bowed upon her  
thin white hands,

Still as she were a sculptured thing, the lady Inez  
stands ;

And when, among the long, dim aisles the holy  
anthem dies,

They raise her face, — but she is gone, in music,  
to the skies !

Upon her brow there is no sign that death had  
struggled there,

No pang to make her all divine, who *ever* was so  
fair ! —

The stars had faded, one and all, before the dull,  
gray light,

But Inez saw them once again, long ere another  
night !

The lark had risen at her feet upon her morning  
way,

But she shall be before him yet, amid the purer  
day ;

And half way up at heaven's gate, *from earth*, she  
heard him sing,  
But Inez passed him in his flight, and with a  
lighter wing !

LA FILLE BIEN GARDÉE.



TATELY as a silver swan,  
O'er a river sailing on, —  
Fancies sweet with feelings high  
Mingled in her dreaming eye, —  
Guarded close by squire and page,  
(Youth will not be schooled by age !)  
Watched in vain, though watched so well,  
Moves the lady Isabel !

She is dreaming at this hour ! —  
In her dream there is a bower,  
And the voice of a guitar,  
And an overlooking star,  
And the murmur of a prayer ;  
And a vow is uttered there ; —  
Soon her guards will have to tell  
How 't was kept by Isabel !



THE FLOWER-GIRL'S SONG.



WILL you not buy my flowers ?

I have been on the primrose hill ;

I have been where the lily builds silver  
bowers,

On the edge of the singing rill.

I have followed the bee where the sallow grows

By the amaranth dim and pale ;

And I tracked the butterfly's wing to the rose,

In her palace of the vale !

Choose what you love the best !

All culled in the cool fresh morn,

For I wakened the lark from the poppy's breast,

In the depths of the waving corn !

A rainbow might have dyed this wreath —

It has every scent and hue

That is born of the west wind's wooing breath,

Or waked by the early dew.

Fragrant and sweet and fair !

Yet they neither toil nor spin ;

But they have not known the touch of care

Nor the taint of mortal sin !

Beside *their* beauty, pure and lone,

The glow of earthly fame,

Or the pomp and pride of Solomon,

Is a vain and empty name !

Is not my calling sweet ?

To dwell amid beautiful things !

Flowers giving perfume at my feet,  
 And birds — *like* flowers with wings!  
 O happy they who shun the strife  
 Of pride or passion's hours,  
 And glide along the calms of life  
 Like me, dispensing flowers.

# THE FANTOCCINI-BOY, IN ROME.

## I.



N orphan-boy — alone! alone!  
 No mother waits for the homeless one!  
 He passeth on, through the crowded  
     street,  
 With a lounging look and weary feet, —  
 As he wandereth over the Alpine wild,  
 Everywhere a hermit-child!  
 No one to hail, and no one to bless,  
 In city or in wilderness:  
 'Mid eyes and voices, not an eye  
 To weep for the love of the orphan-boy, —  
 And not a tone that glides apart,  
 To ring the small bells of his heart!  
 Where Florence keepeth the wrecks of art,  
 Like dreams of the past in a faded heart;  
 And Venice her spires, like a vessel's spars, ,  
 Lifts from the waters, to point to the stars; —  
 Where Pisa, now, like her own tall tower,  
 Boweth down from her posture of power;

316 ILLUSTRATIONS TO PICTURES.

And Naples, like a southern bride,  
Looks o'er the southern sea,  
And weareth, under a brow of pride,  
A heart of fantasy, —  
The city, whose thousand pulses play  
Like the dancing waves of her own bright bay, —  
Whose spirits, ever on the wing,  
Are ready still, like yon idle boy,  
To barter life's most precious thing,  
For the sake of an aimless toy ; —  
From town to town, — from clime to clime,  
He stealeth along with the stealing time,  
Pausing nowhere, tarrying none,  
But wandering ever, away and on,  
With trailing feet, and with elfin locks,  
And all his friends in that curtained box ;  
Halting still where the children are,  
And showing its marvels everywhere, —  
Till, once again, with his wondrous toy,  
He standeth in Rome — a Roman boy !

II.

Rome is the place for the ruined heart,  
Where ruin sits in the homes of art ; —  
And Rome is the place for the weary breast,  
Where all things whisper of more than rest ; —  
Where crowded alley and haunted nook  
Have, each and ever, a lonely look,  
And sadness broodeth over the whole, —  
O, Rome is the place for the lonely soul !  
The homeless grieveth less in Rome,  
Where *no one* seems as he were at home, —  
O'er shattered shrines and wasted walls,  
Where sunshine saddens as it falls, —

And none of all the roofs and domes,  
O'er its solemn surface spread,  
Look as they were for abiding-homes,  
Save those which hold its dead.  
Through noise and glare, that city is  
Still like a vast necropolis,  
And men, amid its tombs, to-day,  
Like pilgrims sitting 'mid ruins gray ! —  
And yet, the Roman heart and eye  
Are as dull to this as yon orphan boy !

III.

He stands by the Cæsars' palace-hall,  
That stands by the prelate's mitred stall ;  
He walks the fields where the laurel grew,  
And drinketh the air where the eagles flew,  
And seeth the evening shadows fall  
Over the Coliseum wall : —  
And he looketh abroad, with a listless eye,  
On the hurrying crowds that pass him by,  
And flingeth glances, scarce more cold,  
On the broken frieze and the statue old, —  
For the crumbling shaft and the sculptured  
stone

Are as near to his heart as any one !  
O, seeth he not that *all* men, there,  
Beneath their smiles have an orphan air ;  
That over each and all is cast  
A shadow from the mighty past, —  
And modern glory looketh wan,  
In the lingering gleams of a glory gone ?  
He heareth not the foot of Time  
Climbing the arch *he* loves to climb, —

318 *ILLUSTRATIONS TO PICTURES.*

And dreameth of none of the viewless things  
That are flitting about on their spirit-wings !

IV.

He playeth his puppets where, of old,  
The triumph passed, in its sweep of gold ;  
And resteth his box on the ruined stone  
That kept the tale of some broken throne ;  
And pulleth his fantoccini strings  
Where the wires were worked that played with  
kings !

And the Roman son of a Roman sire  
Who followed the eagle's glance of fire,  
Whose sport was the cohort's iron-play —  
Looks idly on at his freaks to-day ;  
And takes the laugh from his laughing eye,  
And sendeth it back right merrily ; —  
And stands beneath the self-same sky  
That fired the Scipios with its glow,  
To watch the trick of a wandering boy,  
Who plays a puppet-show !

V.

Such, 'mid her ruins old and gray,  
Such are the sports of Rome to-day !  
Though finer souls may hear a tone  
Of spirits speaking from each old stone,  
And catch, below each merry eye,  
An echo faint like a far-off sigh.  
But the antique forum's haunted walls  
Ring with the puppets' mimic brawls ;  
And Punch lifts up his portly bust,  
And laughs aloud o'er the Cæsars' dust ;

And just such plaudits greet the show  
As answered Cicero, long ago ! —  
O, yonder orphan dreameth not,  
With his weary feet and his elfin locks,  
That a moral dwells in his lonely lot,  
And a satire haunts his box !

1837.

LA PENSIEROSA.



LAS for thee ! — what mournful thought  
Hath won thee from thine unread book ;  
And where hath thy young forehead  
caught

Its sad and silent look ?  
Thine age is not the age of tears, —  
And yet thy childish cheek is pale  
As theirs who weep, through weary years,  
Above their own heart's tale, —  
Or read, by memory's dreary ray,  
The records of their early day !  
'T is very morning in thy breast,  
When loves the soul to soar and sing, —  
Thine cannot, sure, to such a nest  
Have brought a wounded wing,  
Nor turned, so soon, a weary eye  
From gazing on life's morning sky !  
The day is thine of *future* dreams, —  
Yet on thy brow a shade is cast,  
That, in its mournful beauty, seems  
Too like a phantom of the past : —  
O, sad it were if this might be,  
There should be yet no *past* for thee !

How should thy spirit, fresh and new,  
 Ring falsely, yet — like broken bells ?  
 Or those young lips have caught their hue  
 From uttering farewells ?  
 Or that sweet vision, turned within,  
 Find aught of sorrow there, or sin ;  
 Or miss, as yet, the answering ray  
 Which promised what years never pay ?  
 Look up, and catch — youth's proper grace —  
 The beams of morning on thy face !  
 Thy beauty were itself a light,  
 Methinks, to make the gazer glad,  
 But sorrow, on a brow so bright,  
 Is, more than sorrow, sad ;  
 And thought — a grace in after years —  
 In youth is but a thing for tears !  
 O, memory's grieving tints impart  
 An autumn beauty to the heart,  
 But *thou* art in thy very spring,  
 Too young and fair for withering !

And yet — alas that such should be ! —  
 O, woe for them and woe for thee ! —  
 There are, in this dim world of ours,  
 Who play, in youth, life's saddest part,  
 And wear sweet thoughts, like climbing flowers,  
 Around a broken heart ! —  
 Who *start* as orphans of the soul,  
 And never reach hope's nearest goal ! —  
 Who, carrying weight through all the race,  
 Have never won the prize of joy,  
 And, on the weary path they trace,  
 See all hearts pass them by !  
 There are for whom youth's sunny things

Have but been seen in far-off flight,  
 Like doves that seem to ply their wings  
 Our way, — but, ere they 'light,  
 Turn their bright course, and murmuringly  
 Sink down upon a distant tree! —  
 From whom, in very childhood's day,  
 Along time's severing waves,  
 The cold have travelled far away,  
 The dead are in their graves,  
 Till youth's is all as lone a doom  
 As age's sitting by its tomb! —  
 Who wear at first what life at last  
 Should wear — the hue of those who mourn,  
 Look o'er the waters of the past,  
 And cry, "return! return!"  
 And have their own heart's heavy sighs  
 For all their sad and sole replies!  
 O, weary! — sure God's high design  
 Hath signed such lone ones with his sign,  
 And to those spirits shall be given  
 The brightest seat in all his heaven!

But thine is not *their* haunted look,  
 Young mourner! — though thy thoughtful eye  
 Turns from that page, to read the book  
 Of thine own memory: —  
 Though thoughts are busy at thy heart  
 That take, perchance, some lost one's part,  
 And shadows from a grave have flung  
 Their gloom upon thy forehead young, —  
 Yet each should wear a ghastlier gloom  
 Were *hope* the tenant of that tomb!  
 Who pauses on thy face to gaze,  
 May understand — an ancient tale —



Why reared the men of other days  
 A worship to the pale ; — \*  
 And long to see that fair cheek bright,  
 Like lilies, not with bloom, but light,  
 And find the clearness, in thine eyes,  
 Without the warmth, of summer skies !

A spirit sits within the heart,  
 'Mid all its deepening glooms,  
 As, one by one, its joys depart,  
 An angel by their tombs, —  
 An angel clad in raiment white,  
 And smiling through the long, dark night, —  
 Whose own bright home is far on high,  
 And hops its name, beneath the sky !  
 And if at times we cannot hear  
 Its singing for our sighs,  
 Nor trace its features, for the tear  
 That fills our own fond eyes, —  
 Yet still it smiles and still it sings,  
 Beside the soul's half-buried springs,  
 And plucks the wild weeds, that their waves  
 May freely wander round its graves,  
 And flowers beneath its eye have room  
 To blossom even from the tomb.  
 And, if that song be sung for all,  
 It keeps for youth its sweetest fall,  
 And thou, young mourner ! yet shalt hear  
 Its murmur in thy spirit's ear !  
 There is a book, to whose high words  
 That music sets its sweetest chords ;  
 And they who choose that sacred song,  
 When floats the spirit's hymn along,

\* The Romans built a temple to Palenese.

Have to their souls a foretaste given  
Of how the angels sing in heaven : —  
O well for thee, if 'neath thine eyes,  
This hour, *that* very volume lies !

1837.

## HAWKING.

### I.



HE Baron hath been abroad, all day,  
With hawk and hound and horn ;  
And, by his side, the lady May  
Hath ridden since the morn.

The falconer drives a merry sport,  
Through the pathless fields on high ;  
But the chase of the Baron's heart, to-day,  
Lay all beneath the sky !

### II.

The kite may keep the upper air,  
And the heron its reedy nest,  
Though the Baron's hounds are stanch and true,  
And his falcons of the best ;  
But the falconer may hood the hawk,  
And the huntsman chain the hound, —  
For the single prey of this summer's day  
Lies bleeding on the ground.

### III.

The Baron he loves his own good steed,  
That hath borne him long and far,

A fleet one in his hour of need,  
 And a strong in the shock of war ; —  
 But the Baron hath no word of hail  
 For his own good steed to-day,  
 And better he loves the palfrey white  
 That carries the lady May.

## IV.

The silver bells on the falcon's feet  
 Are making a low, glad sound,  
 And well *he* loves the music sweet  
 The sweet bells utter round ; —  
 But now the Baron cannot hear,  
 For the voice of other spells,  
 And low, soft tones are in his ear,  
 O sweeter far than bells !

## V.

Though the Baron he is a baron bold,  
 As ever wore shining brand,  
 And never fear came to his heart,  
 Nor weakness to his hand, —  
 That hand to-day hath trembled, as  
 With the palfrey's rein it played,  
 And the Baron hath found a happiness  
 That *makes* the heart afraid !

## VI.

And what of *her*, the lady May, —  
 The lady of the spell ! —  
 Hath she no tale, this summer-day,  
 To ponder, or to tell ? —  
 No voices, save of bells or birds,  
 That in *her* thoughts have part, —  
 And are there no faint human words  
 Now singing at her heart ?

VII.

She hath summoned his falcon to her side ;  
And she leans from her palfrey white,  
And plays with the proud bird's glossy pride,  
In view of her own true knight ;  
She soothes him with a faltering hand,  
And speaks low words of cheer, —  
But they rise, like the tones of an angel's flute,  
Up to the Baron's ear !

VIII.

For, what hath the gallant falcon done,  
To make the lady sigh, —  
To send a trembling to her tone,  
A tear into her eye ?  
Why bends she o'er her saddle-bow,  
With such a lowly grace ; —  
And why is the Baron happy now,  
Though he looks not in her face ?

IX.

His spirit's jesses are untied, —  
O, not that it may fly ;  
He would not leave that lady's side,  
For all in yonder sky ! —  
Ride on, true Baron, — gayly on,  
Ride with the lady May ;  
And bless, when many a year is gone,  
The hawking of that day !

# THE EMBROIDERER.



HE small white fingers, from whose rosy  
tips —  
Along her work — the roses seem to  
part,  
Have lost their motion ; and the rich, ripe lips  
Smile at the tongue embroidering *on her heart* !  
*He weaves his pictures* of all fairy things :  
Flowers that are full of light and linger long, —  
Bright-plumaged birds, with ribbons round their  
wings,  
To check their soaring only, not their song, —  
Streams in whose mirrors bright the lover's eyes  
May gaze, as into his own happy heart,  
That keeps, like them, but visions of the skies, —  
Are painted to her soul with passion's art ;  
And wrought in love's own tracery of gold,  
Tell the same old fond tale that Love has ever told !

1837.

# PEASANT CHILDREN.

I.



VERYWHERE, — everywhere, —  
Like the butterfly's silver wings,  
That are seen by all in the summer air,  
We meet with these beautiful things !  
And the low, sweet lisp of the baby-child  
By a thousand hills is heard,  
And the voice of the young heart's laughter, wild  
As the voice of the singing bird !

II.

The cradle rocks in the peasant's cot,  
As it rocks in the noble's hall,  
And the brightest gift in the loftiest lot  
Is a gift that is given to all ; —  
For the sunny light of childhood's eyes  
Is a boon like the common air,  
And, like the sunshine of the skies,  
It falleth everywhere !

III.

They tell us this old earth no more  
By angel feet is trod,  
That they bring not now, as they brought of yore,  
The oracles of God : —  
O, each of these young human flowers  
God's own high message bears,  
And we are walking, all our hours,  
With "angels unawares" ! \*

By stifling street and breezy hill  
We meet their spirit mirth :  
That such bright shapes should linger, till  
They take the stains of earth !  
O, play not those a blessed part,  
To whom the boon is given  
To leave their errand with the heart,  
And straight return to heaven !

1837.

\* Some have entertained angels unawares. — Heb. xiii. 2.

## THE CORONATION OF QUEEN VICTORIA.



HE great ones of the earth are met,  
Amid the solemn antique gloom,  
That, born of ages, hallows yet  
The funeral-fane, — the temple-tomb.

Along its dim recesses floats,  
In wave on wave, the gleam of gold,  
And loving shouts and trumpet-notes,  
Amid its shadows rolled,  
Have low replies, that echo brings  
From the dark homes of buried kings !

From pictured panes, the rays of light,  
Like angels glancing up the nave,  
With sunny pencils pause to write  
Their morals on some ancient grave !  
But valor, in his strength, is here,  
And here is beauty in her smiles,  
And looks that charm and tones that cheer  
Are flitting through the aisles ;  
And beats and breathes in every part,  
A nation's warm and living heart.

Pomp sitteth in the Seat of Prayer,  
And smiles are in the Place of Tears,  
The ancient abbey doth not wear  
Her faded garb of ancient years ; —  
For the sea hath oped its secret cells,  
And so hath the deep and darksome mine,  
To furnish forth the glittering spells  
That deck the dim old shrine ;  
And other plumes than crown the dead  
Wave to the murmurs overhead !

A thousand hearts ! — but, 'mid the throng,  
*One* sitteth lonely and apart,  
 As though, its shining ranks among,  
 Her spirit found no sister-heart.  
 O, many stars are in the sky,  
 The queenly moon is there *alone*,  
 Yet all those lights seem hung on high  
 To wait on only one ;  
 And all these hearts — of brave and fair —  
 Beat for the lonely lady there.

And now, beside the royal chair,  
 The stoled and mitred prelate stands ;  
 The crown she seems so weak to wear  
 Is trembling in his aged hands !  
 But angel-forms, by fancy seen,  
 Are hovering round her fair young head,  
 Or stand — as Aaron stood — between  
 The living and the dead ;  
 And words, amid the trumpets clear,  
 Seem murmuring to her maiden ear : —

“ Of all these sleeping kings around  
 We gird thee with the ancient crown ;  
 Their antique sway on British ground,  
 We give, — with all their old renown.  
 A wider realm is thine than theirs, —  
 And O, be thine a loftier soul !  
 A nobler people, — may their prayers  
 Grow blessings as they roll !  
 And this day's gift, a nation's love,  
 Keep thou untarnished for above !

“ Fair daughter of these free, glad isles,  
 A high and happy lot hast thou ;



330 *ILLUSTRATIONS TO PICTURES.*

A people, with a people's smiles,  
 Hath hearkened to thy queenly vow !  
 Be of *their* loftier part the mate,  
 Who keep around their marble state,  
 And sleep in kingly pride !  
 Their fame be thine, — their better fate, —  
 Be all they were of good or great,  
 And be thyself, beside !  
 Be thine Eliza's queenly part,  
 But with thine own sweet woman's heart."

1838.

THE BIRD OF THE CANARIES.

The Canary, in its native woods, is of a greenish color, and is an inferior songster. It is said to acquire its beautiful yellow hue, and rich song, by domestication in colder latitudes.



HEY say that island-bird, that sings  
 Within our homes so rich a song, —  
 The little bird with golden wings,  
 That poureth, all day long,  
 A flute-like music, sweet and clear,  
 As if it were a spirit's lay,  
 That brought the tones to mortal ear  
 Of fay-land, far away, —  
 The small bright bird that cometh west,  
 From the blue islands of the blest, —  
 They say that, in its *own* warm bowers,  
 Where that fair songster floateth, free  
 As floats the breeze o'er all the flowers  
 That scent the tropic sea,

The sun it soars to fails to fling  
This golden gleam upon its wing,  
That seemeth as it drew its dyes  
From wandering through those burning skies ; —  
The sun it sings to shines in vain,  
To wake that wild and witching strain  
That gushes forth to meet his smiles,  
Like incense, from our colder isles, —  
The sweet and swelling music calls  
That answer where the daybeam falls,  
As if its touch had power to start  
Some spring within the minstrel's heart,  
And play those winged lyres of gold  
As, erst, it played the Memnon old : —  
That these its fairy hues belong  
To wing restrained and riper age,  
And still it pours its sweetest song  
Within its northern cage, —  
And, in its gifts most precious, comes  
To bless us, in our human homes !

O, fairy from the far-off main ! —  
Thou little flute with golden wings !  
Thy spirit-hue and spirit-strain  
Are types of fairer things,  
And we have dearer gifts than these  
Amid the mists of northern seas !  
Bright forms that flutter in the sun,  
With voices sweet as silver bells,  
Whose tones along the spirit run,  
Like music's very spells, —  
And open, with their own sweet art,  
Those inner chambers of the heart,  
Within whose depths was never heard  
The singing of the bird.

332 *ILLUSTRATIONS TO PICTURES.*

And if thy wing of gold or green  
 Be not to our beloved given,  
 Winged thoughts, within their dark eyes seen,  
 Take, oft, the soul to heaven,  
 But bring it surely back, to rest,  
 At eve, within an earthly nest.  
 Our fairies these, — while floating, free  
 As thou amid thy far-off sea,  
 And, like thy sisters, singing sooth,  
 In the bright island of their youth !  
 But years to our beloved bring  
 A richer song, with riper age,  
 When each is bound, with *golden ring*,  
 Within a golden cage, —  
 In whose sweet hush and holy rest  
 New sounds steal up along the breast, —  
 The angels playing soft and low,  
 As erst in Eden, long ago,  
 Rich harmonies, till then unheard,  
 Gush from our own bright human bird,  
 And hues come o'er its heart, whose dyes  
 Can have no fountain but the skies !  
 O, beauty haunteth everywhere,  
 For spirits that can see aright,  
 And music fills the common air  
 Of morn, and noon, and night, —  
 But beauty wears no form on earth  
 Like that which sitteth by the hearth ; —  
 And, 'mid the music of the throng,  
 They never know, who always roam,  
 How sweeter far that sweetest song  
 That WOMAN sings — at HOME.

THE SISTERS. •



OW beautiful a thing is love,  
When looking from such eyes ! —  
Like some bright spirit, fancy-wove  
Amid the moonlit skies, —  
A blessed presence, felt and far,  
That looketh downward — through the star !

The vanished time ! — when, by each spring,  
And 'mid the summer leaves,  
The angels used to smile and sing,  
In Eden's balmy eyes !  
Yet our dim world hath dearer things,  
For *they* have tears — and those had wings.

These, — these are of the fairy forms  
That keep our firesides bright, —  
Bring out the rainbow from life's storms,  
And make its darkness light, —  
And, like the sun 'mid misty shrouds,  
Make beautiful earth's very clouds.

Fair, happy things ! — ye make me weep,  
As memories o'er me roll,  
Where just *such* bright ones sit, and keep  
The houses of the soul, —  
But throw no light along its glooms,  
And fade away to far-off tombs.

Away ! — why should I fling a shade  
Upon your smiling hearts, —

334 ILLUSTRATIONS TO PICTURES.

Or dim the looks that love hath made,  
 To play such sunny parts? —  
 What gift have those fond spirits, *more*,  
 Who wait me — on the spirit-shore.

1839.

THE MENDICANT BRIDE.



H me ! this weary world of ours  
 Hath yet a boon for all, —  
*Some singing birds, or climbing flowers,*  
 That to the spirit call,  
 Or hang, around each ruined part,  
 Their graceful tendrils in the heart !  
 And if the nightingale be dead,  
 That singeth to the silver star, —  
 And if the bird of hope be fled,  
 That ever, from afar,  
 Shouts, like the cuckoo, to the breast  
 That spring hath stirred and summer drest, —  
 The lark is with us, yet, to sing  
 Into the winter of our days,  
 And pour, on never-tiring wing,  
 His lone and loving lays ; —  
 And *his* is still the music-call  
 Sung nearest heaven of them all !  
 And if the plant that hope had nurst,  
 Be now a lost and faded thing, —  
 The spirit's almond-tree, — the first  
 That blossomed in its spring, —  
 Yet love may flower, as flowers the rose,  
 Amid the cold heart's coming snows,

And, like the wild acacia, bloom  
 On vegetation's very tomb, —  
 The lonely tree that lifts its head  
 When all its sister-plants are dead,  
 And springeth up on desert ground \*  
 Where all is waste around ! —  
 O, Love may weave his threads of gold  
 Throughout the beggar's mantle old,  
 A richer gift, — a dearer thing  
 Than makes the purple of a king !  
 May gird him as with magic zones,  
 Against the bolts by fortune hurled,  
 And lift to high and spirit thrones  
 The Pariahs of the world !

The wild bees, on Hymettus, cull  
 Their sweets from bitter flowers ; —  
 And Love hath tones more sweet and full  
 In fortune's drearier hours : —  
 More high and clear his hymn-notes roll  
 Along the spirit's strings,  
 For the deep silence of the soul  
 In which he sits and sings ! —  
 The angel he whose shining form,  
 Beside Bethesda's pool,  
 Drew healing from the very *storm*  
 That stirred its waters cool : —  
 The spirit, clad in white, that comes,  
 And keepeth watches over tombs !

O, like the dew that falls in tears,  
 To fill the earth with smiles,

\* "The Acacia, — the solitary inhabitant of all deserts."

336 *ILLUSTRATIONS TO PICTURES.*

The love that, born of barren years,  
 Amid their hardening toils,  
 Strikes the waste spirit with its spell,  
 And makes the hidden waters well !  
*They* are not poor — not lonely they —  
 Who sit beside the public way,  
 And ask the bread, with hungry eyes,  
 That God hath given — but man denies,  
 If love unto their souls have shown,  
 The rich, bright treasures of his own ! —  
*She* is not Fortune's loneliest child,  
 Who sits, like Hagar, in the wild,  
 If He who took *that* lone one's part,  
 Hath called from heaven to her heart,\*  
 And led her where, by night and day,  
 Love's hidden fountains leap and play ! —  
 Well may the scorned one of the earth  
 Scorn the proud scorers in their pride, —  
 Who, like Tobias, wanders forth,  
 An angel for his guide !

1839.

\* " And the angel of God called to Hagar out of heaven, . . .  
 And God opened her eyes, and she saw a well of water."



## MISCELLANEOUS.









### THE WIDOW'S SONG.\*



THIS world is a wide one, for sorrow  
or joy,  
And where in this world is my own  
sailor boy?

With his loud ringing laugh, and his long sunny  
hair;

Do they swell on the breeze yet, and float through  
the air?

Is there any bright land 'mid the lands of the  
earth

That holds the lost child of my heart and my  
hearth?

I have sat by the fire when the old men have said  
There be eyes of the living that look on the dead!  
O tell me, ye seers, in your search of the tomb,  
Do you find my fair son in its valleys of gloom?  
Is there any pale boy, with a look of the sea,  
'Mid that people of shades, who is watching for  
me?

\* Probably written to illustrate a picture: uncertain.—  
ED. POST. WORKS.

That morn when he left us ! — mine eyes are  
grown dim,  
And see' little that 's bright, since they looked  
upon him ;

And my heart, in its dulness, hath learnt to for-  
get, —

But the light of that morn is a memory yet, —  
Yet shines through this darkness that far sunny  
day

When passed my fair boy like a spirit away.

We waited — how long ! — but we waited in vain,  
And we looked over land, and we looked over  
main ;

And ships — O how many ! — came home from  
the sea,

Bringing comfort to others, but sorrow to me :  
'Mid all their glad answers there answer was  
none

To the mother who asks if she yet have a son.

And we fed upon hope, — until hope was denied, —  
Till our health of the spirit it sickened and died ;  
And his father sat down in his old broken chair,  
And I watched the white sorrow steal over his  
hair, —

And I saw his clear eye waxing feeble and wild, —  
And the frame of the childless grew weak as a  
child !

And the angel of grief, that o'ershadowed his  
brain,

Now wrote on his forehead, in letters of pain ;  
And I read the handwriting, — and knew that the  
breast

Of the weary with waiting was going to rest;  
So he left a fond word for the lost one, and *I*,  
I linger behind him, to tell it my boy.

*I promised* to wait, — I have promised to say  
What grief was his father's at going away.  
Will he come, — *will* he come? — O my heart is  
grown old,  
And the blood in my veins it runs languid and  
cold,  
And my spirit is faint, and my vision is dim,  
But there's that in mine eye will be light yet for  
*him!*

They tell me of countries beyond the broad sea,  
Where stars look on others that look not on me,  
Where the flowers are more sweet and the waters  
more bright, —

And they hint he may dwell in those valleys of  
light;

They speak of some home with a far-foreign  
bride, —

O, this world is a wide one! — *why* is it so wide?

But they surely forget — which my sailor does  
*not* —

That I'm sitting, whole years, in my lone little  
cot;

He knows I am waiting — though weary, *must*  
wait —

Till he shout, as of old, at the low garden-gate;  
Till the thirst of my sorrow may drink of his  
joy: —

O I cannot depart till I speak with my boy!

I *believe* that he lives ! — were he low in the mould,  
There 's a pulse in my heart would be silent and  
cold,  
That awoke at his birth, and, through good and  
through ill,  
Has played in its depths, — and is playing there  
still ;  
When its moon shall have set, then that tide shall  
be dry,  
And the widow be sure *where* to look for her boy !

O, *will* he come never ? — Lost son of the sea !  
I hear a low voice that is calling for me ;  
It comes from that spot, the dark yew-trees among,  
Where the grave of thy sire has been lonely too  
long ;  
A voice of low chiding ! — I come, — O, I come ! —  
Hath he met my lost boy in the land of the  
tomb ? —

I shall know ! — But if not, — if he comes to the  
door,  
When the voice of his mother can bless him no  
more,  
Some finger shall point to the pathway of tombs,  
Where my boy may come up to our mansion of  
glooms :  
And I think I shall hear his light tread o'er the  
stones,  
As the trump shall be heard in the valley of bones !

## TO A CHILD.



UST out of heaven! — grace from high  
Around thy forehead clings,  
And fancy gazes till her eye  
Can almost see thy wings; —  
The world, as yet, hath laid no stain  
Upon thy spirit's light,  
Nor sorrow flung a single chain  
Upon its sunny flight; —  
The rose upon thy cheek still wears  
The colors of its birth,  
Its hues unwithered by the tears  
And breezes of the earth;  
And round thee tints of beauty, yet,  
And gleams of glory play,  
As thou hadst left the skies of late,  
And in their starry plains hadst met  
The rainbow on thy way; —  
And, like the bird that pours its lay  
Its own bright paths along,  
'Thy footsteps dance along thy way,  
Unto thine own heart's song!  
O, thus that it might ever be!  
But onward, onward darkly driven,  
The world shall be too cold for thee; —  
Of such as thee is heaven!

That thou mightst ever be as now!  
How brightly on thy childish brow  
Is heaven's sign unfurled!  
Thou walk'st amid our darker day

Like angels who have lost their way,  
And wandered to the world !  
O that thou mightst at once go back,  
Nor tempt the sad and onward track,  
Where lights, that are not of the skies,  
Shall lead thy wandering feet astray,  
And breezes, not from Paradise,  
Shall chill thee on the way ; —  
Where hills that seem forever near,  
Shall fade before thy cheated eyes,  
And shouts of laughter, in thine ear,  
Sink, wailing, into sighs ; —  
Where thou shalt find hope's thousand streams  
All flow to memory's gloomy river,  
Whose waves are fed by perished dreams,  
Forever and forever ; —  
Where guilt may stamp her burning brand,  
Upon thy soul's divinest part,  
And grief *must* lay her icy hand  
Upon thy shrinking heart : —  
Till, like a wounded singing-bird,  
Joy's song may nevermore be heard ;  
And peace, that built within thy breast,  
May perish in its very nest ;  
And youth, within thy darkened eye,  
Grow old, and cease to prophesy ; —  
Till thou, amid thy soul's decline,  
And o'er thy spirit's ruined shrine,  
And o'er the forms that haunt thy sleep,  
To fade with night, — mayst sit and weep ;  
Like me, mayst vainly weep and pray,  
To be the thing thou art to-day,  
And wish the wish — as old as wild —  
    Thou wert again a playful child !

TO HENRY HOWARD, ESQ., R. A.

ON SEEING HIS PICTURE OF "THE BOWER OF DIANA," AND IN  
REFERENCE TO HIS MANY OTHER BEAUTIFUL ILLUSTRATIONS  
OF THE CLASSIC MYTHOLOGY.



F that be sooth which he hath taught, —  
The sage who wrote on yonder sky, — \*  
And cast a spell more fine than *thought*,  
Which brought the absent to *the eye*, — †

If he whose charms could give to sight  
The dead, and make the moon his scroll,  
Have clearly read and told aright  
The story of the soul ;  
And if, in truth, 'mid chance and change,  
A pilgrim of the same dark sphere,  
It wanders on thro' being's range,  
Though still a stranger here,  
Save for some few, faint memories  
Of distant days and far-off skies,  
That come, like half-forgotten dreams,  
And light it with their fitful gleams,  
And dimly link its present fate  
With some old unremembered state ; —  
If we, who walk the world to-day,  
Have walked a thousand years ago,  
And seen the ancient fountains play,  
That have forgot to flow  
For centuries, perchance, of years, —  
Like what were *then* our springs of tears, —

\* Pythagoras.

† The glass of Pythagoras.



And, like those streams, our grief has found  
New issues upon other ground, —  
If this be so, — then *thou* hast strayed,  
Methinks, within some Grecian glade,  
And seen of old the spirit-eyes  
That glanced along those moon-lit vales,  
And heard the low, sweet spirit-sighs  
Come breathing down their gales ;  
And to thine eyes have erst been given  
The visions of the Grecian heaven !  
And thou hast dreamt the haunted dreams  
That, when the world as yet was young,  
Stole up from all the wild, fresh streams  
That to the sleeper sung,  
And peopled all their isles and springs  
With starry eyes and rainbow wings !  
And thou by green and grove hast met  
Immortal voices singing low,  
And seen the shapes that haunt thee yet,  
Two thousand years ago !  
Or haply thou of yore hast strayed  
With old Lysippus, in the shade,  
And heard *him* tell of classic elf, —  
Or wert, perhaps, Lysippus' self ! —  
And thus, the visions woo thee, still,  
Tho' faintly now, and far apart,  
That came upon the lonely hill,  
Unto the lonely heart ; —  
That dwelt, a wild and mystic train,  
Of old, amid the forest trees,  
And fell into the dreamer's brain,  
With every solemn breeze, —  
Or lurking 'mid the place of flowers,  
Made temples of the summer bowers !

And that, perchance, is *memory's* skill,  
Which takes *imagination's* show,\*

\* \* \* \* \*

And this is of the dreams that link  
Thy present with thy former day, —  
Where still thy fancies love to drink  
At fountains far away : —  
Till, — like the land in which they grew, —  
That breast of thine is haunted ground,  
Where shapes immortal wander through,  
And spirit-echoes float around,  
And pale, sad faces sit and weep  
In leafy places far apart,  
And flashing eyes, that never sleep,  
Look in upon thy heart ;  
And by thy spirit's thousand rills  
Sit Naiads, singing wild, sweet strains,  
And nymphs go hunting up its hills,

\* Two lines, if not more, of this poem are lost. What here consists only of an address to the poetical artist of whose works Mr. Hervey was a great admirer, would seem to have been originally a part of the poem of "Diana." The Diana was probably used, slightly varied, a second time, to illustrate a picture bearing a similar title, — "The Bower of Diana," — by Stothard. This twofold use of a poem — with acknowledgment — occurs in two other instances. The following lines found included in the poem as transcribed in a private collection, very accurately describe a feature of the picture by Stothard, of which an engraving was given, without poetical illustration, in the "Literary Souvenir" : —

"She lies beneath the sylvan woof,  
And dreams, perhaps, love's blessed dream,  
Where cupids spread the silken roof,  
And shade the summer gleam,  
And hover round, from prying eyes  
To guard the lady of the skies."

ED. PORT. WORKS.

And dancing o'er its plains :  
 And thou, to show our mortal eyes  
 Those creatures of the Grecian skies  
 Dost hold — beyond the sage's glass —  
 A spell through which the visions pass ;  
 And openest, with thy wand of art,  
 That bright Pantheon of the heart !

No more, — no more on earthly ground  
 May those immortal shapes be found,  
 That make a painter's vision bright  
 And touch his pencil with their light,  
 And — for they loved him — did impart,  
 Their gift of beauty to his heart.  
 O, nevermore shall waking eye  
 Behold those tenants of the sky, —  
 Who made the land they trod divine, —  
 Save, Howard ! through such spells as thine !

#### A FAREWELL.



FAREWELL ! I do not bid thee weep  
 The hoarded love of many years ;  
 The visions hearts like thine must keep  
 May not be told by tears.

No ! tears are but the spirit's showers  
 To wash its lighter clouds away  
 In breasts where, sun-bow like, the flowers  
 Are born of rain and ray :  
 But gone from thine is all the glow  
 That helped to form life's promise-bow.

Farewell! I know that nevermore  
Thy spirit, like the bird of day,  
Upon its own sweet song shall soar  
    Along its sunny way!  
The hour that wakes the waterfall  
    To music in its far-off flight  
And hears the silver fountains call  
    Like angels through the night,  
Shall bring thee songs whose tones are sighs  
From harps whose chords are memories:—

Night! when, like perfumes that have slept  
    All day within the wild-flower's heart,  
Steal out the thoughts the soul has kept  
    In silence and apart;  
When voices we have pined to hear  
    Through many a long and lonely day  
Come back upon the dreaming ear  
    From grave-lands far away;  
And gleams look forth from spirit-eyes  
Like stars along the darkening skies.

When fancy and the lark are still, —  
    Those riders of the morning gale, —  
And walks the moon o'er vale and hill  
    With memory and the nightingale,  
The moon which is the daylight's ghost —  
    As memory is the ghost of hope —  
Holds out a lamp to all things lost  
    Beneath night's solemn cope,  
Pale as the lamp by memory led  
Along the cities of the dead.

Alas! for thee and for thy youth,  
    The youth that is no longer young,

Whose heart, like Delphi's shrine in sooth,  
 Gives oracles that still are truth,  
     But nevermore in song !  
 Whose breast, like echo's haunted hall,  
     Is filled with murmurs of the past,  
 Ere yet its gold was dimmed, and all  
     Its pleasant things laid waste,  
 From whose sweet windows nevermore  
 Shall look the sunny soul of yore !

Farewell ! I do not bid thee weep ;  
 The smile and tear are past for thee :  
 The river of thy thoughts must keep  
 Its solemn course, too still and deep  
     For idle eyes to see !  
 O, earthly things are still too far  
 To throw their shadows o'er its stream :  
 But there shall yet a silver star  
     And there shall yet a gleam  
 Of glory from the skies be given  
 To light its waves with dreams of heaven.

## SONNET.



AS one who saileth far o'er tropic seas,  
 From his own home on some dim  
     northern land,  
 Tasteth *new* odors on each wingèd breeze  
 By which his heart is stirred and forehead fanned ;  
 And sees his old familiar stars decline,  
 As brighter stars come crowding to his eye, —  
 Changing his childhood's heaven, beyond *the Line*,

For the rich pageant of a southern sky ; —  
So, as our vessel nears *the line* that parts  
Man from the fields where boyhood's wreaths were  
twined,  
New scents and stars come up our burning hearts, —  
And more — and brighter — than we leave behind.  
But O, the breeze that whispered, still, like truth ! —  
The cool, clear starlights of my vanished youth !

1839.

THE LAY OF THE LOWLY.



NOT lost are they, whose journey lies  
Along the world's most tangled ways, —  
Nor need they faint, if burning skies  
Dry up the wells for many days ;  
Nor they repine, whose lot commands  
A life-path through the desert sands.

For lo ! the Gospel waters clear  
Are given to their aching eyes,  
Wherein, through mist of earthly tear,  
They yet may see the skies ;  
Along whose margin spreads the strand  
That stretches to the Holy Land.

We may be poor through all our days,  
Yet gather great increase ;  
Our lives may lead through rugged ways,  
But all their paths be peace :  
And they, on earth the sons of toil,  
Are heirs of an immortal soil.

'T was thus the ladder's lowest round  
 Rose up where, faint and weary thrown,  
 The Patriarch's head no pillow found  
 More gentle than the stone;  
 Yet *there* he caught the message bright  
 That sounded round the golden spars,  
 And tracked, in dreams, the steps of light  
 That stretched beyond the stars, —  
 And knew they were the shining road  
 That took the angels up to God.

### THE LAND OF DREAMS.



HE world, — the dreary world of dreams !  
 Why *must* the spirit tread  
 All night, beside its moaning streams,  
 And alleys of the dead ?  
*Must* he, who rises up to grieve,  
 Lie down again to weep ? —  
 O, for the long and quiet eve  
 Which brings the heavy sleep,  
 That lays the faint and aching head,  
 At length, upon a dreamless bed !  
  
 And yet, in youth, how beautiful  
 Was that enchanted land !  
 What matchless flowers I used to cull  
 Within its haunted strand !  
 What gorgeous visions spread the wing  
 Amid its twilight shades ;

And O, what shapes went, beckoning,  
Along its moonlit glades !  
The dewy showers and silver gleams  
That sweetened all the land of dreams !

Alas, the world of rest ! it takes  
Too much the day-world's part, —  
Alike — to him who sleeps or wakes —  
The shows it brings the heart ;  
Still, as the waking eye grows dim,  
The dreaming gathers gloom, —  
But sleep has not a ghost for him  
Whose world has not a tomb : —  
The shadows of life's outer sky  
Make darkness for the dreamer's eye !

The land of dreams ! — how sad it is,  
Upon that silent shore,  
To meet the eye whose glance in this  
Shall meet me nevermore !  
Ah ! why must midnight's grief or fear  
Replace the day's despair ;  
Or they who went, to grieve me here,  
Come back, to grieve me there ;  
Or *voices* fill mine eyes with tears,  
Whose *silence* has been wept for years ?

The land of dreams, — the phantom-land !  
Where all things are in vain, —  
What is it but the wildest strand  
Of memory's wild domain ?  
Beyond the drowsy sea of sleep  
That unmapped region lies,  
Where thousand shadows cross and creep  
Beneath the sunless skies ;



And sounds — all echoes — make its air  
More dreary far than silence *were* !

And O, its dark and spectral shades  
That chill us with their glooms !  
Its paths that open moonlight glades,  
To bring us up to tombs !  
Sad, very sad it is to stray  
Within the land of dreams,  
Where long dim vistas stretch away  
To far and viewless streams,  
Which send a murmur to the ears,  
That makes the pillow wet with tears !

And then the mournful things we meet !  
( 'T was scarce more sad to *part* ! )  
Low sighs that — once, how sweet, *how* sweet ! —  
Fall cold upon the heart ;  
Dim, wasted forms, — on earth, how bright !  
Faint tones of other years ;  
And smiles that, in their wan pale light,  
Are sadder far than tears ;  
And friends that vainly stretch the hand,  
To clasp us in the dreaming land !

And yet upon that shadowy coast,  
One blessed spot is flung, —  
O, early gained and early lost, —  
The dream-land of the *young* !  
There childhood comes, who sails to seek,  
At first, the phantom-shore ;  
But eyes that weeping hath made weak  
May find it nevermore ; —  
The mist that dims life's waking view  
Shuts out those happy valleys, too !

O, blessed youth! — when Fancy's art  
Paints, all in colors brave,  
Her landscapes on the waking heart,  
And each without a grave!  
For such, the dream-land — earth and all —  
Is full of gladness yet;  
No desert hath it of despair,  
Nor valley of regret;  
But singing birds and singing streams  
Make musical the land of dreams.

Lost Eden of the world of dreams! —  
Mine, — mine in better years! —  
I see no more to trace thy streams,  
Because of mine own tears.  
My soul hath lost its early gales, —  
My bark is laden deep,  
And painfully and slow it sails  
Unto the shores of sleep, —  
A weary course, — from boyhood's far, —  
And steering by a darkened star.

And so, I touch the dreaming land  
Upon its wildest shore,  
A dreary sea and dreary strand, —  
The spirit's Labrador!  
O, nevermore its flowery heights  
Stand out to meet mine eyes;  
And most of all youth's guiding lights  
Have fallen from life's skies;  
And hope that was my pilot, *then*,  
Will never sail with me again!

The world of dreams! — there is a sleep,  
(O, for *that* sleeping sea!)

A dark and still and stormless deep,  
 That leads no more to thee. —  
 Beyond *its* waters spreads the strand  
 That holds the loved and lost,  
 The *all* of which the dreaming-land  
 Can only show the *ghost*. —  
 How beautiful should be its light  
 To eyes long used to weep! —  
 Why tarrieth the long, dim night  
 To bring the slumber deep  
 Which lays the worn and weary head  
 At length upon a dreamless bed ?

1841.

## HOPE.



GAIN, again she comes! Methinks I  
 hear  
 Her wild, sweet singing, and her  
 rushing wings!  
 My heart goes forth to meet her with a tear,  
 And welcome sends from all its broken strings.  
 It was not thus — not *thus* — we met of yore,  
 When my plumed soul went half-way to the sky  
 To greet her; and the joyous song she bore  
 Was scarce more tuneful than *its* glad reply:  
 The wings are fettered by the weight of years,  
 And grief has spoilt the music with its tears!  
 She comes! — I know her by her starry eyes, —  
 I know her by the rainbow in her hair, —  
 Her vesture of the light of summer skies;  
 But gone the girdle which she used to wear

Of summer roses, and the sandal-flowers

That hung enamored round her fairy feet,  
When in her youth she haunted *earthly* bowers,  
And culled from all their beautiful and sweet.  
No more she mocks me with the voice of mirth,  
Nor offers now the garlands of the *earth* !

Come back ! come back ! — thou hast been absent  
long ;

O, welcome back the sibyl of the soul ;  
Who comes, and comes again, with pleading strong,  
To offer to the heart her mystic scroll :  
Though every year she wears a sadder look,  
And sings a sadder song ; and every year  
Some farther leaves are torn from out her book,  
And fewer what she brings, — and far more  
dear ;

As *once* she came, O, might she come again,  
With all the perished volumes offered *then* !

But come ! — thy coming is a gladness yet, —

Light from the present o'er the future cast,  
That makes the present bright ; but O, regret  
Is *present* sorrow while it mourns the *past*.  
And memory speaks, as speaks the curfew-bell,  
To tell the daylight of the heart is done : —  
Come, like the seer of old ; and, with thy spell,  
Put back the shadow of that setting sun  
On my soul's dial, and, with new-born light,  
Hush the wild tolling of that voice of night !

Bright spirit, come ! — the mystic rod 'is thine  
That shows the hidden fountains of the breast,  
And turns, with point unerring, to divine  
The places where its buried treasures rest, —

Its hoards of thought and feeling ! At that spell,  
Methinks I feel its long-lost wealth revealed,  
And ancient springs within my spirit well,  
That weeds had choked, and ruins had concealed ;  
And, sweetly spreading, where its waters play,  
The tints and freshness of its early day !

She comes ! she comes ! — her voice is in mine  
ear,

Her wild, sweet voice, that sings, and sings forever, —

Whose stream of song sweet thoughts awake to  
hear,

Like flowers that haunt the margin of a river,  
(Flowers that, like lovers, only speak in sighs,  
Whose thoughts are *hues*, whose voices are their  
*hearts*).

She comes ! — I know her by her radiant eyes,  
Before whose smile the long, dim cloud departs !  
And if a darker shade be on her brow, —

And if her tones be sadder than of yore, —  
And if she sings more solemn music now,

And bears another harp than erst she bore, —  
And if around her form no longer glow

The *earthly* flowers that in her youth she wore,  
That look is holier and that song more sweet,  
And *heaven's* flowers — the stars — are at her feet !

A WREATH OF VALENTINES.

I.



HE time draws nigh, on fragrant wing,  
Of summer beams and bells ;  
But Love comes faster than the spring,  
And works with sweeter spells.

To him, upon the unsunned breeze,  
Immortal odors float ;  
And they may sail o'er ice-bound seas,  
Who take his golden boat.

The primrose faints within thy hair,  
The snowdrop looketh pale ;  
There is not sunshine in the air,  
Nor singing on the gale.

Look in with those beloved eyes  
Upon this heart of mine ;  
Bloom, scent, and song will all arise,  
To hail my Valentine !

II.

Soon to the Rose the Nightingale  
Shall breathe his tender lay ;  
But Love, that hath a sweeter tale,  
Must tell that tale to-day.  
In sighs, which are the spirit's song,  
My soul is poured to thine ;  
And time grows young, and hope grows strong,  
To hail my Valentine.

Since darkened hearts Love maketh bright,  
What might he do for ours ?  
Make all their fancies speak in light,  
Their feelings grow in flowers.  
Glad fancies, flinging song about,  
Like stars, the while they shine,  
And feelings giving fragrance out  
*Because* they intertwine.

Wherever Love hath touched the ground,  
It is the time of roses ;  
Of fairy wreaths within whose round  
The sighing soul reposes.  
O, take my spirit home to thine,  
Elsewhere 't is wintry weather.  
Hearts only yield their bloom divine  
When two have bloomed together.

## III.

Now, blessed be Saint Valentine,  
By whose high leave I pour  
Words in this gentle ear of thine  
I never dared before !  
Each thing to-day, in glade or nook,  
May name its Valentine ;  
I read out boldly from Love's book,  
And, dearest, *thou* art mine !

The breeze hath found the wall-flower out,  
And feedeth on its sigh,  
The hunter bee now hunts about  
The violet's deep-blue eye :  
Escaping from its icy chain,  
The river runneth free,

*A WREATH OF VALENTINES.* 361

And so, my heart flings off its pain,  
And cometh straight to thee !

A blessing on Saint Valentine !

He is a good old saint,  
And maketh strong to speak to thine  
My soul that was so faint.

And then he serves a spirit, sweet !

More loving than his own :  
His task, to lead Love's pilgrim feet  
To Hymen's altar-throne.

So, blessings on Saint Valentine,  
I am his worshipper, and thine !

IV.

LOVE ON THE THRESHOLD.

Love, lady, on his own bright morn,  
Hath brought me to thy door ;  
Thou wilt not let thy look be scorn,  
And Cupid on the floor.

To-day, for old Saint Valentine,  
He ringeth all his bells,  
And I am trusting, lady mine,  
To him and to his spells.

He sits to-day by every hearth,  
And sings to every heart, —  
In all the chorus of his mirth,  
Hath only thine no part ?  
O, coldness never looked before  
From loving eyes like thine ;  
So, bid me, dearest, pass the door,  
And claim my Valentine !



## V.

## LOVE BY THE CHURCH.

The leaf is not upon the tree,  
The song-bird in the grove,  
Yet hear I, as I gaze on thee,  
The singing of the dove.  
Spring scents I cannot miss or prize,  
While feeding on thy breath,  
Nor do I seek for bright blue skies  
Whilst thou art underneath.

What care I that the stream be dim,  
Whilst thou art by the stream ?  
There cometh to my heart a hymn,  
And to mine eyes a gleam,  
From yon old church, whose merry bells  
Fling up to heaven their mirth,  
Yet seem to whisper, " Heaven's spells  
May *here* be cast for earth."  
May such be to thy soul and mine  
The message of Saint Valentine !

## VI.

## LOVE AT HOME.

[In allusion to a practice familiar on Valentine's morning in the North. The lover surprises his mistress, and blindfolds her with his hands.]

Guess, and guess truly, lady mine,  
Who is abroad as thy Valentine ?  
Whose are the fingers, and whose is the vow,  
That press on thy forehead, that blesseth thee now ?  
Love for such lore hath no need of his eyes,  
To the loving the lover is known by his sighs.

O for a spell on thy lips of love's art !  
Say, is my name, dearest, writ on thy heart ?

Surely thy soul and thy brow understand  
The voice of my spirit, the clasp of my hand.  
O, if they read not my riddle this morn,  
That hand must be widowed, that spirit forlorn.  
This is the day when in city and grove  
Love is a wanderer seeking for love.  
Who is the fond one now pleading for thine ?  
Guess, and guess truly, my own Valentine !

1844.

LOVE.



HERE are who say the lover's heart  
Is in the loved one's merged ;  
O, never by love's own warm art  
So cold a plea was urged !

No ! — hearts that love hath crowned or crossed,  
Love fondly knits together ;  
But not a thought or hue is lost  
That made a part of either.

Expanding in the soft bright heat  
That draweth each to other,  
Each feels itself in every beat,  
Though beating for another ;  
It is their very union's art  
The separate parts to prove,  
And man first learns how great his heart  
When he has learned to love.

The loving heart gives back as due  
The treasure it has found —  
As scents return to him who threw  
The precious things around —  
As mirrors show, because they 're bright,  
What shadows o'er them move —  
Receives the light, and by the light  
Reflects the form of love.

As he who, wrapt in fancy's dream,  
Bends o'er some wave at even,  
Yet deep within the sunlight stream  
Sees but himself and heaven —  
So, looketh through his loved one's eyes,  
In search of all things rare,  
The lover, — and amid love's skies  
Himself is everywhere.

It is an ill-told tale that tells  
Of "hearts by love made one" ;  
He grows who near another's dwells  
More conscious of his own ;  
In each spring up new thoughts and powers  
That, 'mid love's warm, clear weather,  
Together tend like climbing flowers,  
And, turning, grow together.

Such fictions blink love's better part,  
Yield up its half of bliss ;  
The wells are in the neighbor heart  
When there is thirst in this :  
There findeth love the passion-flowers  
On which it learns to thrive,  
Makes honey in another's bowers,  
But brings it home to hive.

Love's life is in its own replies, —  
 To each low beat it beats,  
 Smiles back the smiles, sighs back the sighs,  
 And every throb repeats.  
 Then, since one loving heart still throws  
 Two shadows in love's sun,  
 How should two loving hearts compose  
 And mingle into one?

1844.

SPRING.



HE spirit of Spring is in the woods! —  
 and there,  
 Like love — the untiring — minister-  
 ing to death,  
 She sitteth, with the rainbow in her hair,  
 Feeding the violets with her patient breath! \*  
 She speaks — and lo! the primrose, with a sigh,  
 Wakes up to hear; the wall-flower climbs her  
 knees;  
 She weaves the sunshine through the cool, gray sky,  
 And hangs her raiment on the naked trees.  
 The wind, her high-voiced herald, hath gone forth  
 To shout her coming on the floor of heaven;

\* The four opening lines of this poem are borrowed, with some alteration, from a Spring Sonnet, by the poet's wife, beginning: —

“The spirit of Spring unto the woods hath flown:  
 Like love, the untiring, ministering to death,  
 She sits, with heaven's own light around her thrown,  
 Feeding the violets with her patient breath.”

ED. PORT. WORKS.

And far, unto their storm-lands of the North,  
The snow-fiend's wild barbarian brood are  
driven :—

And rivers, that were hoarse with winter's cold,  
Now dance unto their own sweet ditties old !

The lake, that had the ice-chain at its heart,  
Now meets the stream in freedom and in song ;

The lily makes the sweet, clear waters part,  
Like some fair Naiad, seen their wave among :—

And mortal eyes that gaze that mirror through,

To seek, far down, her palace-home of spars,  
Find that its carpet is the upper "blue,"

And in her sandals that she wears the stars !  
Spring—like an angel clad in raiment white—

Hath rolled away the stone from Nature's tomb ;  
The frosty seals have melted in her light,

And all the flowers are risen in their bloom !—

Then looked that angel on my spirit's gloom,  
And sounded in my heart :—"Arise !" she  
said ;—

Ah, me ! there came no answer from *its* dead !

1846.

## APRIL.



APRIL has come !— with her silver-dew,  
And the shout in her woods of the lone  
cuckoo,

Heard by us all— as we look on a star—  
Ever in fondness, but ever afar ;

Luring the boy, as he loiters from school,

Through the long fields, like an April-day fool ;  
Wiling the lover, as though it were Love,  
O'er the green meadow and through the dim grove ;  
Shouting, like Hope, till we follow its strain,  
Then hiding, like Joy, in the forest again ;  
Heard in each tree, though on none of them seen,  
Making us sad amid sunlight and green !  
But the morals of April are taught us too soon, —  
The heart and the cuckoo as yet are in tune ;  
For the *sadness* is sweet in the spring of the year, —  
And we find not the grief till the forest be sere.  
Lover and boy will not see what they should,  
But practise through life what they learnt in the  
wood ; —

All that eludes them still fain to pursue,  
And hunt through the world for the flying cuckoo !

April has come ! — the capricious in mien —  
With her wreath of the rainbow and sandals of  
green ;

Storms on her forehead and flowers at her feet,  
And many-toned voices — but all of them sweet ;  
Clouding the heaven, but scenting the glade,  
Weaving with brightness and warping with shade ;  
Dampness her carpet and dimness her roof,  
But threads of the sunbeam shot thorough their  
woof ;

Playing, like Childhood, with tear and with smile, —  
Weeping forever — and laughing the while !  
Like a beautiful witch, in the woodland she dwells,  
Muttering magic and playing with spells ;  
Mixing her charms over meadows and bowers,  
Throwing her seeds in and taking out flowers ;  
Nursing the blooms — that she seeth not fade,

For she passeth away ere a bud has decayed !  
O, many a wreath for her sisters she weaves,  
And builds them up houses of blossoms and  
leaves, —

Months follow, fairer, when April is gone,  
But none of the year hath a gift like her own, —  
Richer their colors and sweeter their breath,  
But no month of them all sees so little of DEATH !

And yet through her cycle the year is the same,  
And death in the field but a symbol and name : —  
For Nature knows naught — like the heart — of a  
frost

In which flower shall be withered and seed shall be  
lost, —

When hope — like its object — is swallowed in  
gloom,

And the *germ* — with the blossom — goes down to  
the tomb.

And April — the weeper — yet knows not the tear  
That can never be dried since no sunshine is near,  
Nor smile — like the mortal — that looks from the  
eye

More sadly than tears when *their* fountain is dry !  
Her darkest of gifts is the shadow she throws,  
To soften her light — while it nurtures the rose ;  
And her best, what she leaves as she passes away,  
In her tents of the flower TO BE FOLLOWED BY  
MAY !

## MAY.

TO \* \* \*.



HE earth is one great temple, made  
 For worship, everywhere;  
 And its flowers are the bells, in glen  
 and glade,  
 That ring the heart to prayer.  
 A solemn preacher is the breeze,  
 At noon, or twilight dim, —  
 The ancient trees give homilies, —  
 The river hath a hymn.  
 For the city-bell takes seven days  
 To reach the townsman's ear,  
 But he who kneels in Nature's ways  
 Hath sabbath all the year;  
 A worship with the cowslip born,  
 For MARCH is Nature's sabbath-morn, —  
 And hawthorn-chimes, with higher day,  
 Call up the votaries of MAY!

Out, then, into her holy ways! —  
 The lark is far on high;  
 O, let no other song than thine  
 Be sooner in the sky!  
 If beauty to the beautiful  
 Itself be gladness, given,  
 No happier thing should move than thou  
 Beneath the cope of heaven.  
 With thee 't is Spring, as with the world, —  
 When hopes make sport of fears,



And clouds that gather round the heart  
Fall off, at once, in tears, —  
And, in thy spirit, one by one,  
The flowers are coming to the sun.

Away, unto the woodland paths !  
And yield that heart of thine  
To hear the low, sweet oracles  
At every living shrine !  
The very lowliest of them all  
Doth act an angel's part,  
And bear a message home from God  
Unto the listening heart.  
And thou mayst hear — as Adam heard,  
In Eden's flowery shades,  
When angels talked, at falling eve,  
Amid its silent glades —  
The hallowing rush of spirit-wings,  
And murmur of immortal strings ; —  
Truths such as guide the comet-cars  
On fiery mission driven,  
Or, in their beauty, light the stars  
Along the floor of heaven ; —  
One choral theme, below, above,  
One anthem, near and far,  
The daisy singing in the grass,  
As, through the cloud, the star !  
And to the wind that sweeps the sky  
The roses making low reply.  
For the meanest wild-bud breathes, to swell,  
Upon immortal ears —  
So hear it, *thou*, in grove or dell ! —  
The music of the spheres !

THE WRECK OF "THE ARCTIC."



BARK baptized with a name of doom !  
The distant and the dead  
Seem speaking to our English ear  
Where'er that word is said !

It tells of landscapes on whose hills  
The forest never grew, —  
Where light lies dead, and palsied winds  
Have fainted as they flew, —  
And, far away, through voiceless gloom,  
Of a mystery and an unfound tomb !

By waves that in their very dance  
Have fallen fast asleep,  
It summons forth our English heart  
A weary watch to keep :  
On pulseless shores, where Nature lies  
Stretched in a mute distress,  
And the meteor gleams like a funeral light  
O'er the cold dead wilderness, —  
And our dying Hope has a double shroud,  
The pall of snow and the pall of cloud.

Why carried the bark that name of doom  
To the paths of a southward sea,  
Where the light at least is a living thing,  
And the leaping waves are free, —  
Where sound is struck by the minstrel deep  
From its beat on the lonely shore,  
And scents from the saddest gales that blow  
O'er the desolate Labrador, —

Where the land has grass and the sky has sheen,  
And the hill is climbed by the column green !

Ah ! one of the Spirits, old and gray,  
Whose home is the Arctic strand,  
Hath a haunt of his own where the waters play  
On the shores of the Newfoundland : —  
Where ships that looked like things of life  
When their sails by the sun were kissed,  
Like spectre barks go gliding on  
Beneath their shrouds of mist : —  
And the Arctic name is a name of fear  
When a ghost of the northern world is near !

She left her port — that gallant ship —  
The master of the seas,  
With heart of fire to quell the wave,  
And canvas for the breeze : —  
Gay, happy hearts upon her deck  
Left happy hearts behind ;  
The prayers that speed the parting guest  
Went with her on the wind,  
As, like some strong and spirit thing,  
The vessel touched it with her wing.

She left her port, — the gallant bark  
That reached it nevermore ;  
The hearts have never met again  
That parted on that shore.  
Ere long she was a riven thing,  
The good ship and the free,  
The merry souls that sailed her, gone  
Across a darker sea ; —  
And Ruin sat — without a form,  
Where Wreck had been — without a storm !

For the wind, whose voice was a long, low sigh  
To the eve without its stars,  
Had in many ears that day been song,  
As it played round the vessel's spars.  
But ah! how many another voice  
That mingled with its strain,  
On loving hearts, in sigh or song,  
Shall never fall again! —  
How many a soul o'ertook ere night  
The prayer it poured in the morning's light!

And O, the fond and yearning thoughts  
That mingled with despair,  
As lips that never prayed before  
Sent up the spirit's prayer!  
The faces of the far-away  
That smiled across that sea,  
And low sweet tones that reached the heart  
Through all its agony!  
The hopes for others poured like rain;  
When for themselves all hope was vain!

For He who hushed the waves of old,  
And walked the foam-white lee  
To where the lonely fishing-bark  
Lay tossing on the sea,  
At the wild cry of man's despair,  
Or woman's wilder wail,  
Shall nevermore with mortal feet  
Come walking through the gale. —  
Yet, angels waited round *that* wreck,  
And God, unseen, was on the deck!

## AURELIA. A VALENTINE.



WITH gazing on those charms of thine  
My soul grows sad and faint ;  
But, turning to Saint Valentine,  
Who is a gentle saint,  
Said I, the fair Aurelia keeps  
Her spirit locked from me :  
O, show my weary heart the hook  
On which she hangs the key !

Her breast is like a frozen lake,  
On whose cold brink I stand ;  
O, buckle on my spirit's skates,  
And take me by the hand !  
And lead thou, loving saint, the way  
To where the ice is thin,  
That it may break beneath my feet  
And let a lover in.

I see the honey on her lip, —  
Have pity, saint, on me,  
And turn a lonely gentleman  
Into a humble-bee.  
Why is it that an eye whose light  
Should feed but bright-hued petals,  
In my poor heart makes only night,  
And grows but stinging nettles ?

Whatever men have sung of old  
Of Cynthia or Amena,  
Seems flat, and tame, and dull, and cold,

To paint the young Aurelia.  
All voices in my dreams seem hers,  
And, through my fancies looming,  
All other forms put on the form  
Of bright Aurelia's blooming.

Help, help, from thee, Saint Valentine !  
Bring forth thy strongest spell,  
Go boldly to her soul's shut gate,  
And ring her spirit's bell,  
That she may ope the door at last  
Unto my long desire,  
And I take up my chair for life  
Beside her young heart's fire.

## THE RETURNING BANNER.\*



HEY bear our banner back ! — the hearts  
Who 'd lift it to the last,  
Though but a rag of the good old flag  
Hung fluttering round the mast.  
On the meanest thread of its smallest shred  
Are the stains of the Glory dew,  
And there's not a rent in its ancient folds  
But lets a star look through !  
Lay down the banner, gallant hearts,  
Who 'd bear it to the last,  
Though but a rag  
Of the good old flag  
Hung fluttering round the mast !

\* Written at the close of the Crimean War. — ED. POST.  
WORKS.

No sea, of all the hundred seas,  
But hath seen our flag unfurled,  
It hath known the kiss of every breeze  
That blows around the world ; —  
It hath met the sun on all the hills  
That he paints with his rising smiles,  
And the rivers that come of the countless rills  
To the shores of a thousand isles.

The rare and roving banner !  
We 'd bear it to the last,  
Though but a rag  
Of the good old flag  
Hung fluttering round the mast !

It waves a sign to every shore,  
A star to every steep,  
Where the tents of men make clouds in heaven,  
And pictures in the deep ;  
And it flaps, unheard, on many a coast,  
Where, but for its lonely play,  
The sighing wind and the sad sea-waves  
Were by themselves all day.

Bring home the banner proudly !  
We 'd lift it to the last,  
If but a rag  
Of the good old flag  
Hung fluttering round the mast !

The good old flag ! — the brave old flag !  
It carries the ages well !  
For the storm hath wrought and the strife hath  
taught  
To mellow its matchless spell, —

Till the very air in which it floats  
Feeds freedom like a flower,  
And the slave stands up a demigod  
In the shadow of its power !  
The high and prophet banner !  
We 'd lift it to the last,  
Though but a rag  
Of the good old flag  
Hung fluttering round the mast !

Our flag was old, — that still is young, —  
(Like the stars by which it steered,)  
When first in the East, with its deserts gray,  
The Crescent sign appeared ;  
And ages long since the Lion-heart  
By the brave old banner stood,  
Where the western horde on the Paynim poured,  
To the cry of the rosy rood.  
That banner hath been forth again !  
We 'd bear it to the last,  
Though but a rag  
Of the good old flag  
Hung fluttering round the mast !

Its crimson fold, to the breeze unrolled,  
Makes yet a glorious tune,  
When the Red-cross Knights are mouldered all,  
Who bayed the Moslem Moon : —  
On the sunny seas o'er which they sailed  
To the shores on which they died,  
O'er the silver sheen in the standard green  
And the White Cross\* by its side,

\* The White Cross is borne in the flag of Sardinia.



Hath waved our succoring banner !  
 And we'd lift it to the last,  
 Though but a rag  
 Of the good old flag  
 Hung fluttering round the mast !

'T was a thousand years since the Eagles died  
 That flew so high and far,  
 Ere rose on the world, o'er the distant wave,  
 The flag of the Western Star : —  
 We have eagles now, — black, red, and white, —  
 But none like the birds of yore !  
 And the Lilies withered in the field  
 Where burns the *Tricolor*, —

Fast by the tameless Lions  
 Which we'd follow to the last,  
 Though but a rag  
 Of the good old flag  
 Hung fluttering round the mast !

1856.

## TO MARTHA.\*



SO closely "cumbered" by her household claims  
 Of old was Martha when her Lord  
 was come ;  
 Do thou, dear friend, *unite* these sacred aims, —  
 Mary to Christ, and Martha in thy home : —

\* This poem and the *Epitaph* which follows, now first printed, were, together with the *Charades*, written between 1855 and 1859. — ED. POST. WORKS.

That all the earthward beatings of thy heart  
May help thee onward to the one "good part,"  
And thou mayst mingle at the Master's feet  
What heaven holds "needful" with what earth  
holds sweet.

## EPITAPH.

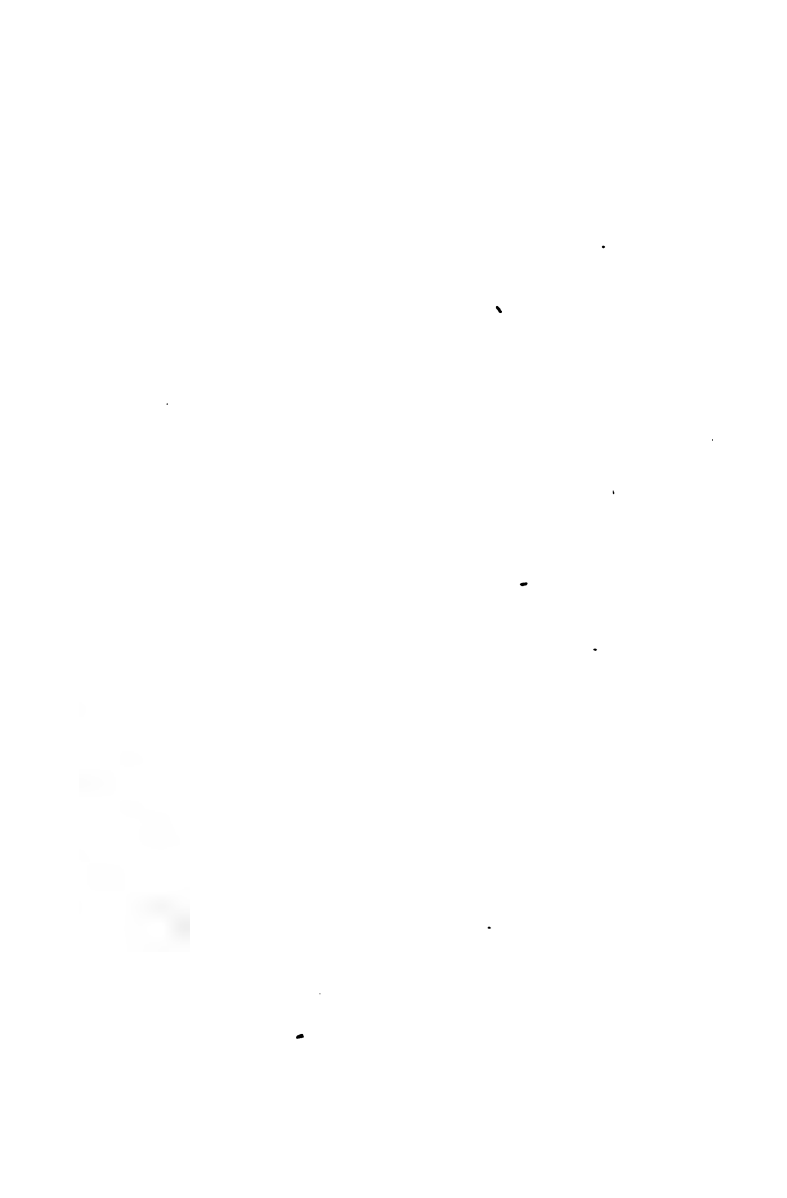


AREWELL! — since nevermore for thee  
The sun comes up our earthly skies,  
Less bright henceforth shall sunshine be  
To some fond hearts and saddened eyes.

There are who, for thy last long sleep,  
Shall sleep as sweetly nevermore,  
Must weep because thou canst not weep,  
And grieve that all thy griefs are o'er.

Sad thrift of love! — the loving breast,  
Whereon thine aching head was thrown,  
Gave up the weary head, to rest,  
But kept the aching for its own.

Till pain shall find the same low bed  
That pillows now thy painless head,  
And following darkly through the night,  
Love reach thee by the founts of light.





# CHARADES.







## CHARADES.

### I.



H, my First! — a little space  
Sweep the ages from its face!  
From its covers shake the dust, —  
From its claspings clear the rust!  
Neath the faded fences thin  
Let us catch the soul within! —  
Through the dimness, through the stain,  
Let us see thee as thou art,  
Picture of some teeming brain!  
Record of some grieving heart! —  
Let us learn how ancient thought  
At this altar prayed or wrought!  
What dead limner left behind  
This old copy of a mind!  
Give thy message, stern or gay,  
From some grave dug far away!

Tells it of the midnight toil  
Wasted with the wasting oil,  
Months of musing — maybe years,  
Days of dreaming — haply tears,

Love that strove, and love that strayed,  
Hopes that strengthened, fears that stayed,  
Burning longings, doubtings cold,  
Fancies young and feelings old,  
Soaring wishes, failing wing,  
That helped perchance to make this thing! —  
All the bubbles blown and burst  
In the birth-time of my First!

Boots not by *what* Muses nurst  
To its fulness grew my First!  
Boots not, if its web were wove  
Out of learning, out of love!  
Boots not, if it keep within  
Tale of sorrow, trace of sin!  
Whatsoe'er the sense or thought  
O'er my First that ruled and wrought,  
In its cradle, warped and worn,  
Hath my Second since been born, —  
Near its life-fount, drained and dried,  
Hath my Second lived and died.  
How he revelled, — how he wrought  
In that ancient house of thought!  
*Like* to thought, still boring through  
All the cells in which he grew!  
Bringing down the rotten walls,  
Laying waste the lonely halls,  
Ruffling 'mid the rifled breast,  
Prowling in the empty chest,  
Groping, blind, the lamps about  
Where the lights had long been out,  
Making life where life was dead,  
Waking up the weary head,  
Creeping to the silent heart,

Stirring by the stagnant river,  
Taking Time's unhandsome part  
Where the clock had stopped forever! —  
Breaker of the broken shrine!  
Miner in the wasted mine!  
Reckless reveller! feeder foul!  
Robber of the robber-ghoul!  
Spoiler in the home that nursed  
All the fancies of my First,  
For an hour that First shall be  
Rescued from the moth and thee!

Ah, my First! — a little space  
Sweep the ages from its face!  
From its covers shake the dust,  
From its claspings clear the rust!  
Let not all the tears and toil,  
Wasted with the wasting oil,  
All the pantings, all the pain,  
If they *were*, have been in vain! —  
Though a fount of thought be dry,  
Let its issues catch the sky!  
Though the mine was closed of old,  
Show the gem, and pass the gold!  
Let not some poor ghost complain  
Of a passion poured in vain,  
Mourning o'er its second self  
Dead upon this coffin-shelf! —  
By my fifty-student power,  
Thus I wake it for an hour: —  
Whatsoever thy wit or worth,  
Buried prophet, come thou forth,  
In thy grave-clothes, dust and damp,  
To the glimpses of the lamp! —



So it is, my First appears  
Once in many weary years.  
Ah, the patriarch well might sing,  
Would my foe had done this thing !  
If the doer poured his soul  
Only — only for my Whole.

Well ! — I prize it not myself ; —  
Carry it back to its coffin-shelf !  
Lay it up in its ancient dust !  
Bind its clasps with the rivet rust ! —  
I forbid not, o'er my First  
Though my Second work its worst.  
Let it vex no more my soul !  
It hath made that soul aware,  
Like my Second, so my Whole  
May feed on sorry fare.

## II.

They spoke of my First in days of yore  
With bated breath and low ;  
And, to scare the shadow from wall and floor,  
They kept the logs aglow.  
They piled the fagot and fed the blaze,  
To keep out the shadow in ancient days ;  
And the blood ran slow, and the tale stood still,  
If the east wind sighed on the window-sill :  
For the talk itself was of phantom things,  
That gave no footfall, wore no wings,  
Yet passed by night — how, none could say —  
From seas or churchyards far away ;  
That showed like shadows, spoke like sighs,  
Looked through the shutters with spectre eyes ;

And as they stood by board or bed,  
With awful message from the dead,  
Were, each a guest unsought, unreckoned,  
And always came in without my Second.

But my First, to-day, is a sort of bore —  
If to say so be not sin —  
Who is doing my Second evermore,  
Yet never coming in.

When we catch a snob at this idle play,  
We hand him at once to policeman A.  
*Such* shed no awe on the rooms they haunt  
From Saturday till Monday;  
And we talk with them on the easy terms  
Of a talk with Mrs. Grundy.

We stay by the board for these phantoms thin,  
And we open the door, and we ask them in;  
Or, with our gossips met in state,  
Demand quite coolly, if they wait.  
Dragged from the corners where they lurk,  
We keep the phantoms hard at work:  
But whence they come, or what express,  
Philosophy has yet to guess.

'T is time my First, for ill or good,  
Should make my Whole now understood.  
When the postman comes with his double knock,  
We know that he knocks with letters;  
And the welcome won by his well-known frock,  
Is a welcome paid to his' betters:  
For my Second's notes have a cheery sound,  
When struck by the red-coated varlet;  
And a blessing follows my First on his rounds,  
If *this* be my First in scarlet.

Well, they say that my First in what they do,  
Are always knocking with letters too ;  
But the letters are very dark indeed,  
And badly spelt, and hard to read,  
And — sent from nowhere on the map,  
In vulgar phrase, “ not worth a rap,” —  
Bring nor remittances nor news,  
But the message dull of a crack-brained Muse ;  
A crazy Muse, at will let loose  
From some poor Bedlam of the soul,  
To yield for the idler’s useless use  
The crazy jargon of my Whole !

## III.

A MATRON watched, in the evening fall,  
The shadow-dance on the parlor wall ;  
The flickering shapes, that do their rites  
In happy homes, on winter nights ;  
The Lares, at their spirit game,  
Who play at the will of the wizard flame.  
Weird shadow-forms, whose gambols start  
Their partner-shadows in the heart,  
Strange phantom fancies, born and nurst  
’Mid the shrill piping of my First,  
That reel and set, and leap and fall  
With the wild shadows on the wall.  
“ Ring out,” she said, “ my merry First !  
Thy cheery flute, in the evening’s calm,  
Has played, through many happy years,  
To my Second a nightly psalm.  
By the firelight, which thou fill’st with song,  
My thankful heart kneels down to pray ;

Or fancy takes the pilgrim staff,  
And wanders far away, —  
Away to the Holy Land of youth,  
Beyond my Second's household sea,  
Where the sun rose up whose light has made  
A pleasant day for me, —  
Life's Orient, where that heart of mine  
Bows yet before an early shrine,  
As memory's crystal shows my soul  
The merry morning of my Whole.

“Ah! merry morn! — a morn of June!  
The world seemed set to a new sweet tune;  
The thrush threw unknown music round;  
The lark, that makes the sunshine sound,  
Poured down from heaven, that morn, a strain  
Nor heard before, nor heard again.  
The hedge had scents, and the rose had hues,  
That were born, and died, with that morning's dews.  
And the rills, at their sweetest, never play  
The air I caught on that far-off day.  
I wonder where the breeze is now  
That blew that day on my happy brow;  
Or if some passing angel thing  
Had fanned my forehead with its wing.  
The sunshine lay on the meadows broad,  
At once the eye and the breath of God;  
The shadows crouched by the old tree-roots  
To watch my footsteps pass,  
And a voice, like the song of my First to-night,  
Was stirring through the grass.  
I heard from the glens the cuckoo shout,  
Through the blaze of noon, — yet the bats were out;  
And when I reached the open plain,

That had nor wall, nor fence, nor thicket,  
Mine eyes met first the well-known form,  
And it stood by a little wicket !  
Ah ! well-known form ! — its shadow falls  
Like light, to-night, on my household walls ;  
And I hold it fast, while the vapors roll  
Back o'er that morning of my Whole.

“ For, many times, on many nights,  
We met again by other wickets ;  
But *they* made way through a sweet-brier hedge,  
And led to rosy thickets.  
The wheeling bat on its restless wing,  
The moon made there a spectral thing ;  
And the shadows that hid near the roots by day  
Lay far abroad in her quiet ray.  
If we could have felt when the wind went by,  
We might have heard the roses sigh ;  
But we took no note of the incense cast,  
Though the shadow bowed as the spirit passed.  
What heeded we, through the holy hush,  
If the chiming in the grass were still ?  
Why, we never heard the nightingale,  
That sang from the woody hill ;  
And we had no ear for the minstrel breeze  
When it swept the leaf-strings of the trees !

“ Ah ! place of roses ! — love's own court !  
But we'd better make a long tale short.  
In what they gave, for what they took,  
The years with us have richly reckoned ;  
For our meetings had their issue meet, —  
They ended in my Second.  
And, now, my First's clear piping cry

Seems, through the firelight, to my soul  
 My Second's voice, that utters back  
 A blessing on my Whole!"

## IV.

THAT my First has its shades, I may frankly  
     proclaim,  
 Though they're none of them beauty to me;  
 I would turn from the fair one who bids for the  
     name,  
 In whatever its tint or degree:  
 But I hope — for his sins, be they little or great —  
 Friend of mine may be never so curst,  
 As to take for love's color, and tinge his own fate  
 With the very worst type of my First.  
 Such a fair one *I* 've met, in my life's *outer* ways,  
 And I hold it a part of my burthen of days.

Made by marriage a moon, she *must* move with  
     the sun,  
 And she yields as she may to life's praxis,  
 But no dullard in science could ever dispute  
 That she spins on her separate axis; —  
 And if I were her sun, I should wish, I must  
     own,  
 I had left her a spinster still spinning alone —  
 To dance in love's heaven her own *vis-à-vis*,  
 And turn on herself without waiting on me.  
*She* 's not the best wife that a wise man can take,  
 Who *will* walk round the world in his own wide-  
     awake.

*Her* eyes have no brightness, though bright as  
love's stars,  
Who would make it her boast that she's not to  
be blinded ;  
Who knows what she knows, and who talks by  
the card,  
And who claims, on the strength of a mind that  
is hard,  
To belong to the class that's strong-minded ; —  
Who metes out men's thoughts in a bushel she  
bears,  
And measures your words by her own pocket-rule,  
And would scorn to be told, how the new may be  
old,  
And that wisdom can sometimes be — playing  
the fool ; —  
Who will make no allowance for signs or for  
seasons,  
Thinks reason must always be ready with reasons ;  
Talks logic to love, keeps her feelings in bottle,  
And in matters of taste is her own Aristotle ; —  
Who believes that the world had completed its  
knowledge  
About the same year when *she* entered its college,  
And talks, in the name of her ancient diploma,  
The rightness of round-hand, the cant of a com-  
ma ; —  
Thinks freedom of thought is to clank the school  
fetter,  
And that they are the lettered who stick to the  
letter ; —  
Who tests all your types, to the turn of an S,  
'nd follows your fancies correcting their press. —  
ough her lips let out Hybla, ye gods, put  
the gag on !

Shut up all your doors, men! — keep out the she-  
dragon!

'T will mock you with music, to madden like  
Gorgon,

This heart-hurdygurdy, this brain-barrel-organ! —  
*Should* his life-rose be stained with this tint of  
my First,

Alas! my poor friend! he may safely be reckoned  
A victim consigned to a chronic soul-thirst,  
And most likely to take to my Second.

As he sits in his arbor on lone summer eves,  
With my First for a fear, and my Second a friend,  
When, to play with the spirits that hide 'mid the  
leaves,

From my Second *its* spirits ascend,  
And Puck, the wild urchin, steals silently in,  
To lead him astray through the mists they all  
spin, —

Should a buzz in his ear to the buzz in his brain  
Make *its* mocking reply, 't will perplex him, at  
worst,

For, nigh buzz-proof must he be whose heart,  
through his head,

Has been buzzed at so long by my First.

As he lifts up his face at the sight of the rose,  
It will tease him, no doubt, to encounter my  
Whole;

But, better, far better, its flap on his nose,  
Than the sting of my First in his soul! —

I take the sad lesson: — let fate do her worst,  
To my Second I fly, if she charge with my First; —  
If I bear with my Whole, be it insect not human —  
And my First *is* my Whole, in the shape of a wo-  
man.



## V.

THE merry days ! when through the air  
Of each bright summer's morn,  
To my First rode knight and lady fair,  
With hawk and hound and horn : —  
When on the horseman's brow was pride,  
And in his heart a sigh,  
For his lady-love was by his side,  
And my Whole was the boundless sky !

Through paths that led by pleasant streams,  
Which made their pathway sweet,  
As they kissed, with murmurs dim as dreams,  
My Second's flowery feet,  
The silver bells rang soft and clear,  
Like low, sweet-spoken spells, —  
But sounds were in the lover's ear,  
O sweeter far than bells !

A merry sport ! that lighted well  
The sunshine of the skies !  
He only felt where sunshine fell  
Within his lady's eyes !  
As he touched the rein of her palfrey fleet,  
And bent to see her part  
The jesses from her falcon's feet,  
She tied them round his heart.

ay — away, the gallant bird,  
s by some tempest driven,  
at his gentle lady's word,  
hunt the fields of heaven !

Along its plains, with sparkling eye,  
She watched her falcon ride ;  
But her lover could not see the sky, —  
*His* heaven was by his side !

Did then that gentle lady see  
No light but heaven's there ?  
Did heart and hawk *both* wander free  
Through all the fields of air ?  
Did *she* in spirit set apart  
No low and pleading tone  
From all those sounds ? — and had her heart  
No quarry of its own ?

Ah, me ! the fancies sent on high,  
Turn earthward oft, — how soon !  
And looks that seem to search the sky  
Fall far beneath the moon.  
'T was up to the cloud-land far away  
That my First, in the old time, beckoned,  
When the real chase of the summer's day  
For its field had oft my Second !

Well ! those, in sooth, *were* pleasant days !  
When love, that went to roam  
Along the sportsman's sun-bright ways,  
Yet left not love at home.  
For all man's peaceful sports and sweet  
His gentle mate was given, —  
And *angels*, sure, are hunters meet  
Wherever my Whole is heaven !

## VI.

A DIADEM for the mountain's brow : —  
At the mountain's foot a shroud,  
Which unseen hands in the air have spun  
From the heart of the cold gray cloud,  
When the streams have stopped, and the flowers  
are dead : —

If you name me these, my First is said.  
When the winds are at war about my First,  
For the south wind slays what the north has  
nurst,

At the poles of the earth it never dies ;  
On the line it has never been born ;  
And it takes the life from the cold night skies  
Denied by the warm, bright morn, —  
Of all earth's creature forms, the one  
That gets no blessing from the sun.  
But the solemn stars on its state look bright,  
And its face is beloved by the northern light ;  
Though the meadow-stars in its fold are lost,  
And the trees look, each like its own white ghost.  
A thing that dies of nature's life,  
And lives by nature's death, —  
That the run of the rill refreshes not,  
Nor Spring's renewing breath, —  
That cloud makes clear, and dense makes light, —  
That even in youth is hoary white, —  
That sunshine sickens, — falling, forms, —  
And God and nature feed on storms.

My First is the child of my Second,  
And my Second the child of my First, —  
Though the spirits are foes who bred the twain,

And the fays are at war who nursed.  
 Of my Second my spectral First was born,  
 With the winter wind for a sire, —  
 And my First to my Second, in turn, gives birth,  
 At the kiss of the sunbeam's fire.  
 My tiny Second! — without a sound,  
 A thousand will dance in a goblet's round;  
 Yet the fathomless sea, in its calms or storms,  
 Is made of my Second's tiny forms, —  
 And a truth as large in its sphere lies furled  
 As fills the sphere of a planet world.  
 So frail is the build of its crystal walls,  
 That the orb is shattered wherever it falls;  
 Yet the silent tooth of its ceaseless shock  
 Will eat to the heart of the iron rock,  
 And its prisoned strength through the hills will  
     pass,  
 Though it rend the stone like a globe of glass.  
 In the form of my Second the cloud must burst,  
 Ere the web can be wove of my shroud-like First!  
 In my Second's form shall the shroud be rent,  
 When an angel sounds from the firmament!  
 And lo! where my Whole hath its cerements  
     burst,  
 In shape my Second, in shade my First!  
 The angel sounds, and the trumpet call  
 Hath wakened its heart in the clod-like earth;  
 It lifts up a fold of the winter pall,  
 And — white as a saint that the grave gives  
     forth —  
 Peers through the ruin around it spread,  
 And sees the sunshine overhead!  
 Type of the Promise! — Stoop, my soul!  
 And read the riddle of my Whole! —

*Snow-drops*

When the rock which my prisoned Second tears,  
 Shall be eaten away by the hunger of years, —  
 When the restless seas my Second forms  
 Shall perish of their own wild storms, —  
 When the cloud hath ceased to form, or fall,  
 Or yield my First for a winter's pall, —  
 Thou, *like* my Whole, shalt break thy tomb;  
 Safe 'mid the ruin round thee hurled,  
 And, white in thine immortal bloom,  
 Fling off the shroud that wraps a world !

## VII.

His heart was sad, and his foot was sore,  
 When a stranger knocked at a cottager's door ;  
 With travel faint, as the night fell down,  
 He had missed his way to the nearest town, —  
 And he prayed for water to quench his thirst,  
 And he showed his purse as he asked for my First.

The cotter was moved by the stranger's tale,  
 He spread the board, and he poured the ale : —  
 " The river," he said, " flows darkly down  
 Betwixt your path and the lighted town,  
 And far from hence its stream is crost  
 By the bridge on the road that you have lost :  
 Gold may not buy, till your weary feet  
 Have traversed the river and reached the street,  
 The thing you ask : — but the wandering moon  
 Will be out in the sky, with her lantern, soon,  
 'hen, cross o'er the meadow, and look to the  
     right,  
 id you'll find my Second by her light."

My Second shone like a silver floor  
When the traveller passed from the cotter's door :  
He saw the town on its distant ridge,  
Yet he sighed no more for the far-off bridge ;  
And his wish of the night soon gained its goal,  
For he found my First when he reached my Whole.

## VIII.

We galloped along through the gusty night,  
My gallant gray steed and I,  
When the moon was tossed like a boat of light  
In the scud of the autumn sky ;  
Now breasting its billows — now floating free —  
Now lost in the vapor shroud —  
Now sailing up on her golden keel  
To ride on the wave of cloud.  
And wherever the vapor broke at times,  
I could see, through the rift, afar,  
As if ships of the sky were at anchor there,  
Each riding by a star.  
We traversed the cover, — we reached the plain, —  
And then on my steed and me  
Fell down the drops of the soft sweet rain,  
Like spray from that upper sea.  
And I heard the talk of the tiny rills,  
That never talk by day, —  
And scents that the flower-cups hide from the sun,  
Were out by the moon, at play.  
In the happy hush of the pleasant hour,  
The leaves had a low sweet hymn ;  
And the sigh of the distant waterfalls  
Might be heard through the forest dim.  
My spirit arose to join the song,  
As a lark floats up to sing, —

And there broke from my lips, as we galloped  
along,

"My First is a glorious thing!"

My heart was light, and my thoughts were bright

As I shook out my palfrey's reins,  
And shouted aloud to the waterfalls,  
And laughed along the lanes.

But the sea of cloud grew dark above,

And the moon was madly tost,  
And the tempest thickened along the sky  
Till the golden bark was lost.

And I knew that a lower storm, ere long,

Would certainly come of that upper,

And I *also* knew, by symptoms strong,

It was past the hour of supper: —

So I spurred amain through dark and damp,

And the night was getting late

When the foal came down, as it heard our tramp,

And neighed at the paddock gate.

I threw the girths of the saddle loose,

And stalled my steed in its stable,

And stood by the fire as a good gray goose

Was smoking on the table.

"It is n't the first time, by many times told,

That, but for my Second," I said,

"I might have gone weary, wet, and cold,

And supperless to bed!"

I am one of the many who say, or swear,  
That a Michaelmas goose is prince's fare, —  
And to slumbers long and slumbers light  
There are few such roads as a ride by night.

Why, that night, did it seem to me,  
When my head had found its pillow,

That the mattress was a tossing sea,  
 And the bolster like a billow ?  
 Why, when I slumbered safe and soon,  
 Did I find myself diving after the moon, —  
 Or riding the clouds on a golden spar,  
 And giving chase to a flying star ?  
 Why did the shifting scud put on  
 The forms of ships with sails, —  
 Or the planets swim about like fish  
 With lanterns at their tails ?  
 Why did the little rills all night  
 Preach like so many Bunyans, —  
 And breezes bring on their every wing  
 The scent of sage and onions ?  
 Why did I speak with a hissing sound  
 When I answered the spirit-calls, —  
 And strive through all that weary night  
 To climb the waterfalls ?  
 Why did I gallop always on,  
 Yet always come too late ? —  
 And what on earth could make the foal  
 Sit on the paddock gate ? —  
 O, a ride at evening has its use,  
 Is a pleasant thing beside, —  
 But when next I eat of the stubble goose,  
 I'll sup *before* I ride !  
 My own gray steed I lightly sit  
 At early tide or late, —  
 But when my Whole is the thing I mount  
 It carries a weary weight !

## IX.

ALL things that be have a being good,  
 And yet, as a thing accursed,



The heart of man, in its human mood,  
Still shrinks from my creature First ;  
For he finds my First in the rose's breast,  
When it pines on its stem away,  
And it makes of the lips he loves the best  
A horror and a prey.

He may light on my First at the elm-tree's roots,  
As he sits in my Second's shade,  
With a heart all tuned to the winged flutes  
That are piping overhead ;  
But it hints of the elm in a sadder scene,  
'Mid a silence far away,  
Where the shadows are not, like my Second's,  
green,  
And my first is at fouler play.

Yet times there are, for the burning heart,  
When my Second has no shade, —  
When man little recks of the loathliest part  
My First has ever played ;  
For the heavy sleep in the hewn-down tree  
Is the thirst of the weary soul,  
That has known how the drink of the heart may be  
More bitter than my Whole.

## X.

I CALL on the early dead !  
And my own heart's heavy sigh,  
Wherever that prayer of the heart is said,  
Is the sad and sole reply.  
Yet out of the sigh a hope is nurst,  
And that hope has a symbol, — which is my First.

I pace the ship on a tossing wave,  
With a foaming, angry sea ;  
Beneath its keel lies a yawning grave,  
And breakers are on the lee.  
Yet there, towards the rock, my heart is beckoned,  
And that rock has a name, — which is my Second.

I toss on the waves of the inner world,  
Where we strike on sunken woes,  
And the gear of the heart is reefed and furled  
In every storm that blows.  
I hear the song which the sirens sing  
When the beam is at play with the breeze,  
And I sit in the dark, my woe to wring,  
When the heart ships heavy seas.  
Then I take THE WORD, like a shipwrecked soul,  
And the weary spirit hath found my Whole.

## XI.

THE soldier woke from his long deep sleep  
At the sound of the bugle's call ;  
His mates were alive by the little low pump ;  
At the gate was the sentry tall :  
The sun-flash danced through the barrack-yard,  
At the scouring of barrel and blade ;  
And rank and file were at it hard  
Preparing for parade.

If our friend had awoke ere the bugle blew  
It might have been better for him,  
As soon, from the sulky looks, he knew  
Of the corporal, gaunt and grim.

A martinet's look is sour at best,  
 And here it was far from the worst;  
 He was marched to the guard-house under arrest  
 For too sparing a use of my First.

Ah! luckless wight! by his trimmings white  
 Thus out of trim, betrayed.  
 Yet his evil fate can be no excuse  
 For the fool of himself that he made.  
 To *name* my First, in whose use he failed,  
 It costs a compound word,  
 And the form in which his wrath prevailed  
 Is something quite absurd.

He wished that the corporal's mess that day  
 Were a dinner of that First,  
 With the tankard dry, and the canteen closed  
 Against such a banquet's thirst.  
 He cursed my First in its double term,  
 And he cursed the ground that bore it,  
 And, whate'er to my First belonged, he poured  
 A malediction o'er it.

But when, his ire in part subdued,  
 In the guardhouse he reclined,  
 Can you guess the course our friend pursued  
 For the easing of his mind?  
 He took the double term he'd damned,  
 And he turned it upside down,  
 And the thing that then it named was a spell  
 To bear his curses down.

He paid himself with the name reversed  
 For what the name had cost,

And so, through my Second, his soul regained  
 The peace through my First it lost.  
 And my Second he blessed in its double term,  
 And he blessed the ground that bore it.  
 And, whate'er to my Second belonged, he poured  
 A soldier's blessing o'er it.

*day-ripe*

## XII.

THE trooper arose at the dawn of day,  
 And saddled his good gray steed,  
 And furnished himself for his long, dull way  
 With all that a trooper might need.  
 He threw on his cloak, with a martial air,  
 And buckled his belted sword,  
 And he shouted aloud for my First — as a pair —  
 In the terms of a compound word.

The trooper he rode with a trooper's speed,  
 Yet the hour was dark and late  
 When, weary, he sprang from his weary steed,  
 'Mid the lights at the barrack gate.  
 He threw off his mantle, unbuckled his sword,  
 And, impatient to part with my First,  
 For my Second he called in the very same word,  
 With its double terms reverst.

Now, — good though he might be in foray or fight, —  
 Our trooper seems somewhat absurd,  
 What he called for at morning to banish at night  
 By the trick of the turn of a word.  
 What — mortal or magical, blest or accurst —  
 Were the things could thus *do* and *undo*, —  
 Whose Second, to serve him, had power o'er the  
 First.

And, as One, was the master of Two ?

## XIII.

THE earth was green, and the sky *not* blue,  
 For the sun was drinking the early dew,  
 When a knight drew rein, to slake his thirst,  
 As he started to hear from a cloud my First.

He shook out his bridle: — “My steed, we’re late!  
 She goes to chapel at half-past eight;  
 We have far to travel through glen and glade!”  
 And he summoned my Second his hint to aid.

The steed like a hurricane swept the way: —  
 For the rider had started at dawn of day,  
 To carry my Whole to his lady fair,  
 Ere she passed from her bower to the morning  
                   prayer.

When the lady came forth, in her judgment cool,  
 She thought that her knight was a very great  
                   fool; —  
 That to put on my Second, and rise with my  
                   First,  
 And gallop so madly, and look so accurst,  
 For a bouquet, — it should have been roses at  
                   worst, —  
 Not such mean little children of sunshine and  
                   showers  
 As are called by the name of my Whole among  
                   flowers!

*back-spur*

## XIV.

WHEN autumn winds are drear and chill,  
 And tempests o’er my Second burst,

I shun the heath and quit the hill,  
To seek for shelter with my First :

But when the happy flowers are nurst  
By July's soft and fragrant breath,  
My Second wins me *from* my First,  
Back to the scented hill and heath.

My Second takes a golden grace  
From beam and breeze, on plain or knoll ; —  
My First, to help its pleasant face,  
Demands the service of my Whole.

## XV.

A TRAVELLER supped at a wayside inn,  
Where the bacon was thick, but the ale was thin, —  
So it was not the latter that ran in his head  
When he snatched up my First as he hurried to  
bed.

He rose from his couch at the dawn of day,  
He shouldered my Second and went his way, —  
His mind had a weight, and his pocket a load,  
So he needed my Second to lighten the road.

Speed, traveller, speed ! Alack ! alack !  
There are following those who would bring thee  
back !

O, they collared our friend ere the dark fell down,  
Or his feet could reach to the nearest town !

He 'd forgotten his supper of yesternight  
When he " stole a march " in the morning light !  
But, alas ! besides the *march* he stole,  
They found in his great-coat pocket my Whole.

## XVI.

In my Second's pleasant shade,  
 How my First sweet music made !  
 Till there came my cruel Whole,  
 Stained the one, the other stole.  
 Ah ! that First and Second e'er  
 Lent their names to such a snare !

- Call my Second, call my First,  
 And you name my Whole accurst.  
 Ah ! to each, what cruel spite  
 Pays for that baptismal rite,  
 Ask the silence, where it grieves  
 O'er a lost song 'mong the leaves.

From my Second summer rain  
 Soon shall wash away the stain, —  
 What is white shall yet be green  
 Where my traitor Whole, has been ;  
 But her heart my First shall pour  
 Through my Second nevermore.

Nevermore, when sunshine falls  
 Through my Second's leafy walls,  
 Shall the answering anthem burst,  
 'Mid that temple, from my First,  
 Ah, the song *itself* betrayed !  
 Could they fear my Whole, who played  
 In those sweet names of their own ?  
 Yet both are wronged, — and one is gone.

*Wind-time*

XVII.

WHEN but a boy, just newly nursed,  
I stored my marbles in my First ;  
Grown to a man, when dull or sad,  
My Second soothed and made me glad :  
My Whole, through all my living years,  
Has been a horror to my ears.

XVIII.

I 'm found beneath the ocean and the streams ;  
I am the home of flowers, — the nurse of dreams.

XIX.

MY Second has saddled the palfrey white,  
And saddled the roadster brown,  
And drawn on his boots by the stable door,  
For a ride to the distant town.  
But why is my lady's cheek so pale,  
And why my lady's tear,  
As she sweeps through the lane with a loosened  
rein,  
And my Second in the rear ?

Ah, me ! that the hand which clips the mane,  
And trims the palfrey's tail,  
Should join my First's in the clasp of love  
When they reach the altar rail !  
My Second's First had been fitlier wooed  
Near the milking-pail and bowl,  
And my First is spoiling her Second good  
By making him my Whole !



## XX.

WE read of the days when some dreary old sinner  
Might come as a saint to be reckoned,  
By taking to berries and roots for his dinner,  
And quenching his thirst from my Second.  
Such a saint took it easy, — was freely supplied  
With enough for both hunger and thirst ;  
Though his table *was* furnished, it can't be denied,  
With a very bad style of my First.

Then we read how some traveller gourmand and  
gay,  
When his way became lonesome or lost,  
Would put up for a night, and for once in a way,  
With a feeder like this for a host : —  
But he rarely, we find, took a permanent taste  
For such nurture of body and soul, —  
And we quite understand, when the cock crew, his  
haste  
To help forward the hour of my Whole.

## XXI.

It swells and dies ! I lean to hear  
'Mid the glooms of an old cathedral aisle ;  
And my Second speaks to heart and ear  
Like the voice of the ancient pile ;  
As if corbel quaint and rafter rare,  
In chancel stalled and in chantry fair,  
Had part in the choral hymn, —  
With the trump of stone that the angels bear  
At the shrine of the stone knight kneeling there ; —

While the carved saints seem all at prayer,  
 As it flows through the cloister dim, —  
 The prophet voice of the grand old pile,  
 That my Second pours down the long-drawn aisle!

But it is n't a *prayer* that my Whole awakes,  
 When it moans and shrieks in the tortured air,  
 Like a spirit choked by the sounds it makes, —  
 As I would to the Lord it *were*!  
 Its vagabond friend is the puppet-show,  
 All box above and legs below, —  
 And it swindles far and wide,  
 With music filched from the shrines of song,  
 That reels and raves for the rabble throng,  
 As though it were drunk with drawing long  
 From my First, in its own inside.  
 How came such Whole, with its tipsy airs,  
 By the stately name that my Second bears?

## XXII.

THE lane was long, and the lady short,  
 And the hour was getting late,  
 So, to make the way more like herself,  
 She passed through the meadow gate.  
 Ah! the crooked way would have been the  
 straight, —  
 And why was there nobody by  
 To tell her the glass was very low,  
 And my Second very high?

She came where that Second "stopped the way,"  
 And she strove to pass in vain,  
 And she felt at once the mistake she had made,

And a drop of the threatened rain ;  
And she knew too late, — when she took to the right  
She had happened to take to the wrong,  
And the road by the meadows was only short  
To those who were rather long.

But the lady felt that an error born  
Need not be therefore nurst,  
And the wisest course she could follow now  
Would be, just to — do my First: —  
That to do my First was her chance at last  
To get home ere the drenching rain ;  
And the way to make matters square, in short,  
Was, at length, to go round by the lane.

So she *did* my First ; but I can't deny  
That the lady came home in a pet,  
And her look, I must own, was uncommonly dry,  
As she said, " I'm uncommonly wet! —  
And all through my Second. Had that been my  
Whole,  
As, for ladies, my Second should be,  
*It* had done my First, and, from bonnet to sole,  
Would have saved from this drenching poor me!"

## XXIII.

My First you may know by the old brown coat  
Set off with a vest of red,  
In which he comes through the winter's snow,  
To beg at your door for bread.  
And never away from the door unfed  
Till the children let him go,

Because of a pious deed he did  
To some children long ago.  
And so, when the children come abroad,  
And the summer eves are long,  
He pays back his debt, as a minstrel should,  
By filling their paths with song :  
And the singer, still, that the child loves best  
Is the old brown coat and the crimson vest.

A story lives, in the fairy lore  
On which the child is fed,  
Of a fair young maid whom love decked out  
In my Second, warm and red.  
But the little maiden's walk abroad  
Is a legend harsh to hear,  
And the moral wrapped in the scarlet cloak  
Is full of a cruel fear ;  
And the child is chilled as he creeps to bed  
To dream of the maid with my Second, red.

'Tis ages long since last my Whole  
In the woodland ways was seen,  
With his bugle slung in his baldric broad,  
And his coat of the Lincoln green.  
No beggar he, for bed or board,  
He crouched in the starlight clear,  
And his larder, wide as the forest glades,  
Was filled with the forest deer.  
His table was spread in the oak-tree shade,  
Wherever he cared to dine ;  
And they netted his fish in the friar's pond,  
And his drink was the abbot's wine.  
The jolly churchman paid him tithe,  
And the burgher paid him tax ;

For his levies were made by his merry men

With their long bows at their backs.

His law was fashioned to the hour,

And published through the wood,

That he took because he had the power,

And kept because he could.

His logic grew on his own good sword,

And his strength in the yew-tree strong,

And he did his wrong in the name of right,

And some right by means of wrong;

For an outlawed head and a gallant soul

Met in the wild name of my Whole.

#### XXIV.

'T WERE well the bards who string their lyres in  
honor of my First,

And paint her always at her best, should know  
her at her worst;

I don't believe this pet of twelve such a beauty  
would be reckoned

If they could but see her oft-sung face as she shows  
it to my Second.

Eleven sisters has my First; not one of them so  
fair

As she with the roses round her feet and the rain-  
bows in her hair;

But she suffers from a chronic cold by my Sec-  
ond's side, 'tis said,

And has always her feet in water, and a nightcap  
on her head.

The poets call her gentle, too; they've seen her  
when she smiled;  
But her temper can be sharp enough, and her  
manners far from mild.  
And there are who have seen her sulky in her  
home by my Second's side,  
Because he refused a gown of green and roses to  
his bride.

Yet he built her a throne of crystal spars, and  
gave her robes of white,  
And he crowded all the roof with stars to make  
her palace bright;  
He hung in her ears huge diamond drops, and her  
couch was diamond too,  
But still my First looked chill on him whatever  
my Second could do.  
He bade the northern lights perform in honor of  
his guest,  
And he laid the very winds asleep, that they  
might not break her rest;  
He chid the seas from dancing, and the rivers in  
their flight,  
But she never would pay him with the smile our  
poets call so bright.

As for my Whole, I rather think, if you followed  
with my First,  
And set it up, to do her grace, in my Second's  
clime accurst,  
And tried our English pastimes there, you'd find  
it might be reckoned  
Just about as easy to climb my Whole as to clime  
my taller Second.

## XXV.

PALM, to-day, my lady lies,  
Very pale and wan,  
From the love-deeps in her eyes  
All the light is gone ;—  
Lacking that whereon it fed,  
On her cheek my First lies dead.

Why is my lady's lip so cold?  
And why is her brow so white?  
And where is the love whose speech of old  
In that dim eye was light?  
Smite back this shadow of the grave,  
And save, O, Virgin Second, save.

Too late, dull lover! all too weak  
Thy spell, that was so strong;  
Since died my First, on lip and cheek,  
Of the chill of waiting long.  
My Virgin Second came to aid,  
When out of the chill my lady prayed.

She took my lady to her breast,  
And charmed the chill to sleeping;  
And she will not let thee break the rest  
That true love won through weeping.  
But bring sweet strewings of my Whole,  
And, though thy love's henceforth December,  
Wear thou such strewings near thy soul,  
And, "pray you, love, remember!"

## XXVI.

THEY tell the tale of a sad young soul,  
A lone and unloved girl,  
Who never had time to mend her rags,  
Or to keep her hair in curl.  
She sat by the cinders — frame and heart —  
When the night fell down on her toiling part,  
Or walked the house like an angel thing,  
That missed its errand, and wanted its wing.  
Her hands were dark with the work they did,  
And her heart with the heavy thoughts it hid :  
And the hand and the heart alike were sore  
With the pricks they got and the knocks they  
bore, —  
For the will was spured where the will was nim-  
ble,  
And they made her sew without a thimble.  
But, little chance had the little maid  
To keep her sorrows nurst ;  
For, with bringing fuel out of the wood,  
And water from my First,  
And keeping the floors and flounces scrubbed,  
Though seldom fed and though always snubbed,  
And making the bed, and scouring the grate,  
That she rose from early, and wrought by late,  
The labor long made the leisure brief  
For watching the growth of her girlish grief : —  
And when at night the little maid  
Sat, weary, down to weep,  
Grief played for her the mother's part,  
And drew the curtains of her heart,  
And rocked the child to sleep.



Ah! only now to her hour of rest  
Of all my Second came the best;  
The toil that tired, in tiring bore  
Her senses on its sluggish stream,  
To where — an orphan child no more —  
She met my Second's smile of yore,  
Her mother waiting on the shore  
    To clasp her in a dream!  
And of my Second left behind  
The living, who were less than kind!  
But love is the fairy godmother  
    Who finds the friendless out,  
In the corners cold where they sit and cower,  
    When the world is at the rout.  
And so it chanced to the little maid,  
As she sat one night by the hearth alone,  
When my Second were gone to the world's parade,  
    And her toil at my First was done.  
The wind was high, and the fire was low,  
And the rain beat fast, and her pulse beat slow,  
When she set up her woes in the chimney-corner,  
And mused on herself, as did little Jack Horner: —  
No task like his had her thoughts or thumbs,  
*She* never had pie, and she picked no plums,  
For the fare was as scant in the little maid's cup-  
    board  
As the fare that was found by the late Mrs. Hub-  
    bard.  
Her cheek was white and her study brown,  
While the kitchen shadows walked about,  
But the star rose up as the night fell down,  
And the fairy came in as the fire went out: —  
A touch of the maid, — and the sick was whole,  
And the rags fell away from her, body and soul!

Ah! never again by the girl was seen  
The things that were as the things had been ;  
There was bright for dark, and new for old, —  
The cricket sang to a harp of gold, —  
The fire was a-blaze through a silver bar, —  
And the dip gave the light of a first-class star.  
Each thing the wand of the old-world elf  
Made something better than itself.  
The mouse that ran o'er the kitchen floor  
Had the tramp and trick of a fairy steed, —  
And the mushroom mean, which the meadows bore,  
Had the whirl of a wheel at need, —  
The base-born rat, that forager old,  
Was a gentleman tagged and tall, —  
And the lizards seemed squires in green and gold,  
As they hung on the garden wall :  
Love tuned all sounds by its own soft lutes,  
And the world was all dressed in fairy suits.  
And then, — as the chrysalis breaks from sleep,  
Puts off its sheath and on its wing, —  
My Whole shook off its sluggish shape,  
And rose up a charmed thing,  
And grew and grew to a fairy car,  
That carried the maid from her kitchen far.  
Where the meaner things of life stood by  
To let her as a princess pass,  
And for walking its places rough, her feet  
Were shod with the fairy glass.  
She foiled my Second, and fled my First,  
In my fairy Whole, on that fairy night ;  
And the world thenceforth to the little maid  
Was a world of love and light.  
And her tale was the tale of a glad young soul,  
A loved and loving girl,

Whose garments never again grew rags,  
 Nor hair came out of curl: —  
 A spirit soiled, and a crushed-down thing  
 That had found its errand and found its wing!

*Bumpkin*

## XXVII.

My First was the theme of many a tale, my Second  
 of many a song,  
 In our good old England's greenwood glades and  
 her merry halls among: —  
 The First was strength to the freeman's arm, the  
 Second to his soul,  
 But I never have met with a gentleman yet with  
 a King word for my Whole.

Now, one of the rules in the logic of schools that  
 are taught by the Masters of Arts,  
 Affirms that the whole is equal to the sum of its  
 several parts;  
 If that be so, by logic's law this a riddle cannot  
 be reckoned,  
 Since we fail to make up a pleasant Whole of my  
 pleasant First and Second.

For there's not a noble in all the land wherein my  
 Whole prevails  
 But wishes, when that Whole he meets, that his  
 head grew fewer tails: —  
 It has never been liked in Turkey, — and I've  
 little hesitation  
 In saying it never could have been liked in any  
 age or nation.

My First was the friend of Robin Hood, and the  
ally of Allen-a-Dale,

And the yeoman stout still brought it out when  
the knight brought out his mail ;

It made its beat well understood on many a field  
of France,

And it holds its rank of " Grand Arch " still in  
legends of the lance.

In the Baron's hall where " beards wagged all," —  
but not till the wagging ceased, —

My Second came to help the tale at the tail-end  
of the feast ;

And the cup went round to a pleasant sound  
when the day of blood was flown,

As the minstrel made my Second throb to the  
deeds my First had done.

They sang my First in the classic time, — ere the  
yew of our old Romance

O'ershadowed the graves of English land or peo-  
pled the graves of France, —

When the feet of the heart's Immortals by the  
Grecian waters trod, —

And the poets made it of silver then, and gave it  
to a God !

The God of my First in that classic time was God  
of my Second, too,

He carried my First through the fields of fire to  
hunt the early dew ;

And when the poets dreamed a God to sing that  
fable old,

They placed my Second in his hand, — and my  
Second was of gold.

As to my Whole ; I can only say if this lord of  
my First and Second  
Had been Grand-Turk and joined the two, when  
with *his* foes he reckoned,  
He had found in it the fitting arm with the Py-  
thon old to strive,  
And a cleanlier way with old Marsyas than flay-  
ing him alive !

## XXVIII.

KING Death is a mighty monarch,  
And he has a thousand slaves,  
To follow his will over hollow and hill,  
And ply for his realm of graves.  
On earth, on sea, in sky, in air,  
They burrow, or float, or sail,  
Toiling ever and everywhere,  
For the Lord of the Courser Pale !  
They hide in the folds of the thunder-cloud, —  
They ride on the rushing rill, —  
They weave their shrouds of the starlight cold  
That sleeps on the midnight hill, —  
They work with the links of the sunshine,  
They strike with the shafts of the moon, —  
And they follow the fair up the marble stair  
To the heats of the gay saloon.  
They lie unseen on the sunken rock, —  
They watch on the shore alee, —  
And they meet, on their hurricane-wings, the ship  
Far out on the lonely sea ; —  
They build at the Pole the iceberg-ships  
That shatter the ships of pine, —

And they sharpen and point the arrows of fire  
That are shot on the burning Line.  
They fling the avalanche over the valley, —  
They stir the steams in the fetid alley, —  
They wait on the birth of the Earthquake wild  
Far down in the central caves, —  
And they brew for the city a fever-drink  
Of the gas by the churchyard graves.  
They taint the steel which the seamstress plies,  
And quench the blue in her sleepy eyes.  
And they pour the voice of his childhood's streams  
Like a poison slow through the exile's dreams.  
They spread the board with their spectral hands, —  
They sit on the goblet's brink,  
And stab, unfelt, at the laughing guest,  
As he lifts the wine to drink.  
O'er earth and sea, through sky and air,  
They burrow, or float, or sail,  
Toiling, toiling, everywhere,  
For the Lord of the Courser Pale, —  
Lying in wait on our every way,  
And tracking our every time : —  
And Three of the worst are the themes to-day,  
Of my riddle and my rhyme.

One is a Spirit fierce and strong,  
With a red and rushing wing,  
A scorching breath and a scaring song,  
And a lurid look as he leaps along  
On the task of the Phantom King.  
Earth shakes with fear, and the midnight sky  
Looks red with wrath as he passes by.  
The chartered gales that o'er him sail,  
Entangled by his sanguine hair,

Fling off its tresses on the air,

Till the stars behind look pale.

Night hides her from his gleaming eye, —

Where'er he comes the shadows fly : —

Still scorning — like Death's meaner slaves —

To ply in the dark for the realm of graves,

He shouts aloud o'er the prey he spoils,

And holds the torch by which he toils.

He shatters the stone, he breaks the beam,

He draws the iron band,

And he snaps the ice-chain over the stream,

With a touch of his stalwart hand.

One puff of his hot and hasty breath

Sends forth the shell to its work of death, —

And over the prairie his panting steed

Outgallops the gale in its headlong speed.

When the mountain rocks in the roar and din

Of the giants who revel or war within,

He climbs to its loftiest turret alone,

And waves his flag from the riven cone. —

A Spirit fierce and swift and strong,

At Nature's centre born and nurst,

With a scorching breath and a scaring song,

That Spirit is my First.

My Second is a spectre cold,

A Spirit pale and wan,

Without a voice, without a breath,

She has done the work of her master, Death,

Since ever the world began.

Not hers to mount on a soaring wing,

For she clings to the ground like a crawling thing.

She creeps through the roots of the rushes cool,

Or sits on the rim of the stagnant pool ; —

She seeks out the spot where the sun comes not,  
Where the mist lies heavy and long and low,  
Where the air hath ceased from its circling dance,  
And the stream hath forgotten to flow ; —  
She walks by day in the haunted bog,  
To hear the croak of the hoarse brown frog, —  
And down in the hollows she loves to lie  
Where the toad consorts and the mandrakes cry ; —  
In the torpid ditch and the tangled brake  
She feeds with the rat and the water-snake ; —  
Or she lights at even her lonely lamp  
To cross o'er the common or sail the swamp.  
Unlike my First, whose form of power  
Is ever revealed in its toiling hour, —  
The fiend who slays the hour he 'lights,  
And where he threatens, smites, —  
She plots in the shadow, and lies in wait  
Through days and months by the guarded gate : —  
She steals unseen to the door of life,  
And lifts the latch when the porter sleeps,  
And in through the wall of bone she sinks,  
And up the rivers of blood she creeps, —  
Till she lays her hand on the maiden's heart,  
And leaves its pulses cold and still,  
Or gives up the old man's shaking limbs  
A prey to the poison-chill ;  
By the tortured wall and the tainted river,  
As back from her work then glideth she,  
She shuts the door of the house forever,  
And carries away the golden key. —  
A Spirit cold and pale and wan,  
And one of the subtlest vainly reckoned  
That have done Death's work since life began,  
That Spirit is my Second.



Fell demons twain ! — in differing strain,  
Each merciless and strong to slay !  
And these are the sires of a demon son  
As strong and fell as they ; —  
A foul and fierce and hybrid thing,  
With his mother's wile and his father's wing, —  
With the patient art and the passionate heart,  
The finger chill and the scorching breath,  
And a wild, weird weapon of his own  
For the war of the master Death !  
Deep in the caves of the veined earth, —  
Where the gnome is at work on the diamond's  
birth,  
While the only sound in his spirit ears  
Is the water-drip of a thousand years,  
And the only light through the ceaseless night,  
Is the gleaming ore or the stalactite, —  
In the sluggish guise of his mother's moods,  
The fiend feeds and the demon broods.  
Since his breath was breathed and his task begun  
He has known no glimpse of the blessed sun, —  
And he hides like a snake in his corners curled  
If a gale comes down from the upper world.  
The ages sleep in his unswept cells  
While he toils at his treasons and spins at his  
spells ; —  
No sting in his strength and no life in his ire,  
Till by a thought of his passionate sire :  
Up then the hidden demon springs  
And rushes abroad on his burning wings ; —  
And the air is scorched by their fiery sweep,  
The roofs resound to his one dread cry,  
And roused from sleep in their caverns deep  
The souls of the mine reply.

He takes his victim by the throat,  
And drags him down with his stifling breath, —  
And he strikes in that hour like a Spirit of power  
In the ranks of the conqueror Death.  
For a fierce and foul and hybrid thing,  
With an age of sleep to an act of soul,  
With his mother's wile and his father's wing, —  
That spirit is my Whole.

## XXIX.

WE all can remember Count Robert, I think,  
And the turmoil and stir that he made  
'Mid the mystified ranks on the Bosphorus banks,  
In the days of the second crusade, —  
Ere the Turk on the shore of that sea was a winner, yet,  
Or Stamboul the city of mosque and of minaret.  
We have laughed at the tale of his passion and pride,  
At the length of his lance and the strength of his stride,  
At the sneer on his lip, and the frowning *os frontis*  
Which he brought from the West to the sunny Propontis ; —  
How he vexed the high monarch to whom as a guest  
Though in honor he came, and an ally and suitor, he  
Turned out the worst torment that yet, for his sins,  
Had e'er sailed up the strait or come over from Scutari.  
Where Rome in her languor lay dreaming on Greece,  
Too feeble for war, as too feeble for peace,  
We have heard of his swagger and stare, —

How he maddened for mischief and stirred for a storm,  
And flung, for a taunt, his unconsecrate form,  
At length, in the monarch's state chair !

Thus we read that Count Robert demeaned him,  
    of yore,

To the Son of the Purple, as though he had been a  
Mere soldier of fortune and knight, like himself,  
To the very great scandal of Anna Comnena, —  
And have thought, till of late, he might fairly pass  
    muster

As a first-rate example of bully and bluster.  
But bully Count Robert is beaten, I ween,  
And the records of "bounce" have a pleasant ad-  
    dition,

To the very same shore of the very same sea  
Since bully Prince Menschikoff came on his mission !

The sun kept state, and the minstrel breeze  
Was sweeping the lyres of the cypress-trees,  
And the wave kept tune to the airs of morn  
Breathed soft and low through the Golden Horn,  
When, chilled with travel and hot with hate,  
The Muscovite came to the Golden Gate.  
He sneered at the sheen in the standard green  
In a temper soured by his race with time,  
And he wore on his forehead the sulky frown  
That is born of his sulky clime.  
He reached the Porte in his roadster's rust,  
And he stood by the musnud dredged with dust,  
And never before him brought mortal man  
Such dirty boots to such high divan.  
He pitched his note to a rough rude tune,  
And bayed like a hound at the Moslem moon.  
He tore up treaties and laid down laws

Till he puzzled immensely the stately Pachas ; —  
And stealing a light from the days afar  
Of bully Count Robert, that knightly star,  
He told them, " then and there,"  
'T was the will of his mighty lord, the Czar,  
To sit in the Sultan's chair !  
He blazed and he blustered, he bounced and he  
swaggered,  
Till the beys were all beat, and the Sultan was  
staggered, —  
He rated and railed : — and he made, in a word,  
Both himself and his master extremely absurd, —  
And by us of the West has been ever since reckoned  
To have borne from Count Robert the palm of my  
Second.

There's a stir o'er the deep, as of giants from  
sleep,  
And the sound of a marching by valley and  
steep, —  
And up from the waters and down from the sky  
Comes a murmur of menace and voice of reply !  
O'er the thrill at his heart of the threat in his ear  
Looks up from his brooding the dark-browed vizier,  
And the northern Count Robert sits light on his  
beast  
At the sound of the trumpets that blow from the  
west !  
The nations are up ! — words must answer with  
deeds !  
There's a rolling of tumbrils and tramping of  
steeds, —  
The roar of the Lion prepared for its spring,  
And the cry of the Eagles abroad on the wing, —

A sea to the westward all studded with stars,  
And the song of the wind through a forest of spars !  
It swells and it gathers ! — the rush and the hum,  
And the shout of the freemen, — “ We come ! ” and  
“ We come ! ”

And the hints that my Second must count for a  
blunder,  
From the stately three-deckers whose voice is the  
thunder ! —

And so, it appeared that “ Count Robert,” the  
Czar,

Was like in the ending to come by the worst,  
For his bully was warned by the tumult afar  
That my Second had wakened my First.

A knock at the Emperor’s gate !  
A summons faint and low !  
It reaches not where the sentries wait  
In their pacing to and fro ! —  
A shape at the Emperor’s side !  
A shadowy shape and lone !  
The courtier sees it not for pride  
As he bows before the throne !  
To no mortal else save only to him  
Comes the sigh-like sound of the folding wing,  
And to him alone is the outline dim  
Revealed of the spectral thing.  
It touches his heart with a finger cold,  
And his senses swoon, in his chair of gold ; —  
It points to a scroll in its phantom hands,  
And his spirit understands !

Ever more faint, as the monarch reads,  
Comes the rush of men and the tramp of steeds ! —  
The cry of the Eagles abroad on the wing,

And the roar of the Lion crouched to spring,  
And the trumpet tone and the battle's shout  
In his mortal ears die out !  
He hears, as it were the pinions furled  
Of the breeze that blows round the outer world,  
And the climbing light of the morning star  
To him seems fading away and far.  
Through the deepening folds of the darkness nigh  
He catches gleams of another sky : —  
And he quenches his thirst of slaughter,  
Like an earthly sickness o'er,  
In the growing sound of the unseen water  
That breaks on no mortal shore ! —  
For the phantom brought from the Court of Death  
The mandate writ on that mystic scroll, —  
And the mighty Czar with his dying breath  
Bowed down before my Whole.

## XXX.

I SUPPOSE you have sat in some shadowy place,  
In the hush of a moonless night,  
And talked with a friend of the ghostly rout  
Said then to be glancing or gliding about,  
Till you talked yourself into a fright, —  
Found out, on a sudden, the shadows were damp,  
And were glad to steal back to the light of the  
lamp.

It was thus with a fair young friend, I found,  
At the close one night of a dreary talk,  
Which, starting first in the churchyard ground,  
Went up by the Skeleton walk,  
Where the liveliest voice is the hooting owl,

And the gayest figure a ghost or ghoul, —  
Stole down the brake where the murdered man  
Was flung in the swamp among the toads, —  
And met near the ruin the Bleeding Nun,  
And the Shade at the four cross roads, —  
Passed under the bones on the blasted tree, —  
In the Phantom Ship sailed over the sea, —  
And lingered at length 'mid the shapes accurst  
In the German glooms of my haunted First.  
We spoke of the spectral forms that strayed  
Through the leafy length of *its* dim arcade, —  
And we saw the phantoms trooping all  
To wait on the birth of the magic ball.  
The eagle swooped over us, white with age,  
And we heard the cry of the demon thing  
That sat on a block of the granite gray  
And flapped a raven wing.  
As we ran o'er the legends born and nurst  
In the gloomy glades of my haunted First,  
From the hills on high to our fancy borne  
Came the echoes wild of the dead man's horn,  
A tramping dull and a phantom sound,  
A shadowy shout and a ghostly cheer;  
And the hollow bay of the spectre hound  
As the skeleton hunt drew near, —  
And we watched the tall trees shake like reeds,  
As the wind swept by of the viewless steeds! —  
I knew, as we stood in the twilight dim,  
By the failing breath and the fainting limb,  
That the friend at my right was pale with fright,  
And we 'd had quite enough of such talk for to-  
night;  
So I led her in, from the shadows dire,  
• To the charmed ring by the parlor fire,

I wheeled the couch and I spread the cloak,  
And I bade her dream of the fairy folk,  
To cleanse her heart of the horrors nursed  
By the legends wild of my haunted First.

She slumbered soft, — and I thought, no doubt,  
The fairy people had found her out, —  
When a growing hum and a patter of feet  
Came into the hush of our quiet street, —  
And I saw where Punch, in the surging noise,  
Like a rolling galley bearing down,  
With a fleet of little dirty boys,  
Was tacking through the town,  
And steering, at length, for the couch and cloak,  
Where my friend was engaged with the fairy folk.  
I flew to the portal, — all too late!  
The anchors were down at our garden gate,  
The dirty boys were pitching about  
Like small craft carrying hawsers out,  
And Admiral Punch's galley tall  
Was rocking close by the garden wall;  
And over the dirt and through the din,  
As I opened the door, his summons coarse,  
In the voice of my Second, shrill, yet hoarse,  
Was noisily blown in! —  
So the spell was sped, and the fairies fled,  
And the lady sprang up from her fireside bed, —  
For the puny sound of that paltry burst  
Had swept her back to my haunted First!  
Again from the hills to her ear were borne  
The echoes wild of the dead man's horn,  
The tramping dull and the phantom sound,  
The shadowy shout and the ghostly cheer,  
And the hollow bay of the spectre-hound



As the skeleton hunt drew near !  
Again the tall trees bent like reeds  
To the unseen rush of the fleshless steeds, —  
The ghosts stole up by the caverned ways, —  
The eagle watched her — white with days, —  
The owl from the hollow tolled away,  
And the raven cried from the granite gray !  
Ah, — such is fancy's tyrant art,  
When she gets the rein of the restless heart ! —  
All shapes and shades by legend nurst  
In the solemn depths of my haunted First  
Were roused — to walk as terror beckoned —  
By the peevish blast of my Showman's Second !

The siege was raised, — and Punch's fleet  
Had sailed up the strait of our little street ;  
The ghosts were laid in the weary breast,  
And the lady was lulled in a restless rest.  
In household accents whispering round  
The voice grew sweet of the baying hound,  
And the panting steeds, led back to their stable,  
Fell into the tea-urn that hissed on the table.  
She heard, through the blind owl's tolling dire,  
The butler's poke at the parlor fire,  
And he left the room with the raven black  
Sitting hushed and still on his portly back.  
She saw that the eagle, white with age,  
Had shifted his perch to the parrot's cage ;  
And she felt that the phantoms, one and all,  
Who had trooped to the birth of the magic ball,  
Had pulsing veins and footfalls now,  
And soft, warm hands that o'er her stole  
They moistened her lips and bathed her brow  
The dews of my spirit Whole.

She breathed the breath of its fragrant sighs  
Till the light returned to her spell-broke eyes,  
And I saw in her cheek the fresh rose start  
As the stream flowed back from her rallied heart ;  
And her laugh, released, rang loud and clear  
As I spoke in her disenchanted ear.  
I whispered low, and bade her mark,  
That when next we two from the firelight stole  
To go for a ghost-hunt after dark,  
In German forest or Norman park,  
We would carry a flask of my Whole ! —  
Since, for our strength, this much was known,  
Whatever Spirits had the power  
To pale her cheek in the charmed hour,  
And take her heart in thrall, —  
One pocket-Spirit of our own  
Was mightier than them all !

## XXXI.

THE lazy young sinner ! — it is not alone  
That his garments are made of my First ;  
Had the spirit that broadcloth commands been  
his own,  
His coat had been piece-whole, at worst.  
But his rags are his protest, that labor by him  
Is ruder than raggedness reckoned,  
And he spurns at the broadcloth that 's not to be  
won  
But by taking his cue from my Second.  
Alas, for his friends ! — is there craft or career  
That their hopes can devise for the varlet ?  
Perhaps, the best garb for a sinner like this  
Is a suit of her Majesty's scarlet.

Let him follow the drum! and get quit of his rags!  
 But unless you recruit for his soul,  
 Be sure, for his red coat he 'll never win tags,  
 No! he 'll not reach the rank of my Whole.

*August*

## XXXII.

My First is a four-footed gentleman,  
 Of no very high degree;  
 And the methods of life that he most affects  
 Are not the most pleasant to me.  
 I have met him, it 's true, where the hawthorn  
 throws  
 Its scents down the long, green lane;  
 But you 're rather more sure of my gentleman  
 First  
 If you happen to walk up a drain.

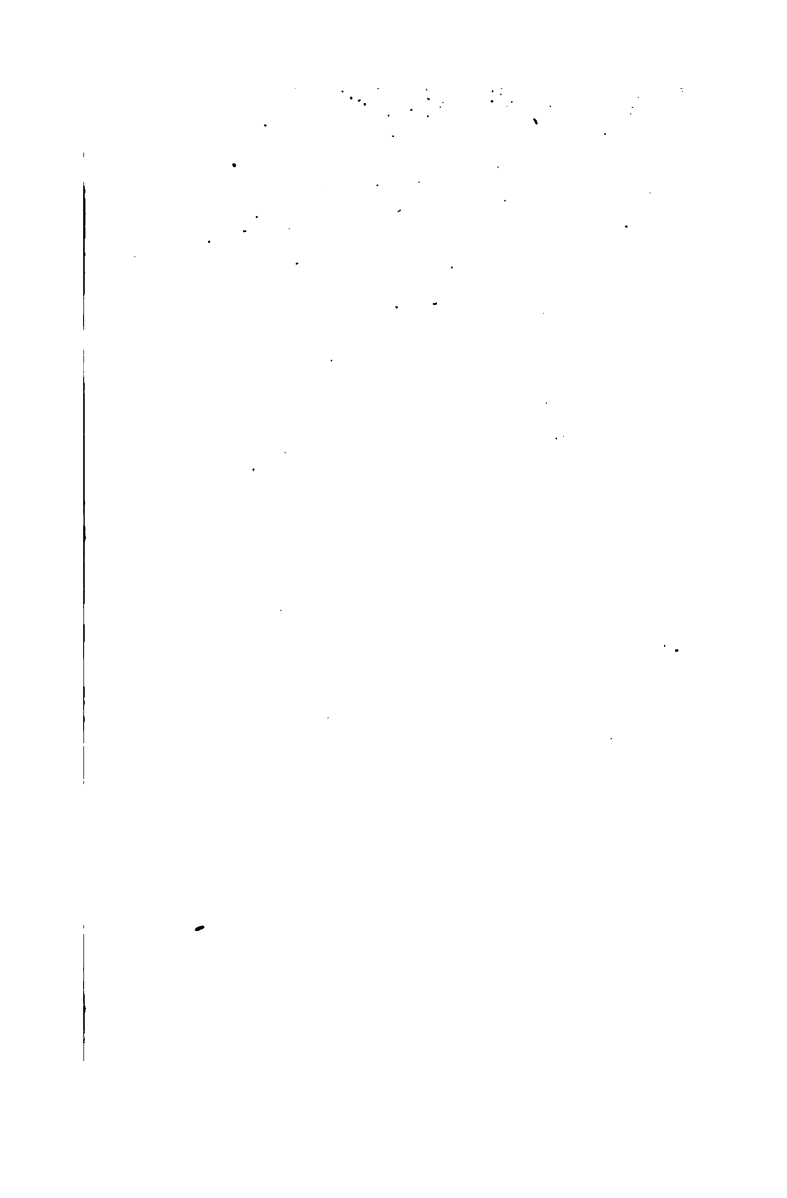
It is not the game of the *blind* man's buff  
 With the buff when my Second plays, —  
 And it is not the child at its frolic who seeks  
 The hide in my Second's ways.  
 But the spell of my Second, I read by that spell,  
 Has but little to gain with my First,  
 And the bark that it uses is not as good bark  
 As *I* set at the creature accurst.

I've a feeling for most things that Nature has made  
 For the travel of land or of water,  
 And can look the phrenologist full in the face  
 When he hints at man's organ of slaughter;  
 But my sense of humanity fails me, I own,  
 In a way that 's less pleasing than odd,  
 If I come, as I stray with my little dog Tray,  
 On this dirty, old tesserapod.

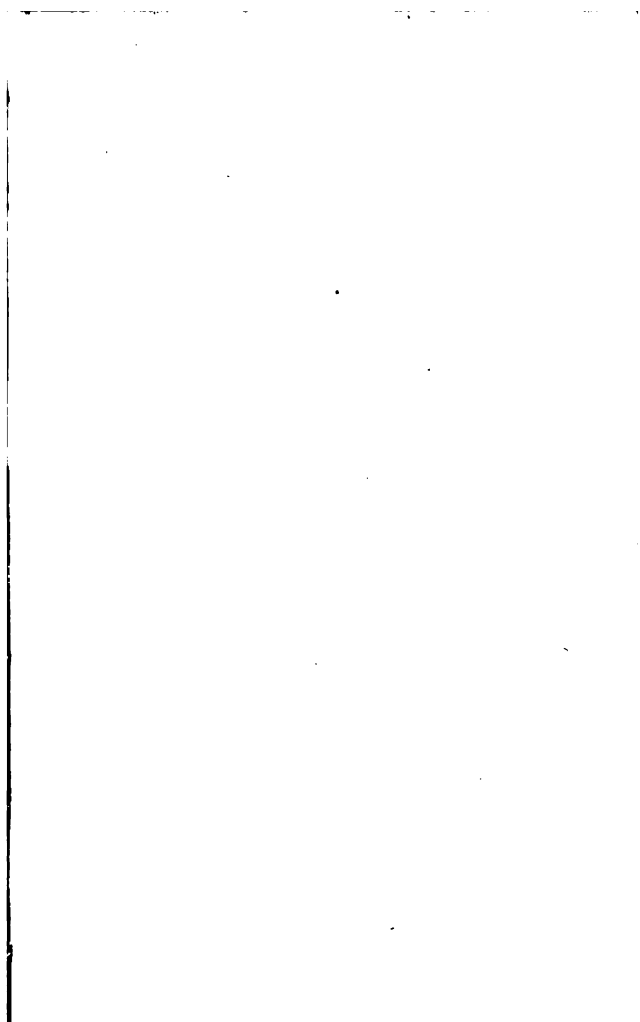
Why the gentleman thief, if my gentleman First  
Come across him in cellar or hall,  
Will veil his own whiskers to those of his friend,  
And waive any dispute for the wall.  
For myself, I do better ; — when *I* walk abroad  
Where my First is reputed to prowl,  
I take care to provide for my own right of way  
By just arming myself with my Whole.







0













3 2044 017 925 298



